

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

OCTOBER 22, 1965

THE TURNING POINT IN VIET NAM

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



HENRY KOERNER

VOL. 86 NO. 17

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)













THE POMPEII, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM CENTER AISLE, SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

## RCA Victor Stereo...for realism that rivals the concert hall

Symphony Hall in Boston is one of the world's most acoustically perfect concert halls. Its stage has been the scene of musical history, season after season. Rachmaninoff played Rachmaninoff here... Saint-Saëns performed Saint-Saëns... and Stravinsky conducted his own works.

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And every magnificent note, from radio or recording, is heard through an

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See it. Hear it. You'll understand why more people own RCA Victor phonographs than any other kind. At your dealer's now.



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COLUMBIA RECORDS announces a unique service for collectors of Classical Music

## THE COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

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Now, for all collectors of classical music, Columbia Records inaugurates an extraordinary new service—the Columbia Masterworks Subscription Service. This unique service, for which we are now accepting Charter Subscriptions, enables you to audition representative passages from new classical releases in your own home... with no obligation to purchase, but with the privilege of choosing one free record with each record you do purchase.

### How the Columbia Masterworks Subscription Service operates

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This catalog includes definitive performances by such distinguished artists as Leonard Bernstein, Zino Francescatti, Glenn Gould, Vladimir Horowitz, Eugene Ormandy, Rudolf Serkin, Isaac Stern, Bruno Walter... and such great musical organizations as the New York Philharmonic and The Philadelphia Orchestra.

To be in guiding you through these new classical albums, a distinguished commentator introduces each selection with spoken program notes and critical commentary. And often the artists themselves speak with authority about the music they perform. (On your first copy of AUDITION, you will hear, among others, Eugene Ormandy, Leonard Bernstein, and Andre Kostelanetz discussing the works they perform.)

And with your first copy of AUDITION, you will also receive a COMPLETE Columbia Masterworks Catalog. This specially-prepared edition lists almost 2,000 different recordings. To keep your catalog up to date, you will receive a supplementary listing of all current releases every three months, along with the new issue of AUDITION.

**Order only when and if you please... and receive one additional record free for each one you purchase at catalog price**  
As a participant, you receive a supply of order forms which allow you to order AT ANY TIME only those records you wish from those offered through the Service. For each record you purchase, you are entitled to choose another record—free. Your records may be selected from the AUDITION record, from the catalog, or from the catalog supplements. All of the records you order—both purchased and free—will be shipped to you at the same time. A bill will accompany each shipment, and you need not pay for your records until you receive them. (Each bill will include a charge for postage and handling.)

**Unprecedented Record Insurance**  
Revolutionary in concept, the Record Insurance Plan of the Columbia Masterworks Subscription Service guarantees you perfect records! For as long as you remain a subscriber... and as long as any title remains in the active catalog... you may:

1. Replace any record ordered through the Service that becomes damaged or worn for only \$1.00.
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The annual cost of subscribing to this unique plan, during the Charter Subscription period, is only \$5.00. And in addition to all the previously-described benefits, upon payment of this nominal fee, you will immediately be entitled to order—without any additional charge—a record

of your choice, from either your first copy of AUDITION or from the catalog.

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- Great Savings... for every record you buy at catalog price, you choose another record FREE
  - Four 12" long-playing AUDITION records—issued quarterly
  - A complete Columbia Masterworks Catalog, and three quarterly catalog supplements
  - Unprecedented insurance for all records acquired through the Service
  - A record of your choice, without any additional charge whatsoever, as soon as you become a Subscriber.
- ... and as a Charter Subscriber, you are assured that your annual fee will never be more than \$5.00, regardless of how much more it may be necessary to charge later.

### Send no money now...

Simply mail the coupon and AUDITION will be sent to you at once... together with the complete Columbia Masterworks Catalog, your Record Insurance Policy... and a Certificate entitling you to choose a record—without any additional cost—immediately upon payment of your annual fee.

If you are not thoroughly pleased with your first copy of AUDITION—and with the benefits offered by the Service—simply write "Cancel" across the invoice that will accompany your subscription materials and return it. In any event, you may keep your copy of AUDITION and the complete Columbia Masterworks Catalog with our compliments. So be sure to mail the coupon below today.

### The Complete COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS CATALOG

lists nearly 2,000 of the world's finest recordings



### Your first copy of AUDITION contains selections from these recent albums...

**An Historic Return:**  
Vladimir Horowitz at Carnegie Hall.

**Vivaldi: The Four Seasons.**  
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**Ives: Symphony No. 4.**  
Stokowski, Amer. Sym. Orch.

**Gala Performance.**  
Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose,

Ormandy, Phila. Orch.

**The Soul of Italy.**  
Richard Tucker,

Columbia Sym. Orch.

**This Land Is Your Land.**  
Mormon Tabernacle Choir,

Ormandy, Phila. Orch.

**Rossini: Stabat Mater.**  
Nipper, N.Y. Phil.

**Nielsen: Sinfonia Espansiva.**  
Bernstein, Royal Danish Orch.

**Espana.**  
Bernstein, N.Y. Phil.

**Holiday for Orchestra.**  
Ormandy, Phila. Orch.

**Tchaikovsky: Piano**  
Concerto No. 2 & 3.

Griffith, Phila. Orch.

**Well-Tempered Clavier,**  
Bk. 1, Vol. 2.

Glenn Gould.

**Wishing You a Merry**  
Christmas. Kostelanetz,

St. Kilian Boychoir.

**Beethoven: Piano Concerto**  
No. 4. Serkin, Phila. Orch.

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I am interested in your service for collectors of classical music. Please reserve a Charter Subscription in my name and send me my first AUDITION record, together with the complete Columbia Masterworks Catalog and my Record Insurance Policy, as well as a Certificate entitling me to a record of my choice if I decide to subscribe to the Service. If I do decide to become a Charter Subscriber, I will send you \$5.00 as my annual fee. During the coming year, I will then receive three more quarterly issues of AUDITION, as well as supplementary listings on all current releases. I will be entitled to purchase any of the records offered... and for each record I purchase, I will receive another record of my choice FREE. However, I am under no obligation to purchase any records.

If I do not wish to become a Charter Subscriber, I will simply write "Cancel" across the invoice and return it promptly. It is understood that even if I cancel my reservation, I may keep my copy of AUDITION and the Columbia Masterworks Catalog.

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your youngster has to  
take two steps for every  
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He needs energyless,  
artificially sweetened  
foods and beverages  
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a fumble.

Keep sugar in his  
life. For energy.

**Kids need  
what sugar's got**

*...18 calories per teaspoon—and it's all energy*

#### **Note to Mothers:**

Exhaustion may be dangerous—especially to children who haven't learned to avoid it by pacing themselves. Exhaustion opens the door a little wider to the bugs and ailments that are always lying in wait. Sugar puts back energy fast—offsets exhaustion. Synthetic sweeteners put back nothing. Energy is the first requirement of life. Play safe with your young ones—make sure they get sugar every day.

For sweetness with energy, get cane or beet sugar.



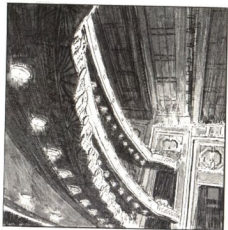
**Sugar Information, Inc.**

P.O. Box 2164, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1965



# They'd fill the Civic Opera House 107 times!



...the satisfied savers of  
First Federal of Chicago

A salesman from Oak Park... a merchant from Brazil... a secretary from La Salle Street. Ever wonder why they and thousands of others entrust their savings to First Federal of Chicago?

No big mystery, really. Our savers enjoy the peace of mind that comes with doing business with the largest savings association in the world under one roof. (We're \$500-million strong.) They like getting better-than-bank rates, with insured safety. And they know they're in the best of company, because more men and women save at First Federal than at

any other savings association in the whole of Chicagoland.

We're just as popular with families who are buying or building a home. And that makes a lot of sense, because we've specialized in home financing for more than 32 years. We know Chicago and its suburbs like the back of our hand.

Year after year, increasing numbers of both savers and home buyers get that good, safe First Federal feeling of security.



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TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1965

DEARBORN AT MADISON FI 6-3500



**RIGHT IN THE HEART OF  
LAKE FOREST—THE NEW  
222 BUILDING**



222 E. Wisconsin Ave.

**The brightest new reason to stop commuting  
two hours a day to your office!**

**Prestige offices in every detail**

Here's the perfect place for your "executive suite." For professional people the 222 Building offers downtown luxury with hometown convenience. For North Shore industry, it's a practical way to separate executive offices and sales divisions from tension-building everyday manufacturing problems.

A dramatic blend of sound-proofed steel and glass, the 222 Building guarantees complete privacy, luxury and comfort.

**No "extra" payments or hidden charges**

Modernity is the keynote at 222—just as it undoubtedly is in your business. That's why the far-sighted builders specified comfort-zoned central Gas heat combined with central cooling. This means you get year-round comfort free of charge. Your costs are fixed—there's nothing extra to pay except your telephone and light bills!

Every executive requirement has been provided:

- Plenty of off-street parking for you and your visitors
- Central secretarial and phone answering service
- Complete carpeting and decorating
- Coffee shop and conference room available for your needs
- Elevator service
- Just one block from Chicago-Northwestern Railroad station
- Five minutes from tollways to the Loop, O'Hare and Milwaukee

Open for occupancy this fall—contact

**JOHN GRIFFITH, INC.**

678 North Western Ave.,

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TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1965





## Which is right for your business?

They're all Bell System telephone services—each engineered to meet a special business need.

1 is a 6-button phone that combines regular phone service with a wide range of interoffice communications features.

2 is the Card Dialer phone. It's for any firm that calls the same numbers frequently. Just pop a coded plastic card into a slot and push a button. The number is dialed automatically.

3 is a transistorized Volume Control Hand-

set that fits any phone. A small control in the handset adjusts the volume of a caller's voice as needed.

4 is the Magically\* automatic dialing set. Like the Card Dialer, it dials calls automatically—but stores numbers on magnetic tape.

5 is the Spokesman loudspeaker set. It amplifies calls so that everyone in the room hears them.

6 is the CALL DIRECTOR® telephone, with as many as 30 pushbuttons for the most versatile intercommunicating.

7 is the Speakerphone. It serves as a regular phone, can be used "hands free" and lets groups of people talk as well as listen on incoming or outgoing calls.

Which is for you? It depends, of course, on the nature of your business and your personnel setup. To get complete information and the answers to any questions you might have, just call your Bell Telephone Business Office.

\* Registered Trademark of DASA Corp.



**Bell System**

American Telephone and Telegraph and Associated Companies





## Drive-in banking with televised tellers ...at The Northern Trust

You are invited to use our unique Drive-in Banking facilities. They are located on the attractively landscaped plaza just west of our new building addition. The entrance is on Monroe Street, just east of Wells.

You can conduct much of your banking at the Plaza—savings and checking deposits, withdrawals, instalment and mortgage loan payments, check-cashing, and personal money orders—all with-

out leaving your car! The latest closed circuit television equipment is used, permitting you and your teller to see and talk to each other...even though the tellers are located inside the building.

For your convenience, the Drive-in Banking Plaza is open every weekday morning at 8:30 a.m.... and it stays open until 6:00 p.m. on Mondays and 4:00 p.m. Tuesdays through Fridays.

The Drive-in Banking Plaza—along with the new building addition adjacent to it—is devoted exclusively to serving customers of The Northern Trust. We invite you to visit us soon; we welcome your business.



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## chicago's first close-in condominium

**Now you can own your own home east of Michigan Avenue . . . at far less than you'd pay in rent.**

201 East Chestnut is Chicago's newest and most exciting condominium. It combines the accessibility of in-town living with the security of home ownership.

Your home at 201 East Chestnut is in the heart of Chicago's most sophisticated residential neighborhood. It is only a few minutes stroll from the smart shops and restaurants of Michigan Avenue, the glitter of the Gold Coast, the color and excitement of Oak Street Beach. Everything that spells urbane elegance is here . . . in the shadow of Chicago's historic Water Tower.

### **Enjoy these luxuries at no extra cost**

As a homeowner at 201 East Chestnut, you'll have a private roof-top health club available for yourself and your guests. It features a year-round glass-enclosed swimming pool, a Finnish Sauna and indoor-outdoor sun deck. You have the use of a skyline lounge for your private entertaining. A uniformed doorman will greet you 24 hours a day, a concierge will assist

you with your travel, theatre and catering needs. All of these luxury features are included in your monthly cost. (Maid, valet and garage service are in the building and available on request.)

### **The dollar-and-cents advantages of in-town home ownership**

A one-bedroom, four-room apartment-home can cost you as little as \$165.61 a month, after a small down payment. Two-bedrooms, two-baths, begin at \$227.31. Three-bedroom duplex penthouses are also available. Your one monthly payment includes everything: principal, interest, insurance, estimated taxes and complete management and maintenance.

Living at 201 East Chestnut means you're building equity instead of collecting useless rent receipts. You're in a choice location that can only increase in value. And the interest and real estate taxes you pay are deductible.

**See your handsome new home at 201 East Chestnut soon. Models are open seven days a week. If you drive, park at 260 East Chestnut, we'll pay for the parking. For further information, call 337-4044.**

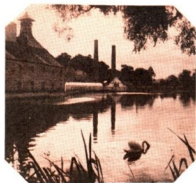


SCENE AT MAXIM'S DE PARIS - ASTOR TOWER HOTEL



**201 east chestnut**  
another condominium by dunbar





The cob and pen  
dream away the  
days at our  
distillery where is born the  
heart whisky of Chequers  
Scotch.

OUR swans indeed have a duty: to keep down weeds along the dam. The old inspector, long gone, brought the pair of them from Gordon Castle. Here they have stayed, retreating to the island in the centre of the lake when nesting season arrives and the savagery of guarding their cygnets comes upon them.

There is some efficiency in keeping the dam free of weeds, so water rushing over it can better turn our water wheel. It provides the principal motive power at our works.

#### The heart whisky of Chequers

Since 1821 we have gone our own way here. It is this make which forms the unique heart whisky of our Chequers Scotch. A spirit of a singular mellow softness, Chequers is now being despatched to America in restricted amount. Its availability in your district may be determined from your barman or whisky dealer. Amongst the fine whiskies of Scotland, it is not without repute.

**JOHN McEwan & Co. Ltd.**  
By Elgin in Morayshire, Scotland  
PROPRIETORS OF THE BRAND

**CHEQUERS**  
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Custom Import House, Ltd., New York, Are Appointed  
The Exclusive Distributors For Chequers In The United  
States • 86.8 PROOF • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Gemini 6, if launched on schedule Monday, Oct. 25, will be exhaustively covered on all three networks.

Wednesday, October 20

**HALLMARK HALL OF FAME** (NBC, 7:30-9 p.m.). "Eagle in a Cage" stars Trevor Howard as Napoleon in exile on St. Helena.

**MY NAME IS BARBRA** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A repeat of Barbra Streisand's Emmy-winning show. From Mother Goose Park to Bergdorf Goodman in song.

**I SPY** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Eartha Kitt helps Robert Culp and Bill Cosby to break up a Hong Kong narcotics ring.

Thursday, October 21

**TRIALS OF O'BRIEN** (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). O'Brien is involved in the case of a woman who is being tried a second time for the murder of her husband.

Friday, October 22

**THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). In "The Re-Collectors Skiff" Solo and Illya track down four Nazis attempting to make a profit out of stolen art.

Saturday, October 23

**ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS** (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The National Water Ski Kite-Flying championships in Austin, Texas, share the bill with the Charlotte, N.C., National "400" Stock Car championships.

**ABC SCOPE** (ABC, 7-7:30 p.m. in the New York area, nationally 10:30-11 p.m.). "The Men Around L.B.J." Aides Jack Valenti, Bill Moyers, Lawrence O'Brien and others are interviewed.

**GET SMART!** (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). In "Washington 4, Indians 3," intrepid Agent Maxwell Smart is sent to dissuade a band of Indians intent on getting their country back by use of a secret weapon.

**SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES** (NBC, 9-11:30 p.m.). *Stalag 17*, the 1953 prisoner-of-war movie to end all prisoner-of-war movies. William Holden won an Academy Award for this one.

Sunday, October 24

**BELL TELEPHONE HOUR** (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Victor Borge is host, and the guests are Joan Sutherland, Benny Goodman and Ballet Dancer Jacques D'Amboise.

### THEATER

The new season is under way, but so far only one Broadway production (*Generation*) warrants more than desultory interest. The best of the rest are holdovers.

#### On Broadway

**GENERATION.** Playwright William Goodhue measures the distance between generations in a comedy imbued with fond regard for the humor implicit in human nature. In one of his ablest performances, Henry Fonda not only gives body to a role but substance to a man.

**HALF A SIXPENCE** and one Tommy Steele stir up a light, bright froth of song and dance.

**THE ODD COUPLE.** On leave from unhappy marriages, Walter Matthau and Paul Dooley try to set up a masculine *ménage à*

© All times E.D.T.

*deux*; their farcical failure makes for highly successful comedy.

**LUV.** Satirist Murray Schisgal pokes at the self-seriousness of a society and theater weaned on analysis and fed by Freud. **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT.** Alan Alda is an "author" (i.e., book clerk) and Diana Sands a "model" (i.e., prostitute) in this ironic version of the mating game.

**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF.** Sholom Aleichem's story of a Russian village in 1905 becomes a lively musical with Luther Adler as Tevye, a dairyman who has wit, compassion, and five daughters.

#### Off Broadway

**A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.** Arthur Miller's near-tragedy tells of a Brooklyn longshoreman who destroys himself and his family by feeding his incestuous desires and jealousies.

**THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER** owes little to Gibbon and much to Cole, whose lesser-known songs add life to a highly camp revue.

## RECORDS

### Opera

**MIRELLA FRENÍ: OPERATIC ARIAS** (Angel). The 30-year-old Italian singer, who made her debut this season at the Metropolitan Opera in *La Bohème*, shows why she drew rave notices, and tears. She is meltingly tender—yet strong—as Liù in Puccini's *Turandot*, and she also gives promise of a glittering future as a coloratura soprano with her recording of Violetta's soliloquy at the end of the first act of *Traviata*.

**VERDI: IL TROVATORE** (Angel; 3 LPs). Thomas Schippers leads an authoritative performance dominated by two swaggering, iron-voiced adversaries, Tenor Franco Corelli as Il Trovatore and Baritone Robert Merrill as the count. Soprano Gabriella Tucci, the object of their affections, has to work hard to keep up with such powerful company, but Mezzo Giulietta Simonato as Azucena is both mellifluous and moving. Tucci does not equal Leonorine Price as Leonore nor does Merrill swing with the finesse of Leonard Warren, who plays the count with Price on a five-year-old RCA Victor album.

**VERDI: LUISA MILLER** (RCA Victor; 3 LPs). The plot, drawn from Friedrich Schiller, hinges on the conflict between true love and caste taboos. Luisa (soprano Anna Moffo) is a commoner and her lover (Tenor Carlo Bergonzini) is the son of a count. The music is early Verdi. It preceded *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata* by four years, and though it opens a bit stiffly, by the last act it nearly matches the later works in romantic fervor and melodic beauty. Until now, *Luisa* has seldom been heard outside Italy, but it should be, if it can be performed with the spirit and style of this first-rate cast, including Basses Giorgio Tozzi and Ezio Flagello, with Fausto Cleva conducting.

**MOZART: THE MAGIC FLUTE** (Deutsche Grammophon; 3 LPs). Karl Böhm conducts the Berlin Philharmonic and some fine singers: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as Papageno, Fritz Wunderlich as Tamino, Evelyn Lear as Pamina, the powerful basso profundo Franz Crass as Sarastro. But the newest *Flute* follows by one toot a recording by Otto Klemperer with the





## '66 CORVAIR

A MOST UNUSUAL CAR FOR PEOPLE WHO ENJOY THE UNUSUAL



A funny thing happens on the way to the office

You somehow find it's not so far. Traffic's not as much of a problem. Other drivers are nicer guys. As a matter of fact, you're even nicer to other drivers.

Mostly because you're enjoying yourself. The car is fun with no foolishness. Rear-engine traction keeps you moving. Independent suspension and Wide-Stance

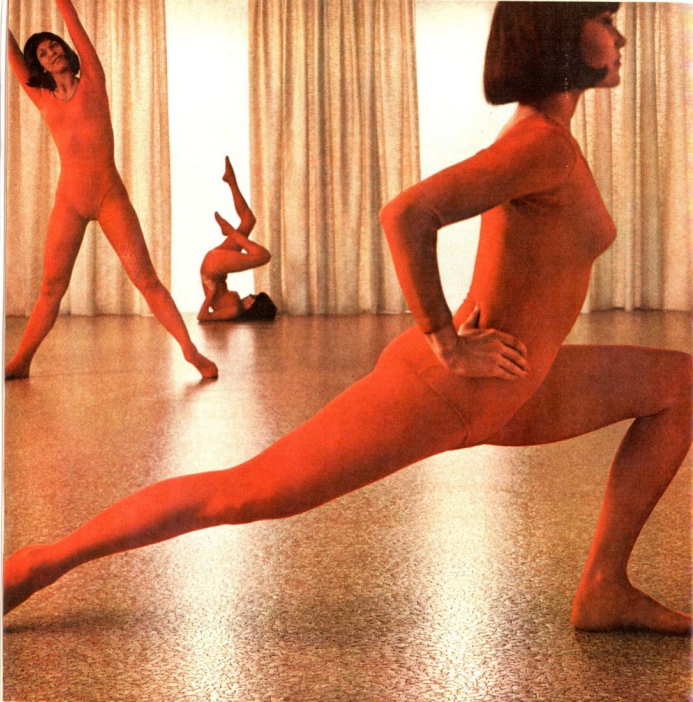
wheels mean balance. Steering's easy and sure. It all happens in the '66 Corvair. Plus some speculative glances at the lyrical lines when you pass appraising pedestrians.

There's only one requirement. You have to like to drive. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

(You'll find them at the usual place . . . your Chevrolet dealer's.)







Floor style shown: 86702. Montina and Corlon are registered trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co.

## Three keep-fit exercises you can do on your Armstrong Montina Corlon floor without dying of boredom.



**The upside-down bicycle.** A hip remover. Hips, however, take some time to be removed; so, for diversion, move head from side to side and examine closely the intricacies of the small, individual vinyl chips in the Montina Corlon floor beneath you. See if you can find any two alike in coloring, size or shape.



**The midriff stretch.** Waists, too, are slow to become waspish. To avoid boredom during this exercise, there's a little game you can play called "Find The Seam In The Montina." It's more challenging than you'd suspect. Montina comes in rolls six feet wide, you see, so there are almost no seams.



**The lunge.** Tones the muscles, makes double chins—and sometimes consciousness—disappear. To keep from passing out, concentrate on the way the light dances along Montina's nubby surface. No, your eyes aren't playing tricks. It's just Montina Corlon's surface texture. Or is it your blood pressure? Steady now.

For your free sample of Montina Vinyl Corlon write Armstrong, 6510 Fulton St., Lancaster, Pa.

VINYL FLOORS BY **Armstrong**



1



Something in  
your eye?

Just testing—  
I'm having a checkup  
with the ophthalmologist  
tonight.

2



Good idea.

Tomorrow I see  
the podiatrist and  
the day after,  
the dermatologist.

3



What's this  
all about?

It's part of my  
keep-yourself-in-  
one-piece-after-  
40 program.

4



Aren't you overdoing  
it a bit?

Then there's the  
orthopedist, the  
physical therapist  
and the lepidopterist.

5



Lepidopterist? Have you  
looked at a dictionary lately?

Remember, I have a  
wife and three kids  
to think of.

6



Then why don't you make a date  
to see an Equitable man. He can  
show you a great way to protect  
your family—with Living Insurance  
from Equitable. It puts you right  
on the road to fiscal soundness.

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Look ahead with Living Insurance

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graduates. For information, write to Patrick  
Scollard in Equitable's Personnel Department.





**Shake off button-down tastes**





## Discover OLD BUSHMILLS Pot-Still Irish

Time to break from the pack, to leave the mirror world of me-too behind.  
Time for a new adventure in taste.

Take a sip of O. B. A little like Scotch-sans-smokiness. Only better. Take another sip. A great character emerges. Rich. Burnished. Emphatic.

Old Bushmills Irish, like Scotch, is a blend of malt and grain whiskies. But we Irish don't cloud our issue with smoke. Instead we dry the grain over closed fires, marry it with waters from St. Columb's rill, and coax out its remarkable flavor in great, round pot stills. Each drop is then gentled for nine years in sherry casks. Result? A whiskey of such rare bouquet and spirit you could serve it in a snifter.

Why not venture that way first? Neat.\* A singular experience.

\*O. B. is gregarious, too. We'll meet in a highball, Sour, Irish Coffee.

9-YEAR-OLD BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • BOTTLED IN IRELAND AT THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY • QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., N. Y.





## Loads any standard 35mm film cartridge in under 7½ seconds

This Bell & Howell/Canon QL f/1.9 combines painless loading with exceptional 35mm precision. You can buy film for it anywhere in the world (over 50 different kinds to choose from). And no matter where you go and what you shoot, you'll bring back the best pictures you ever took. For certain. The electric eye locks the shutter if the light is too dim—automatically prevents underexposed shots. Under \$119. Also available in f/1.7 and f/2.5.

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**Canon**

photographic instruments built a little better than they really have to be



## A perfect diamond

A one third carat Lebolt perfect  
diamond set in a new Studio Design  
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PRECIOUS JEWELS

STATE AT WASHINGTON, CHICAGO

Chicago

Old Orchard

Mayfair

Philharmonia Orchestra (Angel) that in many ways is more magical. Most of Klemperer's leading singers are on a par with those in the new set, and in Lucia Popp he has a stellar Queen of the Night, a role in which Böhm's choice, Roberta Peters, lacks luster.

## CINEMA

**REPULSION.** Poland's Writer-Director Roman Polanski (*Knife in the Water*) proves himself a master of menace in the case study of a fragile French psychopath (Catherine Deneuve) who works by day in a London beauty salon, spends her off-hours immersed in sexual fantasies and gruesome deeds.

**THE RAILROAD MAN.** Made in 1956, this minor drama owes its vitality to a major talent, Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style, Seduced and Abandoned*), who also takes on the leading role as a hell-for-leather railroad engineer brought to a dead end by family problems.

**TO DIE IN MADRID.** Such narrators as John Gielgud and Irene Worth add eloquent words to rare newsreel footage assembled by French Producer-Director Frédéric Rossif, who reshapes Spain's savage civil war of 1936-1939 into a powerful work of art.

**DARLING.** Julie Christie's stunning presence enhances this ironic tale of a jet-set playgirl who finds that the road to ruin leads straight to the top.

**KING AND COUNTRY.** Pity and terror are evoked by Director Joseph Losey (*The Servant*) and by Actor Tom Courtenay as a baffled army deserter en route to his execution during World War I.

**HELP!** The Beatles—romping through poison gas, trap doors, flamethrowers and Buckingham Palace in a custom-made comedy that is long on sight gags, short on spontaneity, but just funny enough to keep the legend alive for another season.

**THE MOMENT OF TRUTH.** With Spain's Matador Miguel Mateo as the hero driven by tragic economic necessity, Italian Director Francesco Rosi rues the lot of a great bullfighter in a film of brutal and unnerving beauty.

**RAPTURE.** In an astonishingly subtle performance, Patricia Gozzi (the disturbing nymph of *Sundays and Cybèle*) plays a lonely, imaginative girl with a fixation for a handsome criminal (Dean Stockwell). The girl's embittered father (Melvyn Douglas) and a slatternly servant (Gunnel Lindblom) agree to harbor the fugitive for reasons of their own.

**THE IPCRESS FILE.** An insubordinate British secret agent (Michael Caine) stumbles through bureaucratic red tape into some no-nonsense adventures that often seem pointedly anti-Bond.

**SHIP OF FOOLS.** *Grand Hotel* afloat, with Vivien Leigh, Lee Marvin, Simone Signoret and Oskar Werner expertly rocking Katherine Anne Porter's boat.

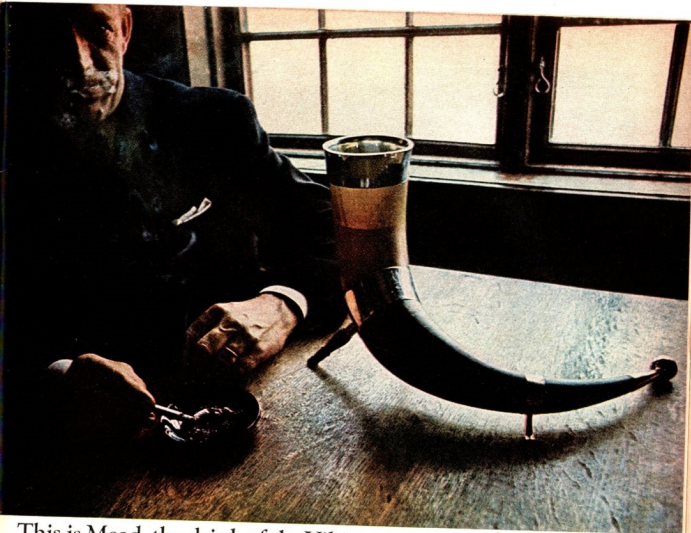
## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**THE VINLAND MAP AND THE TARTAR RELATION.** by Thomas E. Marston, R. A. Skelton, George D. Painter. The circumstances surrounding the recent discovery of the only known pre-Columbus map of the New World lands and the painstaking research to authenticate the faded document are chronicled in this scholarly and expensive (\$15) volume. But the reproduction of the 1440 map alone is worth

TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1965





## This is Mead, the drink of the Vikings. It may be one of the reasons there are no more Vikings.

In the year 789 A.D. the English discovered the Vikings. They discovered the Dorset Coast was swarming with Vikings.

The rest of the world discovered the Vikings soon after. Vikings from Norway and Denmark and Sweden moved out and began touring (or conquering, as some historians insist) Western Europe, North Africa, Western Asia, Greenland and Iceland. One of the more enterprising tour leaders, Leif Ericsson by name, led his group all the way to America 500 years before Mr. Columbus got around to it.

The Vikings might have gone on and toured the entire world except for one thing. Mead. For if the Viking's first love was travel, his second love was gathering in great Mead halls to celebrate the fruits of his travels.

And that brought about his downfall as a world traveller. Because the more he stayed home to celebrate, the less there was to celebrate. The less there was to celebrate, the more domesticated he became. The more

domesticated he became, the more his wife nagged about the children needing shoes. The more his wife nagged, the more responsible he became. The more responsible he became, the more he turned to honest work. And within 200 years the Vikings had hammered their swords into plows, fine tools and scales to become farmers, artisans and merchants. Not a bad way for swords to end up, or people either for that matter.

You can drink this honey and hop brew yourself when you're in Sweden. Just drop in at the Odinsborg Inn in Upsala. Mr. H. Levén the owner, is the only person in Sweden permitted by law to brew Mead. But even Mr. Levén isn't allowed to ferment it like the Vikings did. Don't take chances, the attitude seems to be.

After you've downed your Mead from one of the huge Viking horns, leave the Inn and follow the path to the immense grave mounds that date back to the 6th century and rise unbelievably out of the flat countryside. In

them are buried Viking Kings, Aun, Egil and Adils, wearing full regalia and laid out in their personal warships. (They died Vikings, not merchants.)

At the grave mounds you'll get a sense of Scandinavia's past. To get a sense of Scandinavia's variety, take a train up to Lapland where the sun is out 1800 hours at a stretch. Take a steamer down through the awesome fjord country of Norway. Take a drive through the fairytale countryside of Denmark. And take a night or two in Copenhagen, the city Paris is most often compared to.

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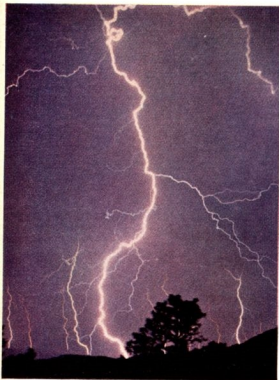
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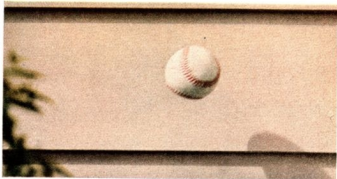
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- ☐ Grand Canyon Suite—Black, London Festival Orchestra

- ☐ Ravel's Bolero, Polovtsian Dances—Black, London Festival Orchestra
- ☐ Respighi: Pines & Fountains of Rome—Ansermet, Suisse Romande
- ☐ Joan Sutherland—Operatic Recital
- ☐ Messiah Highlights w. Sutherland—London Symphony, Boult
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the price; Europe is as large as Africa and North America is a mere island—lopped off a little west of Hudson Bay.

**KENNEDY**, by Theodore C. Sorensen. These reminiscences by Kennedy's chief speechwriter are too long (350,000 words) and too ponderous, but they offer occasional fascinating closeups of the late President as seen by an ardent admirer.

**THE SILENT SKY**, by Allan W. Eckert. The author, who earlier wrote *The Great Auk*, laments the fate of the passenger pigeon, whose species numbered in the millions before man trapped, bludgeoned and shot the bird into extinction.

**ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND**, by the Rev. C. L. Dodgson. The Mad Hatter, Cheshire Cat, Dormouse and Ugly Duchess may be absent in the original version of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, but this charming facsimile of the preliminary manuscript is laced with Dodgson's (nom de plume: Lewis Carroll) own penmanship and fanciful, spidery sketches of White Rabbit, Mock Turtle and Alice as he first conceived them.

**THE JOB HUNTER**, by Allen R. Dodd Jr. Every career man's secret fear nightmarishly materializes in the ordeal of one Manhattan executive, abruptly ousted from his ad agency berth.

**REPORTED TO BE ALIVE**, by Grant Wolfkill with Jerry A. Rose. Prisoner-of-war horrors are only the setting for NBC cameraman Wolfkill's personal account of his 15-month imprisonment by the Communist Pathet Lao. The real story lies in the details of a human being's contest with himself and his sanity while at the mercy of the merciless.

**AFFAIRS AT STATE**, by Henry Serrano Villard. From his vantage of 34 years in the U.S. diplomatic corps, retiring Ambassador Villard measures the current effectiveness of the Foreign Service and finds it not only wanting but crippled.

**THE AMERICANS: THE NATIONAL EXPERIENCE**, by Daniel J. Boorstin. In booming pre-Civil War America, ingenuity, speed, and a belief in the future gave the settlers their grip on the vast land, and Historian Boorstin brings the period to life in a masterful blend of statistics and steam-boat races.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Airs Above the Ground*, Stewart (3)
3. *The Man with the Golden Gun*, Fleming (2)
4. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (4)
5. *The Green Berets*, Moore (6)
6. *Hotel*, Hailey (5)
7. *The Rabbi*, Gordon (10)
8. *Thomas*, Mydans (8)
9. *The Looking Glass War*, le Carré (7)
10. *The Honey Badger*, Ruark

#### NONFICTION

1. *The Making of the President, 1964*, White (1)
2. *Kennedy*, Sorensen (4)
3. *Intern, Doctor X* (2)
4. *Games People Play*, Berne (6)
5. *A Gift of Prophecy*, Montgomery (3)
6. *Yes I Can*, Davis and Boyar
7. *Is Paris Burning?* Collins and Lapiere (7)
8. *My Twelve Years with John F. Kennedy*, Lincoln (5)
9. *Monchillo in the Promised Land*, Brown (9)
10. *Never Call Retreat*, Catton (8)

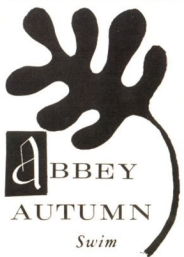


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compacts at all. So, if Dart GT's got what you want, the Dodge Rebellion wants you!

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## LETTERS

### Machinery of Education

Sir: As a student of secondary education, I feel that your Keppel cover story [Oct. 15] was one of the best I have seen in *TIME*. From it, laymen and educators can obtain a résumé of federal action on schools.

FRAN WILLIAMS

University of Nebraska  
Lincoln, Neb.

Sir: I have just returned from a year's teaching in England as an American exchange teacher. Over there, I was at a loss, at first, without my trusty motion-picture and slide projectors, tape recorder, phonograph, overhead projector, television, radio, duplicating machines and handy staple remover. However, I soon discovered what a challenge teaching can be when one has to do the job himself instead of leaving it to machines.

CHARLES A. WHITE

Barrington, Ill.

Sir: You couldn't hardly expect a high school senior to explain double jeopardy like he should when *TIME* computes a population growth from 76 million to 195 million as "nearly 40%."

FREDERICK R. KLING

Educational Testing Service  
Princeton, N.J.

► We can correct the figure as we should: 157%.

### Not Good Enough

Sir: *TIME* deserves commendation for the lead article "Not Great, But Good" [Oct. 8], which refutes the impression cast by a lot of Great Society legislation that the U.S. is decaying. Nobody knows better than *TIME* that as Ben Wattenberg points out, "In American history, the evidence suggests that it is the optimist who has been the realist."

WILLIAM H. EWING  
Editor

Honolulu Star-Bulletin  
Honolulu

Sir: There is something unattractive about a well-fed middle class viewing the status quo with equanimity and not being able to see what all the fuss is about. The fuss is about unemployment, civil rights, ugly cities and countryside, poor education, and poverty. I for one am delighted that we have a President who knows what the fuss is about.

DON HUNT

New York City

Sir: It is naive to soft-pedal the population explosion as "more myth than menace." "A modest growth of 18% per decade, one-half what it was 100 years ago," is not so benign. Eighteen percent of present population is 34.7 million; 36% of 1865 population is only 12.6 million.

GAY R. ANDERSON

Neenah, Wis.

### Classical Nonadherence

Sir: The sense of being flattered that some of us are experiencing over Russia's imitation of Western capitalistic methods [Oct. 8] seems a bit silly. We should congratulate them for realizing that adherence to classical Marxism is a poor way of going about things. At the same time, we should congratulate ourselves for having realized long ago that classical capitalism is not worth adhering to either. We have adopted many socialistic measures, such as the "from each according to his ability" progressive Federal income tax, and the "each according to his need" federal aid to poverty stricken communities, to education, to the arts and so on.

ALAN M. ROCKWAY

Rochester, N.Y.

### Paul's Pilgrimage

Sir: The coming of the Pope to New York City [Oct. 15] was a "lifter-upper" for all of us. Men of every religious viewpoint were moved by his devout piety, his warmhearted charity and his gracious humility. The faithful have been reassured that God is not dead—that he has not left himself without witness.

HERBERT BEECHER HUDNUT  
Minister

Woodward Avenue Presbyterian Church  
Detroit, Mich.

Sir: Now that the Pope has come to the U.N. and put the delegates to sleep in the name of world peace, I suggest that the Secretary-General invite the Rev. Dr. Billy Graham to wake them all up. The Pope's visit was nothing more than a propaganda farce for Roman Catholicism.

MEL ECKLUND

Beverly, Mass.

### Morrissey Disendorsed

Sir: You reported [Oct. 8] that Judge Morrissey's nomination to the U.S. District Court in Massachusetts had been approved by the American Trial Lawyers Association. Your reporter was misinformed. Judge Morrissey's qualifications never have been reviewed by our commit-

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tee on the judiciary. The approval of Judge Morrissey by one of our members, speaking for himself and not for this association, was misconstrued as constituting an endorsement by the association. Such was not the case.

JOSEPH KELNER  
President

American Trial Lawyers Association  
New York City

Sir: The Kennedys have come to symbolize to many the pursuit of excellence and the standard of ability as the criterion for advancement. It is therefore doubly disillusioning, disheartening and disgusting for them to advocate Morrissey for a federal judgeship.

J. ANDREW HOBKIRK

Camden, S.C.

## Justice in Alabama

Sir: The acquittal of Tom Coleman [Oct. 8] and the way it was accomplished is unbelievably cynical and disgusting. The trial was an open mockery of justice and a blatant display of malice and slander. If a community cannot do any better than this, it has forfeited the right to try such cases.

(THE REV.) DWIGHT M. CARLSON

The Covenant Church  
Thomaston, Conn.

Sir: Jonathan Daniels was my classmate at the Episcopal Theological School. Anyone who knew Jon could see the depth of his commitment to nonviolence and Christian love, and knows the absurdity of the idea that self-defense against him might ever be necessary. Thank you for making this absurdity clear to all who did not know Jon. We must work to bring true American justice to Alabama if Jon is not to have died in vain.

ROBERT D. GAMBLE

Cambridge, Mass.

## Menderes Rides the Bosphorus

Sir: Yours was an accurate story on the role of *demirkırat* in modern Turkish politics. Behind that story lies a legend centuries old that gives a mythical dimension to this symbol. When in 1950 the Western word *democrat* was affixed to a Turkish political party, it was mistaken by illiterate peasants for *demirkırat* (the iron-grey horse), which had been associated with Turkish leaders since the Middle Ages. Greatest of all Turkish heroes who rode a magic mount of that name was Köroğlu, the Turkish Robin Hood of the 16th century whose feats are still sung by folk poets in rural Anatolia. As you indicated, the late Premier Menderes exploited this fortuitous association between his party and the Turkish heroic tradition. Two years after Menderes' execution, I heard Turkish peasants avow that they had seen Menderes riding the waves of the Bosphorus on the back of *demirkırat*, returning from the prison on the island of Yassıada to the mosque in Istanbul where he frequently distributed largesse to the poor.

WARREN S. WALKER  
Professor of English

Texas Technological College  
Lubbock, Texas

## Shemittah & Sham

Sir: Your article "Shemittah and Sham" [Oct. 8] pursues your consistent policy of sneering at orthodox Jewry. No one questions your right to report news fairly and fully. Everyone, however, ought to question your right to intrude upon the theo-

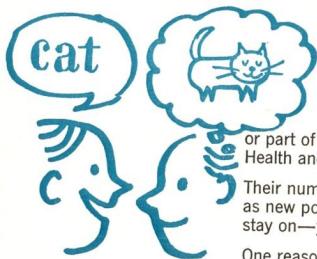


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logical debates of a faith that is not your own and to dare to take sides. That sort of presumption is not reporting, it is trespassing.

(DR.) ARNOLD BLUMBERG

Baltimore

Sir: As a Jew I feel ashamed of these orthodox Jews who believe they are religious men even though they cheat the Lord. This is a classic example of how, in abiding by the law, it is possible to circumvent its meaning and intent if these happen to be inconvenient.

DR. S. MARCUS

Lima, Peru

Sir: Hairsplitting over religious law is not limited to orthodox Judaism. What has the Ecumenical Council been but tortuous verbal gymnastics over issues like transubstantiation?

EARL WAYNE VINECOOR

Reading, Mass.

Quiet Sin

Sir: Your story on Los Alamos [Oct. 1] quotes me as saying: "Such sin as exists is pretty dreary." It is bad enough to attack sin, worse to aim shafts at sinners; but to charge anyone with ineptness in sin is to go too far. My remark, wrenched from context, does just that. I was only trying to say: 1) that people here are not particularly sinful, and 2) that, in the absence of night spots and café society, they do their sinning quietly, unostentatiously and in private.

ROBERT S. LEHMAN  
Minister

Unitarian Church of Los Alamos  
Los Alamos, N. Mex.

Dashing Hope's Hope

Sir: TIME quoted Queen Hope Namgyal as not being worried, since "trouble in Sikkim would be as rare as a comet at midday" [Oct. 8]. While not really wishing to dash Hope's hope, I must point out that a newly discovered comet is fast approaching the sun and will most likely be quite visible here at midday before it arrives there on Oct. 21.

IRWIN SHAPIRO

Massachusetts Institute of Technology  
Lincoln Laboratory  
Lexington, Mass.

Pembroke Pills

Sir: Dr. Johnson's birth-control-pill prescription to "a very, very small" number of Pembroke girls [Oct. 8] is another very, very small verse in the requiem for American morals.

RICHARD MOGA

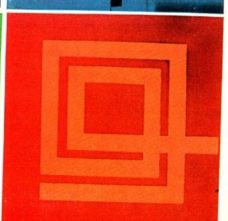
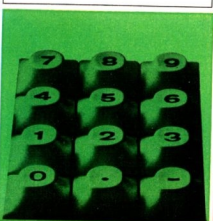
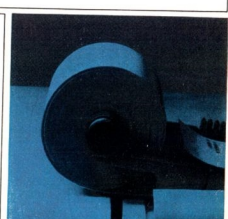
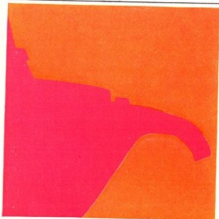
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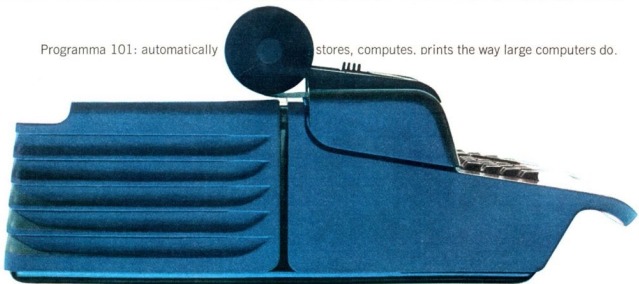




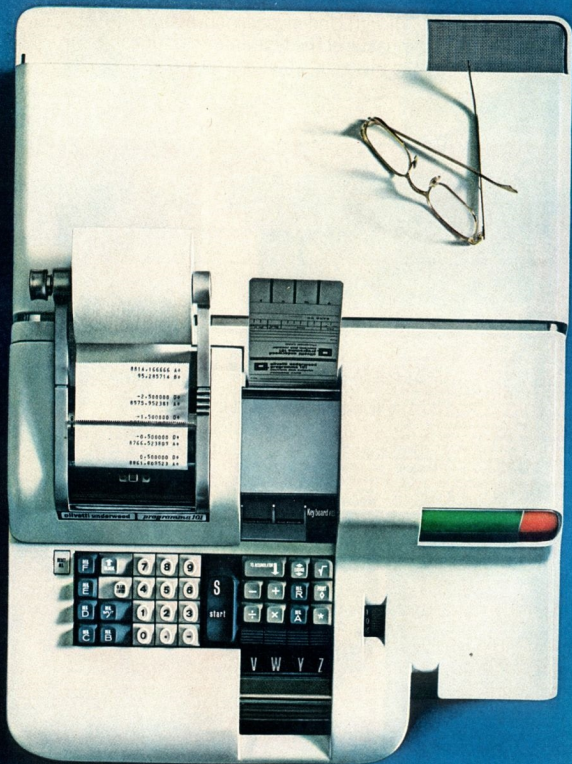
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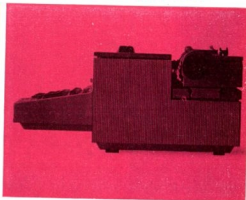
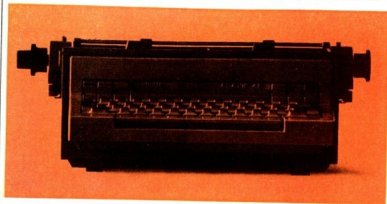
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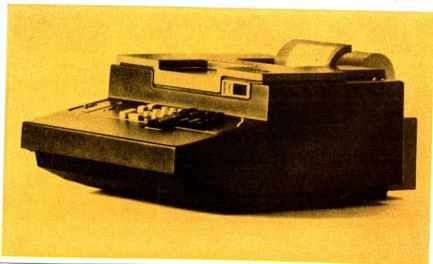
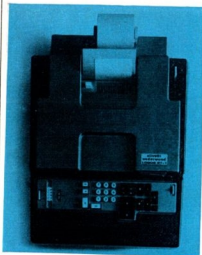
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TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1965

## A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

It is never easy to determine when a turning point has come in the tide of war (or of history or politics). During the decade since the French were defeated at Dienbienphu, TIME has carried 14 cover stories on the Vietnamese conflict, at times reporting hope and at others near despair. This time, though, a dramatic reversal has taken place in Viet Nam: the drift of defeat has been halted by the overwhelming new U.S. buildup. This issue of TIME tells—as it has not been told anywhere else—the story of how this happened, and of events that have already destroyed many clichés about Viet Nam, including the one that Americans would not know how to fight “that kind of war.”

To report the story, a TIME team of six correspondents—headed by Frank McCulloch and including Jess Cook, Karsten Prager, John Shaw, James Wilde and Arthur Zich—covered all key action areas in two often sleepless weeks. Their dispatches, filed around the clock for nine days over our new direct teletype channel from Saigon to New York, came to more than 50,000 words, from which Writer Jason McManus and Senior Editor Ed Hughes fashioned their account. A graphic part of the story is Cartographer Robert Chapin's map showing (within the limits of security) scale diagrams of the bristling new U.S. bases. Eight pages of color photographs—most of them taken only a few days ago—round out the picture of the new war in Viet Nam.

While reporters and photographers were at work, so was Cover Artist Henry Koerner, whose difficult assignment was to express the determined U.S. presence in a painting. For five days, he hopped from Bien Hoa to Nha Trang, Cam Ranh Bay, Qui Nhon and An Khe. “Fan-



KOERNER PAINTING COVER AT AN KHE

tastic! Marvelous!” he would exclaim, using his two favorite words as he moved from base installation to command post to hill lookout, sketching all the while. At one point a helicopter almost landed on half a dozen of his drawings spread out on the grass. “Please, please!” Koerner shouted at the whirling chopper. “Save my drawings!”

On the way out of the fighting zone, Koerner's plane also carried the bodies of a pilot and a photographer who had been killed the day before. Back in Saigon, Koerner showed his sketches to Managing Editor Otto Fuerbringer, then touring Viet Nam. There was little question: the cover would be a scene near An Khe. At dawn next morning, just two weeks before press time for this issue, Koerner and Correspondent Zich were at Saigon airport trying to hitch a ride back to An Khe, where the artist would do the final oil painting from life. Ceiling zero, visibility less than 100 yards, torrential rains. Nevertheless, the travelers negotiated a ride aboard an Army Caribou. Back on location, Koerner set up his easel on the exposed hill occupied by the 1st Battalion of the 7th Division, an outfit that would soon be in action. Mused Koerner later: “You think that war brutalizes people, but the soldiers were so kind to each other.”

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 22, 1965

Vol. 86, No. 17

## THE NATION

### LABOR

#### Through a Glass Clearly

Nearing the end of its herculean first session, the 89th Congress has firmly set in place the foundations of the Great Society. It has adopted legislation that will affect nearly all Americans, but most immediately the poor, the elderly, the undereducated, those who are conspicuously deprived of political representation and economic opportunity. While thus proving itself the most liberal Congress in decades, the 89th has notably refused to act in one area that might have been expected to fit its pattern: it has not approved a single bill that would exclusively benefit organized labor.

At the start of the session, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. urgently requested enactment of a \$2-an-hour minimum wage, a standard 35-hour work week and double pay for overtime. None of these proposals even came up for a vote. Last week the Senate made so bold as to reject the bill that union chiefs craved more than any other: repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act's hated 14(b), the "right to work" clause, under which 19 states have outlawed union membership as a condition of employment.

**Olympian Ultimatum.** It was not for lack of effort on labor's part. Swarms of hard-bitten labor lobbyists bustled

around Capitol Hill all session. A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany himself stumped from office to office, making gruff demands for repeal. International Typographical Union President Elmer Brown even distributed copies of an Olympian ultimatum admonishing Congress: "Our patience is about exhausted with being doublecrossed. And the Senators ought to know that they cannot doublecross the labor movement again and get away with it."

Not so long ago, most U.S. politicians would have paid heed to such fulminations. After all, during the 1958 congressional elections many Republican candidates campaigned on the right-to-work issue, arguing that the union shop was undemocratic. It was a classic blunder. Labor rose up that year, dashed Republican after Republican down to defeat for supporting 14(b), and changed the complexion of the U.S. Congress to a liberal hue that has not faded since.

**Eroding Power.** Nonetheless, the public prestige and political power of big labor have steadily eroded in the past seven years. The machinations of such union bosses as the Teamsters' Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa have tarnished

the image of the crusading labor leader. Admittedly, during the 1964 campaign, Lyndon Johnson valued union support sufficiently to commit himself to repeal of 14(b). But, well aware that few Americans these days are impassioned over Taft-Hartley, the President did little to push his bill on Capitol Hill.

For labor, the moment of defeat approached last week, as Minority Leader Everett Dirksen's anti-repeal filibuster droned into its sixth day. Though the House had voted for a repeal bill in July, and a majority of Senators (at least 55) nominally opposed 14(b) for various reasons, sentiment on both sides was curiously muted. Several staunchly liberal newspapers actually opposed the bill. "There is much to be said for letting the states continue to experiment with varied statutes of their own," editorialized the Washington Post, "at least until a national consensus emerges." As of now, according to the Gallup poll, Americans are divided almost evenly on the issue: 47% against repeal, 44% in favor.

**No Rabbits.** The Senate mirrored the division. Though well aware that he could not command the two-thirds majority (67 votes) necessary to halt the

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"LIKE THE GALL BLADDER, YOU CAN GET ALONG FINE WITHOUT IT!"



GEORGE MEANY



HOFFA BECK  
Waiting for a consensus.



THE PRINCE AND THE PEA



filibuster, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield nonetheless was anxious to adjourn this month, finally had no choice but to call for a cloture vote that was doomed in advance. "I have no rabbits to pull out of my hat," he said in a tone of resignation. "The only thing I am interested in is votes."

Even Mansfield had no idea how few he would get. When the final tally was announced—47 to 45 against cloture—the majority leader's face turned ashen. Not only had the Senate failed to deliver a two-thirds vote to shut off debate, it had not even produced a majority in favor of repeal. Stunned by the defeat, Mansfield let Dirksen's talkathon go for another day, then called it quits. "I no longer find myself looking through a glass darkly," he told the Senate. "The image is clear. The Senate does not wish the majority leader to press the attempt to take up 14(b) at this time." Seeking to take Johnson off his self-constructed campaign hook, Mansfield added: "The President has done what he could to resolve the issue of repeal of 14(b). It is a defeat for the majority leader."

The defeat was organized labor's. In the affluent sixties, few Americans believe that prosperous, powerful unions need special dispensations or protection; to many, indeed, today's labor leader has himself become a boss figure. In rejecting the labor leader's demands, the 89th Congress—as Mansfield suggested—was simply looking through a glass clearly.

## THE PRESIDENCY

### Tapioca & Sympathy

Arrayed in gold pajamas and a brown silk robe, the nation's most closely watched convalescent leaned back in a green reclining chair and made a rare admission. "Very frankly," said Lyndon Johnson, "this is a good time to get a little rest. I have been rather tired for some time."

The President showed it. Almost no official visitors were admitted to his third-floor suite at the Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Md., last week. Johnson limited his reading to essential reports such as the CIA's daily intelligence summary, rarely used the multi-button telephone console at his bedside. "I think he is weaker than anyone thought," observed White House Press Secretary Bill Moyers. "I think the pace of the last 20 months has accumulated weariness that was not evident until the operation."

"Keep On Doing." This was a sharp change of tone from the first three days after the operation that removed his gall bladder and a kidney stone Oct. 8. For that period of time, the President had seemed to be simmering with energy—as patients often do immediately following surgery. The anesthetic had barely worn off when he was signing bills, dictating telegrams, calling rela-



COURTENAY LYNDA VALENTI & ADMIRAL ON BETHESDA SUN DECK  
Euphoria started wearing off.

tives with medical bulletins, approving appointments, and largely behaving as if he were still in the oval office.

Summoning in a four-man press pool, Johnson chatted about the amazing productivity of the 89th Congress. The session, he said, reminded him of "an old song that we used to sing in the hills of Texas, 'Keep on doing what you're doing to me, because I like what you're doing to me!'" He admitted that he had been disappointed a few times, but allowed: "You never get everything you want." On the other hand, he could not resist adding, "If Hubert and I were up there representing the House and the Senate, we would get them together in five minutes."

The following day, Johnson spent 45 minutes reviewing domestic and foreign problems with Vice President Hubert Humphrey, and a hour with Secretary of State Dean Rusk, who brought him a get-well message from the Soviet leaders and a rundown on the crises in Indonesia and Rhodesia (see THE WORLD). Then the postoperative euphoria started wearing off. Taken off sedation, the President slept fitfully, some nights for as little as two hours. He was restless during the day. "While I was there," said Moyers, "he spent part of his time in his chair, and he got back on the bed to rest, and he got out of the bed again after he regained some of his strength."

Hello from Him. At last Johnson's doctors, as Moyers put it, insisted "that he take every opportunity to rest; that he maintain a very minimum schedule the next few weeks." As a result, his hard-working staff was able to relax for the first time in months. Moyers, who normally is on call 24 hours a day, even managed to catch a few innings of the last World Series game on TV.

Four days after his operation, the President went off intravenous feeding and began taking such light fare as juices, stewed vegetables and lean meats. Most of his meals were topped off by

a longtime favorite—tapioca pudding, which Family Cook Zephyr Wright whipped up at the White House and sent over to Bethesda almost daily. Well-wishers all over the U.S. phoned White House aides with home remedies for easing the President's discomfort (one suggested artesian well water, another mashed vegetable roots). But nothing cheered the President so much as a picture postcard concocted by his staff. On one side was a photo of his beagle, Him, looking even more mournful than usual; on the other was the message: "Dear Master, You can see that I'm feeling sad because you're in the hospital, Him." At one point, Daughter Luci rushed in with the news that her pet hamsters, Boris and Ninotchka, had just produced a litter of eleven.

"I Love the Prez." Toward week's end the President began to worry that reports of his slackened pace, sleepless nights and deep fatigue might be alarming the nation. So, wearing yellow pajamas that Muriel Humphrey had embroidered for him, he went up to the hospital's fifth-floor sun deck—walking part way and riding in a wheelchair the rest—to meet 50 newsmen. He had little to say; he was simply putting himself on display.

At one point he beckoned to Aide Jack Valenti's daughter, Courtenay Lynda, who will turn two next week. "Besito," he urged, using the Spanish word for "little kiss," and she dutifully planted several moist smacks on his cheek. "What do you have to say to the President?" coaxed her father. "I love the Prez," she said on cue. Lyndon called the little girl over, opened his pajama top to show her the bandages that covered his 12-in. incision, and the rubber tube coiled out to drain off stomach gas. Johnson was in a less mellow mood when Interior Secretary Stewart Udall and Lady Bird showed up beneath his window to plant a 15-ft. willow oak in honor of Johnson's recovery, then decided to wait until newsmen ar-



rived. The President roared out the window: "You all go ahead and plant that tree so I can get back to sleep!"

Lyndon has been an unexpectedly docile patient so far. "He is following the doctors' instructions to a T," marveled Moyers. And he aims to go on doing so. Said the President: "When the pilots tell me not to fly, I don't fly. When the doctors tell me not to do something, I don't do it. That's why I am alive today." And, said the doctors, Johnson is making a normal recovery. At week's end his stitches were removed. In all likelihood, he will leave the hospital this week and head for the warming Texas sun. The doctors will try to keep him on a relaxed schedule until about mid-November.

## THE CONGRESS

### "A Program for the Rich"

Only after an unusually high-pressure vote-gathering drive in June did the Johnson Administration's rent-subsidy bill pass the House—and then only by a hairsbreadth 208-to-202 margin. When the bill, authorizing the Government to help low-income, elderly and handicapped families pay their rent, cleared the Senate by a 54-to-30 vote July 15, it was a particularly prideful victory for Lyndon Johnson.

The President exulted too soon. Last week, thanks to an incredible blunder by Housing and Home Finance Agency Administrator Robert Weaver, the program was dead. Its demise was hastened by the curiosity of Michigan Republican James Harvey, 43, who found HHFA experts suspiciously reluctant to circulate the regulations covering financial eligibility for rent aid. Harvey demanded a copy and, as a member of the House's housing subcommittee, got one immediately. To his astonishment, Harvey found that under Weaver's HHFA-approved rules relating to the elderly and the handicapped (who could

collect up to 70% of their rent from the Government), applicants might qualify for federal subsidies even if they had personal net assets as high as \$25,000.

Harvey was appalled. "I don't think 90% of the members of the House have \$25,000 in net assets," he gasped. "The regulations were clearly contrary to the bill as passed by Congress." Since the House had yet to appropriate funds for the program, Harvey moved to cut off all \$6,000,000 earmarked for rent subsidies. "The Congress of the United States has decided that this was going to be a program for low-income people of America," he declared. "They have made this program one for the rich people of America."

Though the Democratic leadership tried gamely to defend Weaver's gaffe, Harvey's motion to cancel rent funds passed by 185 votes to 162. Twenty-five House members who had backed the bill last summer now voted to kill it.

Weaver could easily have avoided the fiasco by discussing the bill's income provisions with Congressional leaders in advance—or simply by waiting to write them until after the funds were appropriated. At any rate, Robert Weaver, hitherto considered a leading candidate to become the U.S.'s first Negro Cabinet officer as Secretary of the new Department of Housing and Urban Development, could hardly have dealt the boss a more painful blow if he had tried.

## THE JUDICIARY

### From Pillory to Post

Frank Morrissey's closest cronies would not claim that he is a learned jurist or even a seasoned trial lawyer. Nonetheless, argued Massachusetts' junior Senator last week, the Kennedy clan's longtime political trusty has a more substantial qualification for the federal bench in Boston. In Ted Kennedy's words, Frank is "absolutely incorruptible."

The subtle merits and elusive memories of Francis Xavier Morrissey, 55, were scrutinized for nine hours by Senate Judiciary Committee members, who then approved President Johnson's nominee for the \$30,000-a-year lifetime judgeship (TIME, Oct. 8). There were, of course, turgid testimonials arranged by Morrissey's backers. Anticipating opposition in Senate subcommittee hearings, they put on ten witnesses and adduced an encomium from Richard Cardinal Cushing, who in 1956 christened Morrissey's tenth baby, Richard Cushing, in the first such ceremony ever televised.

Teddy Kennedy, at whose family's behest Morrissey was made a Boston municipal justice in 1958, avowed that the nominee's "qualities of character are of the highest order." Added House Speaker John McCormack: "I like a man who is loyal. What's wrong with rewarding your friends?" The most memorable characterization was offered by Walter McLaughlin, president of the



BOSTON'S MORRISSEY  
Turgid testimonials.

Massachusetts Bar Association, which did an about-face and decided to support Morrissey after twice opposing his nomination. "His educational background," said McLaughlin, "has been pilloried from post to post."

**Unpleasant Word.** The American Bar Association sent three officials to pillory some more. They pointed to conspicuous gaps in Morrissey's background as lawyer and judge. Concluded Bernard Segal, former chairman of the A.B.A.'s federal judiciary committee: "We have not had any case in which those factors are so lacking as in the case of Judge Morrissey."

The air of unreality deepened when Albert Jenner, present chairman of the same committee, disclosed that in 1933 Morrissey went to Georgia, where it was then possible for a resident to gain admission to the bar without an examination. Morrissey, then 23, had already dropped out of law school in Massachusetts, had a try at the bar exam nonetheless, and failed it. In Athens, Morrissey obtained a Georgia diploma from a two-man outfit, now defunct, called the Southern Law School. Jenner called it a "diploma mill." Armed with this credential and testimonials from both of his teachers, Morrissey was admitted to practice before superior court in Clarke County on Sept. 7, 1933. The next day he went to Atlanta, where he won admittance to the Georgia supreme court and the U.S. district court, with two more diploma crammers as character witnesses.

"As near as we can determine," Jenner concluded, "Morrissey returned to Boston either the night of the 8th or the morning of the 9th of September." Illinois' Senator Everett Dirksen observed: "If you allege that you live in one state for the purpose of being admitted to the bar, and you're not [a resident]—there's a rather unpleasant word for that. It bothers me." Oddly



HHFA'S WEAVER  
Fatal fiasco.



enough, Morrissey, the Justice Department and Teddy Kennedy's office had all neglected to inform the Judiciary Committee of Morrissey's educational foray in Georgia.

**Absent Voter?** Grim-faced, the short, smartly dressed nominee admitted that the episode in Georgia "showed poor judgment and, at that age, poor maturity." But, he insisted, he had "honestly and sincerely" intended to settle in Georgia and practice law there, went home only because he could not get any cases in Atlanta. Morrissey made no use of his Georgia bar membership. He later finished his education and routinely passed the Massachusetts bar exam. How long did he stay in Georgia? "I was there about three months in Athens," Morrissey said at one point. "I was there [in Georgia] altogether a little less than a year," he said later. Again: "Totally, I was there for about nine months." And finally: "I left less than six months after I was admitted to the bar. I did not leave the following day." If, as he implied, he stayed in Athens for three months, and for six months more in Atlanta, his residence in Georgia lasted from June 1933 until some time in March 1934.

The subcommittee chewed this over but took no vote. A day later the parent Judiciary Committee called Morrissey back for an hour of private conversation, then voted 6 to 3 in his favor, with seven committee members absent. Frank emerged beaming. "I have no hard feelings toward anyone," he said.

As Morrissey waited for the full Senate to act on his confirmation this week, a new mystery turned up. Boston records showed that on July 26, 1933, when he was ostensibly cramming law in Georgia with every intention of staying there, Morrissey registered in person to vote in Massachusetts. He celebrated his return to Boston by entering a Democratic primary for the state house of representatives in 1934—though the Massachusetts constitution stipulates that "every representative, for one year at least immediately preceding his election, shall have been an inhabitant of the district for which he is chosen." Anyway, Morrissey placed twelfth out of 16 candidates. It was his last fling at elective politics.

## NEW JERSEY

### The Genovese Campaign

From either end of a long table in the auditorium of New Jersey's Seton Hall University, the two men sat glowering at each other. "It's an abuse of academic freedom to make such irresponsible, seditious statements," cried State Senator Wayne Dumont Jr., the Republican candidate for Governor. Rejoined Democratic Governor Richard J. Hughes: "There are federal statutes against treason and sedition, a complex of laws and courts, and an FBI to protect the nation." Then, when the debate was over, the protagonists

stalked off separately without so much as a word or a handshake.

What had treason, sedition and academic freedom to do with New Jersey's gubernatorial race? Everything. Until July, Candidate Dumont, 51, a state-tax expert and attorney, and Incumbent Hughes, 56, an affable, undistinguished administrator who is seeking a second four-year term, had almost nothing to argue about. Both agreed that New Jersey's most pressing problem, a chronic shortage of revenue, could be solved only by new taxes. (New Jersey and Nebraska are the only two states in the Union that do not levy statewide taxes on income or retail sales.) Nor did the candidates electrify the populace with pleas for purer water, cleaner air, faster transit facilities.

**A Jersey Dreyfus.** Then, suddenly, Dumont raised the issue of Eugene Genovese, 35, an American-history pro-

torted Dumont: "We have 140,000 men in Viet Nam dodging bullets, and Genovese's views can only be achieved by killing Americans there. This is a question not of academic freedom but of academic license."

The Governor accused the G.O.P. candidate of Goldwaterism and "vampire politics," protested as a low blow his opponent's suggestion that he should defend Genovese before the family of a boy killed in Viet Nam. Campaigning in a chartered light plane, Dumont—who in fact opposed Goldwater's nomination in 1964—charged Hughes with "the lowest, dirtiest, and most contemptible utterances." Said he: "I didn't know that \$35,000 a year [the Governor's salary] meant so much."

**Good Living.** Hughes has had help from Vice President Hubert Humphrey and New York's Senator Robert Kennedy, who made forays into the state



GOVERNOR HUGHES



PROFESSOR GENOVESE



CANDIDATE DUMONT

*Voltairean debate was bigger than air or water.*

fessor at Rutgers, New Jersey's state university. A short time before, Genovese had stood up at a campus teach-in to protest the war in Viet Nam. "I am a Marxist and a socialist," he declared. "Therefore, I do not fear or regret the impending Viet Cong victory in Viet Nam. I welcome it."

With that, the campaign caught fire. Dumont demanded that Genovese be dismissed or suspended, called on Hughes to join him in the ouster call. Hughes refused, siding loftily with Voltaire rather than Genovese, and forthwith nailed academic freedom into his platform. At Hughes's request, Rutgers' board of governors conducted an investigation, found that Genovese had done nothing to incur dismissal, and upheld his right to free speech. Nevertheless, the Genovese case turned into the Jersey equivalent of the Dreyfus affair.

**Before the Family.** Before a group of Princeton residents, the Governor angrily branded the injection of Genovese into the campaign as "the act of a desperate candidate making a cheap political issue out of free speech." Re-

sponding to speak on his behalf. Above all, the Governor was counting on a booming state economy, the blessings of Lyndon Johnson—who won 65.6% of the New Jersey vote in last year's presidential election—and his own well-oiled organization to return him to the statehouse in the Nov. 2 election.

Dwight Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, Pennsylvania's Governor Scranton and Michigan's Governor Romney have all orated for Dumont. New Jersey's Republicans—faction-ridden and critically short of funds after twelve years in the wilderness—were hopeful that the Genovese case would sweep them back into the Governor's mansion and increase the present G.O.P. preponderance in the state legislature, where all 89 seats are up for election. "This is one issue the man in the street really understands," insists Dumont.

Undeniably, though, the living has been good in the Garden State under Dick Hughes. That will probably seem more important to more voters than a Rutgers professor who roots for the Viet Cong.





DEMONSTRATORS IN BERKELEY  
Frustration six miles short.

## PROTESTS

### And Now the Vietnik

A ragtag collection of the unshaven and unscrubbed—they could be called Vietniks—turned out last weekend to promote the most popular new anti-cause. Celebrating two grandly styled International Days of Protest, a nationwide series of demonstrations against U.S. policy in Viet Nam, they battered eardrums on campuses and street corners, but found in many cases that they were outnumbered and outshouted by supporters of their nation's foreign policy.

The organization nominally behind the demonstrations is the National Coordinating Committee to End the War in Viet Nam. A two-month-old shoe-string operation headquartered near the University of Wisconsin at Madison, it produces a newsletter and claims a steering committee of 45 members who represent local end-the-war groups. The chairman, at \$25 a week, is Frank Emmpack, 22, who obtained his zoology degree at Wisconsin this year. His deputy is Ray Robinson Jr., 31, a bearded former prizefighter and civil rights worker who got an undesirable discharge from the Navy. Explains Robinson: "They said I couldn't adjust."

**Eggs & Red Point.** On the whole, the Vietnik rallies—which also attracted some tweedy faculty members and clean-cut non-beats—seemed to bear out a Senate Internal Security Subcommittee report issued last week. While most members of the protest movement are loyal Americans, it said, control of the movement has clearly passed "into the hands of Communists and extremist elements who are openly sympathetic to the Viet Cong."

Most of the demonstrators' arguments should certainly comfort Peking and Hanoi. At Detroit's Wayne University, Al Harrison, a young Negro "organizer," cried: "You all got me and my kind in chains! We got no business fighting a yellow man's war to save the white man." Wayne History Professor Norman Pollack—predictably, his specialty is the 19th century—argued that "pockets of profits" kept the U.S. in the war. "If there were no Viet Nam," said he, "the American Government would have to invent one."

**Slug for Slap.** On some campuses, counter-protesters engaged in debates or separate rallies. In Detroit, the opposition sang *The Star-Spangled Banner* over and over, all but drowning out the Vietniks. In Chicago and Oakland, Calif., demonstrators were pelted with raw eggs, and cops broke up a few mild scuffles. The leading rank of 10,000 paraders in New York City got doused with red paint. Even pleaders for peace can become aggressive. At New Jersey's Rutgers University, a hotbed of anti-Viet Nam sentiment (see preceding story), a middle-aged woman lightly slapped Biology Senior Alan Marain for abusing U.S. troops in Viet Nam, where her son is serving. So Marain, 21, slugged her in the face.

Most of the demonstrations were orderly. The biggest, nearly 12,000 strong, started from the University of California's Berkeley campus, aimed to march 73 miles to the Army Terminal in Oakland, but lacked a parade permit; police turned them back without incident after the first 13 miles. Later, someone tossed a tear-gas bomb at the marchers in a Berkeley park.

**Telegram to L.B.J.** At the University of Michigan—birthplace of the teach-in idea—some 250 demonstrators organized a sit-in at Selective Service headquarters in Ann Arbor; 38, including five teachers, were arrested for trespassing. But from the same school, 2,057 students and teachers sent Lyndon Johnson a 32-ft.-long telegram saying they support his "efforts to bring about a viable peace in Viet Nam."

At a recruiting center in lower Manhattan, a self-styled "Catholic pacifist" burned his draft card. Though willful destruction of a draft card is punishable by a five-year jail term under a recently enacted federal law, the student declared: "Christ would not have carried this card. Neither will I." One spectator shouted at the unkempt crowd: "Get inside. It's going to rain. You'll get clean!"

## ARMED FORCES

### More & Faster

Some of the demonstrators may face an even more horrendous fate—Army duty in Viet Nam. The Pentagon last week issued a draft call for 45,224 men in December, the largest monthly quota since the Korean War. They may be needed. Last July, when President Johnson ordered an increase in the size



COUNTER-DEMONSTRATORS IN MANHATTAN  
Support 32 feet long.

of the armed forces, he predicted that monthly inductions would rise to only 35,000 men. However, instead of a planned buildup of 125,000 U.S. troops in Viet Nam, the U.S. force there has already grown to 145,000, and it will pass the 200,000 mark by year's end. At the same time, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's "selected force" of 150,000 National Guardsmen and Army reservists (TIME, Oct. 8) got orders to speed up its training so that it could be deployed within eight weeks after mobilization. Reservists will not be called to active duty, according to present plans, save in a major crisis such as an open declaration of war by Peking or Hanoi.

## ALABAMA

### Wallace's Pottage

Alabama's Governor George Corley Wallace, who regards himself as the very prototype of the Southern state-house segregationist, was bitterly attacked last week as a "liberalizer" and was defeated by that grand old Southern political device, the filibuster.

This upside-down political cake was baked by Wallace's ambition to run as the conservative candidate for the presidency in 1968. To further this aim, he decided, he would need a second term as Governor (TIME, Oct. 8). Summoning his usually docile legislature into special session, Wallace introduced a bill to repeal a 64-year-old clause in the state constitution that expressly bars the Governor from succeeding himself.

After a sharp fight, the lower house passed the amendment by 74 votes to 23. However, in the state senate Wallace's bill bogged down in a talkathon organized by supporters of former Gov-



## AMERICAN

### A Windblown Leif

ernor John Patterson, the leading candidate to succeed Wallace next year. When they attempted to invoke cloture, Wallace's men were shocked to find that they could rally only 18 votes, six short of the two-thirds majority needed to silence the rebels.

**Never Again.** Confident of getting three more state senators—but not six—on his side, Wallace decided next to challenge the senate's two-thirds majority rule. His supporters petitioned the Alabama Supreme Court to lower the bothersome requirement to three-fifths, or 21 votes. This maneuver was quickly repulsed by the court, which last week ruled 6 to 1 against Wallace on the grounds that it would be "impertinent and lawfully unwarranted" for the judiciary to intervene.

Throughout the state, where the attitude toward the Governor has been one of adulation, there was a sharp change. "I voted for our Governor," Mrs. Raymond A. Busler wrote the *Montgomery Advertiser*, "but if I can be forgiven, I'll never again. Wake up, Alabamians, before you sell your birthright for a mess of pottage." State Representative Kenneth Ingram protested in the *Birmingham News* that he had previously considered Wallace "a champion of conservatism, but now I find that he is advocating what appears to me to be liberalization of our very own Alabama constitution."

Alabama's major newspapers, which have long been in the Governor's pocket, now lambasted him editorially over the succession issue. "It's not Wallace's destiny to become President," said the *Montgomery Advertiser*, usually the state's most fulsome Wallace worshiper. "We're against third-party utility." Wallace, who is against criticism, had his own way of dealing with the fractious press. The state government controls wholesale liquor distribution in Alabama and, by no coincidence, the six daily newspapers that have been opposing Wallace's second-term bid lost their liquor-advertising contracts last week.

**To the People.** "I haven't twisted any arms," Wallace insisted. All the same, he declared, "the liberal element of this country cheerfully and gleefully is hoping for the defeat of the Governor of Alabama. A few senators are making it appear that the people are repudiating the Governor." Vowing that he would "go to the people with this issue," Wallace started stumping the home districts of senators who oppose him. If, as seemed likely, he is to lose the succession fight, George is expected to run instead next year for the U.S. Senate seat now held by John Sparkman.

The Alabama constitution provides that a Governor may not run for the Senate for at least a year after leaving office, but this will hardly bother the Governor. The U.S. Constitution, which also defines the qualifications for federal office, makes no such stipulation. On this issue at least, States' Rights Wallace will be only too happy to acknowledge federal supremacy.

On a wall in East Boston, one embittered Italian-American scrawled: "Leif Ericsson is a fink." In other cities across the U.S., indignant sons of Italy, and politicians eager for their votes, reacted in like manner to word that Yale University had acquired a medieval map containing additional evidence that Leif Ericsson, riding the wild Atlantic winds, reached the North American shore about the year 1000 (*TIME*, Oct. 15). Though Leif's landing is hardly news in scholarly circles, Yale's just-before-Columbus Day announcement stirred a storm of popular protest strong enough to have blown his long-ships all the way back to Norway.

In Chicago, Columbus Day Parade Chairman Victor Arrigo denounced the Yale map as a "Communist plot." New Jersey's Republican Senator Clifford Case, on hand for Newark's parade, curtly dismissed Ericsson as "just an upstart." Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael Musmanno, author of *The Story of the Italians in America*, charged that the Yalermen "have gone into the moss-covered kitchen of rumor and, on the broken-down stove of wild speculation, fueled by ethnic prejudices, have warmed over the stale cabbage of Leif's discovery of America." In the House, New York Democrat Benjamin Rosenthal introduced a bill to make Columbus Day a national legal holiday.

**Yale to the Wall.** Nowhere did Genoa's most famous son have such impassioned defenders as in New York City, which at last count boasted 858,601 citizens of Italian descent but only 36,794 Norwegian-Americans. Yale-educated Congressman John Lindsay, Republican candidate for mayor, made it sound as if Columbia had been his alma mater all along. "Saying that Columbus did not discover America," declared Lindsay, "is as silly as saying DiMaggio doesn't know anything about baseball, or that Toscanini and Caruso were not

great musicians." Governor Nelson Rockefeller, whose son, Steven, has a Norwegian wife, at first voyaged rather bravely into the controversy: "As far as the impact of Columbus' voyage is concerned, he discovered America." Later, he carefully added that he did not mean to take anything away from the Vikings. Why, said he, "I have a Viking daughter-in-law myself."

Speaking for irate Italians everywhere, John N. (for Napoleon) La Corte, general director of the Italian Historical Society of America, warned directly: "We are going to put Yale against the wall." La Corte threatened to enlist the National Geographic Society in support of Columbus, but dropped the idea when he learned it was the Geographic that sponsored the 1963 excavation of a Scandinavian village in Newfoundland that dates from about 1000 A.D.

**Ike, the German.** In Spain, which likes to think of Cristobal Colon as a son of Castile, Franco's press denounced Ericsson, Yale and the Italians all at once. Damning the university's acquisition as "necrophagous"—feeding on the dead—A.B.C., Madrid's largest daily, accused Yale of "trying to prove the superiority of Northern Europe." Italy's claim to Columbus, scoffed the paper, is equivalent to "crediting Germany with victory in World War II because Eisenhower is of German descent." In fact, claimed A.B.C., Editor Torcuato Luca de Tena, it was Spanish Navigator Alfonso Sanchez de Huelva who first discovered the New World in 1484, eight years B.C. (before Columbus).

The Irish maintain that their own Saint Brendan the Navigator got here 1,000 years before Columbus. And though Jewish organizations did not enter the scramble last week, Pennsylvania State Representative Herbert Fineman solemnly averred that Ericsson's trusty navigator was named Eric Mandelbaum. Peking was strangely silent, considering the Red brag that a band of Chinese monks traveled from the Aleutians to Mexico back in 400 A.D.



ERICSSON SIGHTING THE NEW WORLD  
"Just an upstart."



## WHAT'S NEW FOR THE GRAND OLD PARTY

N EARLY a year has passed since Senator Goldwater by no means singlehandedly turned the Republican Party into what was inevitably described as a shambles. Now a new national chairman is trying to tidy up; a new House leader struggles to present "positive alternatives" to the Great Society; task forces and study groups have produced dozens of party position papers; and here and there, like forget-me-nots pushing up through the rubble, Republican candidates are catching the public eye—and valiantly striving to grow into political sunflowers. And the state of the party is—a shambles.

There is a lot going on in the G.O.P.—and on the surface most of it sounds like trouble. In California, where Democratic Governor Pat Brown appears vulnerable for next year, there is a veritable chasm between the so-called left and right wings of the Republican Party, and some Republicans are saying, and sounding as though they meant it, that they would rather vote for Brown than for a primary-winning Republican of the other faction. In New York City, Conservative William Buckley now figures to get about 12% of this year's vote for mayor, a considerable part of it at the expense of Republican and Liberal Party Candidate John Lindsay. Michigan's Governor George Romney, who refused to support Goldwater, now has national aspirations of his own, and is traveling about the nation making inspirational speeches about party unity; many unforgiving Republicans are positively smacking their lips in anticipation of the revenge they will take on him for his defection in '64. In Miami, Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton recently urged Republicans to isolate the "radical fringe," presumably meaning the John Birch Society. In Arizona, a syndicated columnist named Goldwater said that he thought the party might do better to exorcise its "left side."

Carried to its extreme, this Republican demonstration of the admirable belief that a true conviction should be stoutly upheld can lead only to the loss of elections. The fearful prospects led Richard Nixon, the one active Republican leader who seems acceptable to all factions, to lecture that "the liberals have got to stop trying to read the conservatives out of the party, and the conservatives have got to stop reading the liberals out of the party." On the other hand, the ferment within the party, brought to the right conclusion at the right time, could result in a stronger party on a better road toward strength and even power.

## The Cruel Statistics

It will not be an easy road to find. Smothered under the blanket of Lyndon Johnson's father-of-all-the-peopleism, the G.O.P. is statistically so far behind that many years may go by before it gets its head up. Top Republicans talk publicly of picking up 40 House seats next year; they would happily settle for 20, which would bring the Democrats down to a still overwhelming majority of 275 to 160. Only by a turn-over that surpasses imagination could the G.O.P. gain a bare majority of the Senate; Republicans would have to beat all 19 Democratic Senators up for re-election next year while holding the 14 Republican seats that will be risked. In their field of greatest strength, the governorships, the Republicans conceivably could add half a dozen or so to their present 17; they could just as conceivably drop a couple.

As for the big job, Robert J. Donovan, in *The Future of the Republican Party*, projects Democratic occupancy of the White House through 1988, with Johnson's re-election in 1968, followed by two terms for Hubert Humphrey and two for a Kennedy. Such projections are based on a cruel reality confronting the G.O.P. It is the minority party, and it is growing more so all the time. In 1940, with memories of the "Republican Depression" still harsh in the minds of millions, 38% of U.S. voters still identified themselves as Republicans

v. 42% as Democrats. Today, 53% consider themselves Democrats, a beggarly 25% as Republicans. Such is the Republican plight that some pundits—including a few Democrats awash in enough tears to float a couple of crocodiles—have bewailed the imminent end of the two-party system. Already, wrote Richard Rovere, the U.S. has come to "a one and one-half party system."

Is some Whiggish end at hand for the Republican Party? Hardly. For its traditions include a deep sense of the role of a U.S. political party as embracer of many opinions, more *pluribus* than *unum*; and its ideological arguments can well turn into a source of intellectual strength as well as dissension; and vast changes in U.S. life are spreading out opportunities for leadership to whatever party can discern and seize them.

## How to Be One of Two

In *The Federalist* No. 10, Madison wrote that "liberty is to faction what air is to fire, an aliment, without which it instantly expires. But it could not be less folly to abolish liberty, which is essential to political life, than it would be to wish the annihilation of air, which is essential to animal life." Historically, such liberty could have led to splinter-party chaos; the U.S. instead channeled the political urge into two institutionalized parties. In their adversary relationship, they act as delicate checks upon one another, capitalizing on the deep American fear of unrestrained power. Though few voters would switch solely for the abstract value of "saving" the two-party system, many can be influenced by a subtle sense that a particular party has achieved too much power—and that it's time for a change. This is the heart of the case for a strong opposition party. It should be challenging, creative, critical—always watching the party in power with a clear eye and offering the serious possibility of alternative government.

If a party is to be one of only two, it must necessarily be broad, a place where many kinds of people can find political shelter. In his little classic, *Parties and Politics in America*, Cornell's Clinton Rossiter writes of "the deep overlapping of the beliefs and programs and even voters of the parties. They are the creatures of compromise, coalitions of interest in which principle is muted and often even silenced. They are the vast, gaudy, friendly umbrellas under which all Americans, whoever and wherever and however-minded they be, are invited to stand for the sake of being counted in the next election."

In rough effect, the political party must win the approval of a consensus that includes not only the party loyalist but the estimated 40% of the electorate in the political spectrum's middle span, people whose vote, regardless of nominal party affiliation or inclination, is changeable. This consensus shuns rigidly doctrinaire extremes that have brought upon the system its most tragic failures, notably the Civil War. British Political Scientist Denis Brogan points out that "the immediate cause of the greatest breakdown of the American political system was the breakdown of the party system, the failure of the party machinery and the party leaders to remember their national function, which, if carried out, was the justification of the varied weaknesses and absurdities of the party organizations and policies. Not until the party system broke down, in the dissolution of the Whigs, in the schism of the Democrats, was war possible." Similarly, it has been when one or another party isolated itself from the consensus—whether by reason of the cross-of-gold dogma of William Jennings Bryan in 1896 or the simplistic moralisms of Barry Goldwater in 1964—that the party system has been thrown into great imbalance.

Thus party stands must be stated in generalities, and party differences must be perceived as tendencies. Both



parties, for example, will invariably favor compassion in public welfare combined with stern fiscal responsibility, but, as Rossiter puts it, "Look deep into the heart of a Democrat and you will find plans to build 400,000 units of public housing and to ship 300 tractors to Ghana (whether Ghana wants them or not); look deep into the soul of a Republican and you will find hopes for a reduction in taxes and for a balanced budget."

Given the two parties' community of aims, Democrats place more reliance on federal solutions, while Republicans stress individual opportunity. Democrats tend to favor the managed economy, while Republicans espouse more of a market economy; Democrats are likely to believe that spending and deficits create prosperity; while Republicans still worship at the shrine of the sound dollar. None of these are absolutes; in the attempt to win the consensus, parties gladly let their values overlap and intertwine.

### The Comeback Trail

Within these broad bounds, a Republican comeback begins to seem plausible. By and large, the national Republican Party still holds to Lincoln's thesis: "In all that the people can individually do as well for themselves, government ought not to interfere." Today, as in Lincoln's time, Republican emphasis is based on a faith in the individual's right to go as far and as high as he can within the limits of his own abilities; the Republican credo includes a certain freedom from government interference in that effort. Yet modern Republicanism also recognizes, as Lincoln did, that the individual cannot do everything for himself, that in certain areas, government—first local, then state, and finally federal—has a requisite role.

Often concern for individualism fits right in with concern for public welfare. Thomas E. Dewey said that it must have been "a very clumsy Republican" who thought it clever to pin the "welfare state" tag on Democrats, for the fact is that "anyone who thinks that an attack on the fundamental idea of security and welfare is appealing to the people generally is living in the Middle Ages." Even more emphatically, nothing in their distrust of federal solution need keep Republicans from recovering from another great missed opportunity—the one that came in 1954 when a Republican Chief Justice, appointed by a Republican President, wrote the school decision that started the Negro revolution. Justice, political sense and Republican tradition dictated that President Eisenhower assume a leading role in civil rights. But as with the missed chance to build up the party, which he regrets in his new book *Waging Peace*, Ike made the least of it. The South is, of course, the G.O.P.'s area of greatest growth, and there is enough in legitimate Republican philosophy to maintain the growth. But if the party's image is to be neo-Confederate, then the gains in the South will be ephemeral and the effect elsewhere disastrous.

In his 1962 Godkin Lectures at Harvard, New York's Nelson Rockefeller offered a guiding strategy for balancing the modern demands of individualism and welfare with the three levels of government, a kind of federalism providing "room for both infinite variety and creativity in all sectors of national life." He called for strengthened state and local powers. "If the states ignore or evade their responsibility to act, there will be no alternative to direct federal-local action. The problems of urbanism have outrun individual local government boundaries, legal powers and fiscal resources. And the national Government is too remote to sense and act responsively on the widely varying local or regional concerns and aspirations. The states—through their relations with local governments and their closeness to the people and the problems—can and should serve as the leaders in planning and the catalysts in developing cooperative action at local-state-federal levels." In this spirit, several current Republican Governors—among them Rockefeller, Scranton, Ohio's James Rhodes, Rhode Island's John Chafee and Washington's Daniel Evans—have taken the lead in providing showcase state-sponsored programs for education, mental health, highways and poverty-fighting.

Yet neither a broad philosophy nor a workable operational strategy will revive the Republican Party if it fails to take into account not only the exigencies of the present but also the tidal waves of the future. "In the decades just ahead," writes New York University's Peter F. Drucker, "our domestic politics will be dominated by unfamiliar issues—not only new, but different in kind from the things we have been arguing about since 1932. They will be concerned not primarily with economic matters but with basic values—moral, esthetic and philosophical. Moreover, the center of our political stage is now being taken over by a new power group: a professional, technical and managerial middle class—very young, affluent, used to great job security, and highly educated."

In 1960, the average American age was 29½, and today it is 28. One-fourth of all Americans go to school; by the early 1970s, that fraction will be about one-third. There are already 35 million potential voters 35 or younger, and that number will shoot up as the great war-baby crop continues to turn 21. No party can ignore the shift in the political center of gravity, for around this center will swing political success in the future. To be sure, parental conditioning plus ethnic background still give many youngsters their political set. But in the greatest numbers ever, young people who feel no party allegiance are becoming part of the electorate. They are mostly unencumbered by the political possessions and prejudices born of the Depression and its New Deal remedies. Technical, managerial and professional skills entitle new voters to security and affluence, and therefore independence. They care most deeply about the quality of their lives, about the matters that most directly affect them. They are often community activists who mean to have a significant say-so in their own affairs. In its own instructive stress on individualism, the Republican Party would seem to have among such younger voters a rich field for future bumper crops.

### Opportunity in the Megalopolis

Another great area of political opportunity lies in the steady conversion of the U.S. into an overwhelmingly urban nation. Soon, 73% of all Americans will live in 200 metropolitan areas. Nearly two-fifths will be citizens of just three great megalopolitan complexes—one ranging from Boston through New York, Philadelphia and Washington to Norfolk; another comprising all the territory between Milwaukee and Cleveland; the third taking in the California coast from San Francisco to San Diego. The cities and the suburbs that comprise the megalopolis have a vital mutuality of interest in housing, transportation, schooling, crime problems and employment.

It is remarkable how few professional Republicans, for all their philosophical emphasis on government at the local and state levels, seem to realize the city's significance. One who does is Ford Foundation's Malcolm Moos, Eisenhower's best speechwriter and a man who comes perhaps closer than anyone today to fulfilling the function of Republican "thinker." Says Moos: "The great urban areas represent places which the Republican Party can homestead. Let's take the carbon monoxide out of the air, let's solve the water shortage, let's clean up the rivers, let's move against corruption and crime, and let's put our schools in shape. The most conspicuous political failure in the U.S. is in the governing of our cities, and the Democrats are in control of those cities. It's their fault. They're saddled with it."

In a more certain sense, the G.O.P. is likely to benefit most from the erosions in Democratic strength that come from complacency and accompanying corruption, as well as from the electorate's natural suspicion of a party that keeps too much power for too long. If this is all the Republican Party counts on, its reason for being is far less than it should be. It must aim for much more. With a tradition that can appeal to a broad consensus, with residual strength on which to build a valuable and meaningful opposition, and with a young, undetrained society to draw support from, the Grand Old Party can develop quite a few new opportunities.



# THE WORLD

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### A New Kind of War

(See Cover)

It was only three months ago that the lethal little men in black pajamas roamed the length and breadth of South Viet Nam marauding, maiming and killing with impunity. No highway was safe by night, and few by day; the trains had long since stopped running. From their tunneled redoubts, the Communist Viet Cong held 65% of South Viet Nam's land and 55% of its people in thrall. Saigon's armies were bone weary and

booted Americans—lean, laconic and looking for a fight—pour ashore from armadas of troopships. Day and night, screaming jets and prowling helicopters seek out the enemy from their swampy strongholds in southernmost Camau all the way north to the mountain gates of China. The Viet Cong's once-cocky hunters have become the cowering hunted as the cutting edge of the U.S. fire power slashes into the thickets of Communist strength. If the U.S. has not yet guaranteed certain victory in South Viet Nam, it has nonetheless undeniably averted certain defeat. As one top-

by New Year's Day. Target by next summer: 280,000.

Appropriately, the world's most mobile division (TIME, Sept. 24), the 1st Cavalry (Airmobile)—or "the First Team," as its men proudly style themselves—was among the first off the mark. Within two weeks after Johnson's announcement, the first of four supply ships carrying the bulk of the division's 428 helicopters was on its way, and on their heels came the first of the division's 16,000 men, commanded by Major General Harry William Osborn Kinnard. At the same



PARATROOPERS OF THE 173RD AIRBORNE BOARD FOR ACTION AT BIEN HOA

*The hunters were now the hunted.*

bleeding from defections. As the momentum of their monsoon offensive gathered, the Communists seemed about to cut the nation in half with a vicious chop across the Central Highlands. The enemy was ready to move in for the kill, and South Viet Nam was near collapse.

Today South Viet Nam throbs with a pride and power, above all an *esprit*, scarcely credible against the summer's somber vista. Government desertion rates have plummeted and recruitment is up, and it is now the Communists who are troubled with rising defections. Some roads are being reopened for the first time in years, and the much-vaunted Viet Cong plan to move into their mass-attack "third phase" is now no more than a bedraggled dream.

The remarkable turnaround in the war is the result of one of the swiftest, biggest military buildups in the history of warfare. Everywhere today South Viet Nam bustles with the U.S. presence. Bulldozers by the hundreds carve sandy shore into vast plateaus for tent cities and airstrips. Howitzers and trucks grind through the once-empty green highlands. Wave upon wave of combat-

ranking U.S. officer put it: "We've stemmed the tide."

"We Will Stand." It was late July when the President of the U.S. summoned his aides to a three-day secret session to deliberate Viet Nam. Just back from Saigon was Defense Secretary Robert McNamara with the grim prognosis of peril. When Johnson announced his decision, it was the most significant for American foreign policy since the Korean War: "We will stand in Viet Nam." To stand meant in fact that the U.S. would go to Viet Nam in overwhelming force and stay until the job was done. Why? "If we are driven from the field in Viet Nam," the President told the nation and the world, "then no nation can ever again have the same confidence in American promise or in American protection."

By then, 75,000 American servicemen already were present in South Viet Nam or pledged to go. The President promised 50,000 more by the end of this year, and the promise was soon outstripped by the deed. The 50,000 were on the scene by mid-September—and they just kept coming. Today the total is 145,000, and it will pass 200,000

time, an advance party of 1,000 men, 254 tons of equipment and nine "huey" helicopters was quietly whisked to Viet Nam from the division's Fort Benning base in a secret, seven-day airlift.

By late August the advance party was on the job: preparing near An Khe deep in the Viet Cong-infested Central Highlands a giant helipad for the First Team's covey of copters. The division's assistant commander, Brigadier General John M. Wright, took machete in hand to show his men how to do it, chopping away the scrub without disturbing the grass, so as to avoid dust storms as the choppers rotated in and out. Today the First Team's garrison at An Khe is the largest concentration of fighting men and machinery in Southeast Asia since the French left Indo-China in 1954—and predictably its well-turfed 12,000-sq.-ft. helipad is known far and wide as "the golf course."

**Building to Stay.** If "the golf course" is a triumph of sweat and ingenuity, Cam Ranh Bay, abounding 190 miles north of Saigon, is the manifesto of American engineering. Fifteen miles long, five miles wide, deep enough for

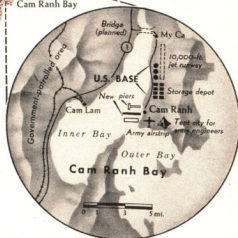
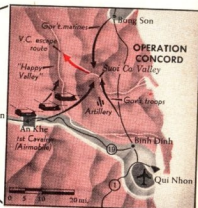
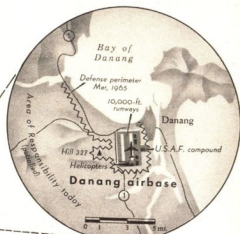


# PATTERN OF POWER

**SIZE OF FORCES**

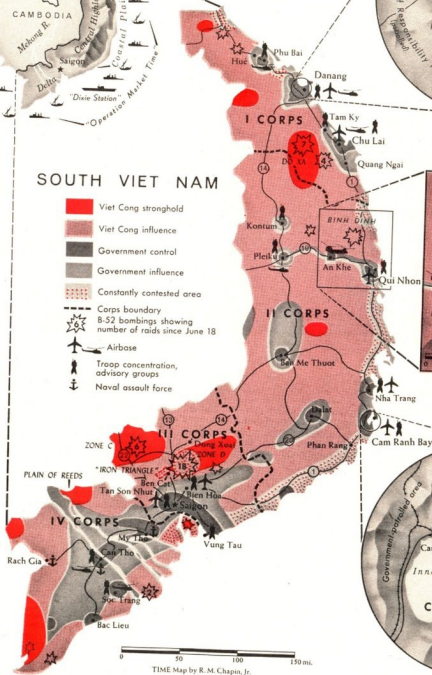
South Viet Nam	593,000
U.S.	145,000
South Korea	6,500
Anzac	1,550
<b>Total</b>	<b>746,050</b>

**Viet Cong, some** 215,000  
**North Viet Nam** 10,000



## SOUTH VIET NAM

- Viet Cong stronghold
- Viet Cong influence
- Government control
- Government influence
- Constantly contested area
- Corps boundary
- 8-52 bombings showing number of raids since June 18
- Airbase
- Troop concentration, advisory groups
- Naval assault force





any ocean vessel, rimmed by smooth, sun-blached beaches, Cam Ranh Bay was probably the world's most underdeveloped great natural harbor. Until, that is, four months ago—when the 4,000 men of the 35th Engineer Group went to work.

With bulldozers and dynamite, they have moved mountains of sand, built some 40 miles of road, helped construct a 10,000-ft. runway from which the first jets will blast off against the enemy next month (see map). Ammo depots, a ten-tank fuel dump with a capacity of 230,000 gal., and a T-pier are all under construction; next month a floating 350-ft. De Long pier will be towed in from Charleston, S.C.

When finished early next year at a cost that may run as high as \$100 million, Cam Ranh will be a port the size of Charleston, easing the pressure on Saigon's chockablock facilities. It will need all the dock space the engineers can clear: one measure of the U.S. commitment in Viet Nam is that last January only 65,000 tons of military equipment were fed into the nation by sea; during November more than 750,000 tons will arrive—a tenfold increase. Eventually, Cam Ranh's facilities will be able to store 45 days' supply for all the U.S. forces in Central Viet Nam. As much as any single installation in Viet Nam, Cam Ranh is concrete and steel testimony that the U.S. is in Southeast Asia to stay.

**PXs & Pup Tents.** Around South Viet Nam's four present jet fields—Danang, Chu Lai, Bien Hoa and Saigon—are clustered most of the rest of the U.S. presence in Viet Nam. On the "hot pads" at the runway ends of each stand the silver planes, bombs aboard, on phased alert: the first wave is on five-minute call, the next on 15-minute call, then a group on 30-minute call, finally a wave on an hour's notice. On the average, within 17 minutes of a platoon leader's radioed call for help, the jets can be over the target with almost any combination of weapons he might need: 50-cal. machine-gun bullets, cannon shells, Bull-Pup missiles, Zuni rockets, napalm, 260-lb. to 3,000-lb. bombs. At the newest of the fields, Chu Lai, leveled and surfaced with aluminum matting by the Seabees in less than 30 days last spring, the runway is still so short that the jets take off in a double-throated roar of engines and Jet Assisted Takeoff bottles, sometimes returning to land carrier-style with an arresting cable at runway's end.

The marines at Chu Lai are accustomed to the roar over their tents on the steaming dunes. Less easy to take has been the choking dust, now damped down by the first northern monsoons, and the fact that the nearest liberty is the Marine headquarters town of Danang. "That's like being allowed to leave the state prison to go to the county jail," snorts one leatherneck. In Danang and Phu Bai, the rains have turned the infernal red dust into infernal red mud, in which a truck can sink to its

door handle. On the perimeters, the marines and infantrymen live like soldiers on perimeters everywhere—primitively, with pup tents, ponchos and C rations. The airmen at Danang boast big airy tents with screened windows and solid floors, a new PX and mess hall. Most of the 173rd Airborne and Big Red One troops at Bien Hoa now have hot meals and floors under their tents.

**From Defense to Offense.** The U.S. military has been in Viet Nam in an advisory role to government forces ever since the French were swept out in 1954—a role that grew with the swelling magnitude of the Viet Cong threat until eventually it required 24,000 men. But it was not until last March, when the 9th Marine Expeditionary Brigade of 3,500 men swarmed ashore at Danang, that the first U.S. combat troops



GENERAL WESTMORELAND  
Behind the cutting edge.

entered the fray. Like the 7,500 men of the 173rd Airborne Brigade, and the 101st Airborne's Danang 1st Brigade that soon followed, the marines' first assignment was defensive: creating a protective enclosure around bustling Danang airbase and harbor. The 173rd was thrown around Bien Hoa airbase, together with the 2nd Brigade of the 1st Infantry Division—the Big Red One—which arrived in July. The Screaming Eagles of the 101st helped reopen Route 19 from the coast to An Khe, stood watch while the 1st Air Cavalry's advance party hacked out their "golf course."

Standing watch was all that many critics thought U.S. combat troops would—or could—do in Viet Nam. Even as the number of G.I.s swelled, the myth remained that Americans were somehow not up to the wiles of the Viet Cong or the woes of the Asian jungle.

U.S. troops were soon besting the Viet Cong in fire fights from Chu Lai to An Khe. The 34,000 marines in Viet Nam boast a 5-1 kill ratio over the enemy, have spread their original beachhead until now they control 400 sq. mi.

of territory. When a bad bit of intelligence unloaded the 101st Screaming Eagles from their helicopters right into a battalion of Viet Cong near An Khe, the Eagles fought hand-to-mortar until the field was theirs. Soon the increasing aggressiveness of American ground troops everywhere was adding yet another dimension of fear and uncertainty for the V.C., already long harassed by U.S. air and sea power.

**Planes & Ships.** The U.S. first bombed the north in August 1964 in tit-for-tat retaliation for a torpedo-boat attack on two Seventh Fleet destroyers in the Tonkin Gulf. Regular bombings began last February; since then U.S. and South Vietnamese planes have flown more than 50,000 sorties against the enemy. The 800 planes in use range from the old prop-driven Skyraider, whose fond jockeys insist that it can fly home with nearly as much enemy lead in it as the four tons of bombs it can carry out, to the droop-nosed, brutal-looking ("It's so damn ugly it's beautiful") F-4B Navy Phantom, at 1,700 m.p.h. the fastest machine in the Vietnamese skies. Then there is the Navy's Intruder, a computer-fed, electronics-crammed attack ship that virtually flies itself once aloft.

Along with the fighter-bombers goes a covey of other craft: jammers to knock out the enemy's radar, flying command and communications posts, planes whose radar sweeps the sky for signs of attacking Communist aircraft. RF-101 photo-reconnaissance planes dive into the smoke to film the raid's damage for analysis back home, using strobelike parachute flares at night. Backing the raids also are the planes and helicopters of the Air Rescue Service, ready to pluck a downed aviator out of the enemy heartland.

Some 400 of the daily strike planes are based aboard the carriers of Task Force 77 of the U.S. Navy's Seventh Fleet. The two flattops on "Yankee Station" shoot their planes off over North Viet Nam, while the "Dixie Station" carrier normally hits only V.C. in the south. The 30 ships, 400 warplanes and 27,000 men of "77" are not included in the 145,000-man total of forces now in Viet Nam. But they are very much a part of the war, and not merely of the air war. When U.S. Marines systematically took apart a V.C. regiment on the Van Thung peninsula south of Chu Lai last August, two destroyers and a cruiser of Task Force 77 bombarded V.C. bunkers, blasted to pieces a Red company that tried to escape over the beach. Fact is, Seventh Fleet Commander Admiral Paul P. Blackburn's floating artillery can make life miserable—and hazardous—for the V.C. up to fifteen miles from the coast, and his screen of smaller craft on patrol duty in "Operation Market Time" has sharply limited V.C. gunrunning by boat along the shore.

**The Gadgetry.** Also at work for the U.S. in Viet Nam is an array of ingenious gadgetry that smacks of balancing wire—and of Buck Rogers. Puff the





MASSIVE U.S. BUILDUP fills beach at Cam Ranh Bay with vehicles, oil drums, stacks of war matériel. As many

as a dozen cargo ships are in the harbor at one time to provide a 45-day stockpile of equipment and supplies.

CHARLES DONNAY



MOUNTAIN RANGE OF TENTS shelters 35th Group of U.S. Army Corps of Engineers along shores of Cam Ranh

Bay. Engineers are working with bulldozers and power shovels to make bay the biggest supply port in South Viet Nam.





MARINE CORPS HELIPORT at Chu Lai sits on neck of sand beside South China Sea. Helipad (*left*) is formed of aluminum matting. It is used by the 4th and 7th Marine





Regiments as base for supply missions and airborne strikes against the Viet Cong. Vehicles parked in neat rows on the beach in the foreground are U.S. trucks and amphibious tanks.

CHARLES DUNNAY





ARMED SERVICES

**AIR STRIKE** is carried out by low-flying plane over Viet Nam farm land. Napalm runs are most effective against

small clusters of guerrillas, provide invaluable support for ground troops pinned down by small-arms and mortar fire.



ARMED SERVICES

**AIRBORNE TROOPS** of 1st Cavalry Division unload 105-mm. howitzer from Ch-47 (Chinook) helicopter during last week's drive against Viet Cong in Suoi Ca Valley.

**AIRCRAFT CARRIER** *Coral Sea* provides floating base for jets and prop-driven planes engaged in bombing missions on strategic targets in North and South Viet Nam. →

HARRY REEL

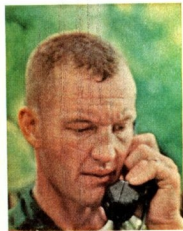








MOST-DECORATED Vietnamese marine is Lieut. Colonel Nguyen Thanh Yen, leader of a 1,400-man task force.



AMERICAN ADVISER to Colonel Yen, Marine Major William Leftwich, talks by radio to a U.S. spotter plane.



U.S. COMMANDER of 34,000 marines in Viet Nam is Major General Lewis Walt, stationed at Danang base.



OPERATIONS MAP of Suoi Ca Valley is studied by the 1st Cavalry's commanding officer,

Major General Harry W. O. Kinard and his staff during last week's massive strike-in-force.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES BONNAY AND MARTIN STUART-FOR







VIETNAMESE MARINES under command of Colonel Yen move through forest near Bong Son as part of combined operation against Viet Cong.



EXPERIENCED TROOPER of Vietnamese marines carries ammunition bandoleer. U.S. is flexing more muscle, but U.S.-equipped Vietnamese are still in fighting forefront.



NONCOMBATANTS caught in the path of anti-Viet Cong

operations are evacuated by a 1st Cavalry Division soldier.





MARTIN STUART/FOX

EVACUATION HELICOPTER prepares to lift off from Suoi Ca Valley with load of refugees and Army escorts.

FIRST CAVALRY CASUALTIES wait at aid station in valley for transportation back to headquarters at An Khe.

MARTIN STUART/FOX





Magic Dragon is an old C-47 transport rigged with three 7.62 Gatling-type guns—each a fascine of six machine-gun barrels. In the time it takes to say "puff," the Dragon can spit 300 bullets at Viet Cong on the ground. "It's a solid bar of fire," explains a U.S. officer, "and the noise is a terrible roar." The Lightning Bug is a UH-1B helicopter fitted with seven brilliant landing lights. It goes sampan hunting at night along Viet Cong rivers or canals. A couple peepers include *Tiny*, a ground-surveillance plane first used by the marines along their Danang perimeter. By the end of this year, a steel-mesh net platform that can be laid by helicopters across jungle treetops will be in use by choppers as a do-it-yourself landing pad; the disgorged troops shinny down through the branches on a metal and nylon ladder.

The single most expensive piece of equipment in use in Viet Nam is an Air Force C-130 loaded with \$2,500,000 worth of communications equipment. Known as the ANCC (Airborne Battle Control and Command Center), the plane is in fact a flying command post, equipped with eight television screens for projecting slides and maps from its data storage drums, which contain 5,000 pieces of military intelligence—the last word for arm-chair-borne commanders.

**Still Saigon's War.** When massive U.S. intervention in Viet Nam was bruited, there were those who argued against it on the grounds that weary South Vietnamese troops would simply quit in relief, let the Americans do their fighting for them. The U.S. buildup has indeed been decisive in halting the Viet Cong drive toward victory—but in large part because it has given the South Vietnamese, whose 600,000-man army continues to bear the brunt of battle, the help they need to go on fighting.

It remains very much their war. In the four months after U.S. combat units largely went into action, some 3,000 government soldiers were killed in action compared to 275 Americans. Over the same period, U.S. troops ran 384 company-size operations resulting in contact with the Viet Cong; South Vietnamese soldiers conducted 1,605. As the U.S. buildup has mounted, the monthly government losses have been pared: from 1,300 in July, to 800 in August, to 567 in September.

While Saigon's soldiers got some breathing room, the once-cocksure Viet Cong found themselves choking in a new kind of war. Their massive monsoon assaults never materialized—because quick-scrambling allied planes all too often flew off through the rainstorms to blast a company apart before it could attack. Whereas in the first flush of their summer successes the Reds could count on an eye for an eye, by August the kill ratio had dropped to 1 to 3 against them—and they are likely to lose 27,000 men in action this year against an estimated 12,000 for

the allies (including 1,000 Americans).

Not only was the mass-assault third phase in Mao Tse-tung's guerrilla rule-book arrested, but the V.C. found themselves being routed out of havens they had long considered invulnerable. Twice in the last month—first near Ben Cat in the "Iron Triangle" north of Saigon, then last week in Operation Concord in Binh Dinh province—massive allied sweeps penetrated preserves lethally off limits to anyone but Communists for 15 years.

**The Sleepless Enemy.** Sweep forces usually encountered few Viet Cong but often found supplies, such as enough rice in the Triangle to feed a V.C. regiment for four months. They also uncovered dirt-fresh evidences of the Communists' long-famed trenching arts: tunnels up to 40 feet deep and several

guerrillas are getting less and less sleep. Captures and desertions are rising. Recently captured in the Gruyère Triangle: a V.C. battalion commander's order that his troops eschew, among other things, "collective singing of folk songs" and handclapping for fear of detection.

It once was a rare day when more than a handful of Viet Cong weapons was left on a battlefield, but of late the V.C. have become quite untidy: Operation Starlight netted 614 dead V.C. and 109 weapons. More recently, Vietnamese troops killed 34 of the enemy—and captured 34 weapons—on an operation. Government figures showing a 300% increase in the number of Viet Cong defecting under the "open arms" amnesty program may be exaggerated, but the curve is definitely up.

Though harassed, the Viet Cong are far from beaten. Despite their heavy losses and their loss of tactical momentum, they still hold vast chunks of South Vietnamese real estate. Thanks to an infiltration rate still running at an all-time high of 1,000 men a month from the north, the Communists have actually managed to increase their strength, now have in South Viet Nam an estimated 65,000 main-force and regional troops, 80,000 to 100,000 guerrillas, and perhaps 40,000 fellow travelers in logistical and political cadres.

**Ky to Power.** Yet the enemy now faces an irrevocable U.S. commitment, and as a result, Saigon of late has had a spring in the step and a sparkle in the eye missing for years. Its visible embodiment is jaunty, popular Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, 35, who has moved with verve from scarf-clad air force commander to chairman of the board in the military collegium now ruling the nation. Ky is the closest thing to a national hero that South Viet Nam has, and wherever he goes in Saigon, admiring teen-agers gather round.

Ky's promises of social reform and a vigorous attack on corruption, coupled with the recent allied successes against the Viet Cong, have so far kept the nation's fractious Buddhists and Catholics quiescent; they simply cannot find credible grievances that will bring crowds into the street. Even though the Ky government has made no dent in the nation's two big problems—its 680,000 refugees and its soaring inflation—Saigon's political situation, say old hands, is the most stable that it has been since 1960. From time to time, there are complaints that it is too stable, precisely because the military junta is running it, and that civilians ought to be in charge. Ky's Chief of State, Major General Nguyen Van Thieu, answers that bluntly: "I don't believe that any civilian government would have enough power to fight the Communists."

Before Ky and the U.S. buildup, Vietnamese desertions were running at a disastrous 500 a month and recruiting was at an all-time low. The desertion rate has now fallen to minimal levels, and Saigon's reserves are at last swell-



PREMIER KY

No job for civilians.

hundred yards long, with angled corridors and galleries to reduce blast effects, air vents and emergency exits.

Even the deepest tunnels are not safe from the 1,000-lb. bombs of the Guam-based B-52s, falling in sticks neatly bracketed to decapitate a small mountain. When the big bombers, converted from carrying nuclear weapons, first began making the 5,200-mile round trip from Guam to Viet Nam, critics snorted that it was overkill run riot, using elephants to swat mosquitoes. But the point was to hit the V.C. without warning (the B-52s fly so high that they are seldom seen or heard by their targets) in the heart of their eleven major strongholds, keep them edgy and off balance. The SAC planes have hit such strongholds as the Iron Triangle hard and often, and it is now so pitted with B-52 bomb craters and caved-in V.C. tunnels that wags call it the "Gruyère Triangle." Airpower may well prove to be the guerrillas' worst enemy. The Reds are less and less welcome in villages, since the villagers are learning that their presence may well bring the planes. Forced to move oftener, the



ing at the targeted rate of 10,000 new men a month.

**Working Together.** Perhaps the best measure that the nation increasingly shares Ky's credo is the fact that negotiation with the Viet Cong is seldom even discussed. "The only way we can lose this war now," says Thieu, "is in a political or moral way—not in a tactical way. So why should any of us talk of negotiation? If we talk about negotiation now, we give the enemy hope and confidence." Still no one in Saigon—or Washington—has any illusions about the job remaining to be done. General Harold K. Johnson, Army Chief of Staff, used to think in terms of ten years to finish off the Viet Cong, now says cautiously, "Maybe I'm a 94-year man." Even the most optimistic U.S. officials think five years the outside minimum.

With the arrival of the 5,000 marines of South Korea's 15,000-man Blue Dragon brigade at Cam Ranh Bay last week, the allies' combined strength rose to nearly 750,000. Orders for the Vietnamese forces issue from the quiet, air-conditioned offices of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, two acres of yellow stucco French colonial buildings in Saigon that once housed the French high command. Chief of State Thieu heads it. Downtown, in his offices on Pasteur Street, the American commander in Viet Nam, General William C. Westmoreland (TIME cover, Feb. 19), presides over the complex of U.S. commands ranging from Lieut. General Joseph Moore's 2nd Air Division to Major General Lewis Walt's Third Marine Amphibious Force. The Army's biggest clout is contained in the recently created Field Force Viet Nam under Major General Stanley ("Swede") Larsen. Headquartered in Nha Trang in the largest and hardest-pressed of Viet Nam's four corps areas, Force V includes the First Team at An Khe, the 101st Airborne's 1st Brigade, and the arriving South Koreans, who will be under American command. The Royal Australian Regiment and the Royal New Zealand Artillery batteries are largely under their own command. Working from the long-established pattern of the advisers' program, U.S. officers confer with their Vietnamese counterparts virtually on a daily basis up and down the line.

**The Heroes.** There are many Vietnamese heroes of the long war. One of the most bemedaled is Lieut. Colonel Nguyen Thanh Yen, 42, of the Vietnamese marines, who has spent 15 years fighting the Communists. A bitter, brown gnomish man called the "Little Tiger," Yen last week, as he always does, was walking every step of the way with his 1,400-man Vietnamese task force in Operation Concord. Beside him was his adviser, U.S. Marine Major William Leftwich, 34, whom one of his superiors has called "the best American adviser in the country." They set out early in the dazzling morning sun, trudging past the napalm black

bodies of V.C. killed in a battle the week before.

By midday the heat had Yen's men gasping. Some were vomiting. Then the V.C. sprang their ambush. Two marines were killed instantly, and five were wounded. "Get up, you bastards," snarled Yen. "It's only a few snipers—get up and move after them." The marines went, and Bill Leftwich, one of the 6,500 U.S. advisers who sometimes feel that they are the "forgotten men" in the new war, went too. The brittle Yen had run through five U.S. advisers until Leftwich came along. By quiet persuasion, Leftwich got Yen to add an engineering platoon, a 75-mm. howitzer platoon, a support and a signal



U.S. AMBASSADOR LODGE  
Needed: A sense of nationhood.

detachment to what had been a mediocre band. Since then, Colonel Yen and his men have been killing V.C. at a 9-to-1 ratio.

**The Elusive Target.** The basic U.S. strategy in Viet Nam today, now that its defensive enclaves are secured, is to go over to the offensive, hitting out from the bases in fairly large-scale thrusts at main V.C. striking forces—to break them up, keep them off balance, erode their influence. For the present, the U.S. is less interested in expanding its geography than in wearing down the enemy. The priority targets, as the U.S. sees them now: first, the U.S. Marines' Hué-Danang-Chu Lai area, then as much of Binh Dinh province as can be cleared, finally the Hop Tac region around Saigon.

The very success of U.S. firepower so far is likely to make big kills harder and harder to come by, as Operation Concord in Binh Dinh province last week proved. An estimated 45,000 Viet Cong have been in Binh Dinh, and in the largest operation of the war, 14,000 allied troops went in at three points to try to kill a sizable batch of them. Two

hundred helicopters made 358 sorties to drop 5,500 men into Suoi Ca Valley, where a V.C. regiment was reported. Another 2,500 of the First Team were out to clear "Happy Valley" next door to the west, while Vietnamese marines and army battalions closed in from the coast. But as all too often in the frustrating war, there was virtually nobody home. Even where the enemy is decisively smashed, unless allied troops stay, the V.C. soon slip back.

**After the Shooting.** The real reason that the battle for Viet Nam is only beginning is that battles themselves are only the beginning. When the shooting stops, some sort of Vietnamese authority, ideally local police, must be ready to move in at once to keep the hamlet secure from the V.C. After security, the needs multiply: reconstruction of the local economy, land reform, better food and medical care, schools, the beginnings of justice. "In order to win," in the long run, says Ky, "there must be a full social revolution in Viet Nam—our revolution, no one else can do it for us." U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge agrees, and a large part of his working day and that of the U.S. mission is spent in helping the Vietnamese lay the foundations for their own revolution. "These people," says Lodge, "have always had a strong sense of peoplehood. What we are now trying to give them is a strong sense of nationhood."

U.S. officials estimate that if pacification is really going to work, ultimately each district (comparable to an American county) will need at least 200 administrators, public health officers, teachers and engineers. South Viet Nam has 220 districts, so 45,000 trained men will be needed. Nowhere near that many are in sight.

**Showing the Way.** It is the U.S. Marines who are providing the best pilot model for a pacification program. No fewer than 10,000 marines stood guard recently while the peasants near Danang brought in their rice crop free of the Viet Cong—who are accustomed to seizing a large part of it for their own supplies. Navy doctors and corpsmen are treating more than 500 civilians a day in forward military Marine areas. To the peasants lined up for sick call, the marines hand out food, clothes, toys and soap (donated in 100-ton lots of slightly used bathtub bars by the Sheraton and Hilton hotel chains), on occasion have even fed the peasants' livestock and rebuilt their pens. They have built schools and paved over the long-unused Saigon-Hué railroad to make the only road in the Danang area that is passable during the monsoons. Result: for the first time in eleven years, peasants are getting their produce to the Danang market.

Recently in Phu Bai a Navy doctor paused in the midst of treating a long line of village children to wipe his brow and expostulated: "Dammit, if we could just get these people to wash their kids off with soap and water, half of the cases we're treating here today wouldn't



be sick." A marine corporal near by listened and nodded. Next day five marines, four washtubs and a bag of towels pulled into Phu Bai in a Jeep, and an assembly line was soon set up. One by one the village's toddlers were dunked, scrubbed and rinsed (twice), and finally towed off. By the time the job was done, the villagers had clearly concluded that it was the finest, funniest show ever staged in Phu Bai—and public health had taken one more small step forward in Viet Nam.

Meanwhile the marines, day in and day out, in methodical, grinning patrols against the Viet Cong, are kitting an average 40 Viet Cong a week—at roughly the cost of one marine dead and five wounded a day. Typical was a night's work last week. After dusk a Marine platoon surrounded a hamlet in which V.C. had been reported hiding out, split into five squads and sat down to wait. No one spoke, no cigarettes were allowed, nor was mosquito repellent, despite the stinging swarms—for a trained soldier can smell the chemical 50 yards away. Around 3 a.m. a drenching monsoon rain roared in from the northeast, but still not a marine moved. It lasted two hours. Finally the wan moon reappeared and picked out four men, its light gleaming from their weapons, heading out of the village. The marines opened fire, a grenade exploded, and the leathernecks had one more kill and three wounded V.C. prisoners. "I hate this goddamned place like I never hated any place I've ever been before," growled a leathery Marine sergeant, "but I'll tell you something else: I want to win here more than I ever did in two wars before."

**The Gauntlet Taken.** What happens next in the war in Viet Nam depends in part on the Communists. Having been halted in midstride, the Viet Cong can drop back to the small-unit actions and the sabotage of Phase 2, adding perhaps massive terrorism in Saigon to try to bring down the government. It is the kind of war they are best at, but "deconcentrating," as U.S. strategists call it, would be a political retreat that might well affect the morale of their troops and their hold on the peasants. Alternatively, they could go into Phase 3 anyway, perhaps even with a mass assault of divisional size on U.S. units in the hope of discrediting the U.S. presence by a major, one-shot victory. But that might well prove suicidal, for the Viet Cong have discovered that these days a mass assault all too easily turns into an avalanche of airborne bullets, napalm and bombs. Or they might simply fade away to lie low, Br'er Rabbit fashion, in the hope that sooner or later the U.S. would get weary of waiting and go back home.

That would be the unwise course of all. For in deciding to stand in South Viet Nam, the U.S. means just that. "After all, we've kept 250,000 men in Western Europe for 20 years," observes a general. "We can wait too." The U.S.

also means much more. It means to counter the Red revolution with a genuine revolution in health, education, welfare and self-sufficiency for the Vietnamese that the Communists can hardly be expected to understand. The Communists themselves chose South Viet Nam as their test case and springboard to the conquest of all Southeast Asia. There are signs that they are already beginning to regret it. The U.S. has picked up the gauntlet, and it is not only Vietnamese nationhood but all of free Asia that stands to be ultimately strengthened by the extraordinary—and still burgeoning—commitment of the lives and talent and treasure of America in Viet Nam.

Java were ransacked, and a newspaper editorial ranted ferociously against the "CIA"—meaning the "Chinese Intelligence Agency."

**Salvaging Nasakom.** To Indonesians, long accustomed to President Sukarno's friendship with Peking, it seemed odd indeed that Red China could be so viciously maligned. There was nothing really odd about it, for the anti-Chinese campaign simply marked the determination of the army under Defense Minister Nasution to wipe out all traces of Aidit and his *Partai Komunis Indonesia*. Nasution would probably succeed, for he and his generals seemed in firm command of the country.

This did not mean that the army was



COMMUNIST YOUTH HEADQUARTERS ABLAZE

Can good kom drive out bad?

## INDONESIA

### Justice in Djakarta

"Gantung Aidit!" demanded the crudely painted slogans on Djakarta's downtown walls. That meant "Hang Aidit!"—the pro-Peking boss of Indonesia's 3,500,000-member Communist Party. The wily Red was nowhere to be found, so the rampaging mob last week had to make do with less. They sacked one of Aidit's four Djakarta homes and burned his furniture, then headed for the offices of his cocky Communist Youth Front. There, at the starting point of many a raid on the American library or embassy, the rioters administered poetic justice: the Red headquarters went up in flames.

Other symptoms of rampant anti-Communism and hatred of Aidit's Peking masters abounded throughout Indonesia last week. A mob of 800 stormed the Chinese-run Republik University in the capital, wrecked and burned a two-story building, then invaded the dormitory with knives and submachine guns. Chinese shops in East

broadly anti-Communist or pro-West, since Marxism and Communism remain respectable among most Indonesians, including the military. Indeed, with Nasution's obvious approval, Sukarno last week set about salvaging what he could of his beloved *Nasakom*—the tenuous blend of nationalism, religion and Communism on which political control in Indonesia has long been balanced. Part of the salvage plan: formation of a "new" Communist Party based on nationalism and Indonesian self-interest rather than Peking's influence. Aidit, who was believed still hiding out in Middle Java, was branded "a renegade and an outlaw." He would be purged, and the new party would lean toward the Soviet orbit rather than the Chinese. "The President will settle the upheaval," assured a Sukarno aide with typical Indonesian optimism. "If you eliminate the *kom* from our *Nasakom*, then the balance has been destroyed. That is not practical politics. But you can eliminate the *kom* that is against you and create another in its place."

Whatever the cast of the *kom*, De-



fense Minister Nasution was continuing his purge of Communists in the armed forces. Top Red to topple: Major General Pranoto, who was appointed by Sukarno to succeed the murdered Achmed Yani as army chief of staff. Pranoto's replacement is rightist General Suharto, the tough, Dutch-trained boss of Djakarta's strategic reserve who commanded the anti-coup forces for Nasution. Suharto's elevation promised more trouble for the Reds. One current story has it that Suharto last week approached pro-Communist Air Force Boss Omar Dani in Sukarno's presence at the Merdeka Palace and questioned him closely about the air force role in the coup. When Dani pleaded ignorance, Suharto reportedly slapped his face and ripped off Dani's epaulets. Dani has not been heard from since.

**Unlucky Lucky.** One army officer who has been heard from, though, is Lieut. Colonel Untung, the obscure battalion commander in Sukarno's palace guard who launched the abortive revolt. Untung, whose name in Indonesian means "lucky," pushed nomenclature too far: riding on a bus also named *Lucky*, Untung was recognized near the Middle Java town of Semarang by two soldiers. Untung vaulted from the bus window but was nabbed by fellow passengers, who took him for a pickpocket and beat him severely before surrendering him to the soldiers. At week's end Untung was back in Djakarta for interrogation and probably ultimate execution. But not before Nasution's inquisitors find out for certain if it was really Peking who put Untung up to it.

There are those who say Sukarno was behind it all. The facts may never be known, particularly in light of last week's disclosure that the events of the coup are being chronicled by that well-known diarist the Bung himself, who is compiling the story from "all groups and sources, including the P.K.I."

## RHODESIA

### White Hot

Turned down flatly by Britain, condemned by an almost unanimous resolution (107 to 2) in the U.N., threatened with sanctions that could wreck Rhodesia's prosperity, Prime Minister Ian Smith flew home from London last week apparently more determined than ever to issue the "unilateral declaration of independence" that would turn the fury of the world upon his racist regime.

"I don't think it will take us very long to reach a decision," Smith told a press conference before he left. "We believe the dangers attached to doing nothing are worse than the dangers attached to U.D.I. If we have to get out of our country, we would rather go out fighting than crawling on our hands and knees." Then he went off to pay his last call on the man he blames for it all, British Prime Minister Harold Wilson. There was little left to say. "Mind how you go," said Wilson, putting a special point on the cliché, as he bade his visitor farewell.

**Talk & Talk.** Had the message got through? Greeted at Salisbury airport by a mob of 1,500 whites roaring "U.D.I. Now!" and "Good old Smithy!", Rhodesia's leader would say only that it was a "better than even bet" that Rhodesia would be independent before Christmas. Then, after calling in his Cabinet for a series of marathon sessions on U.D.I., he appeared on television. "I have impressed on my colleagues that this is the most important decision that I think they will ever have to make in their lifetime," he said. "I want them to talk and talk until they can talk no more, so that we can be sure when we take a decision we have taken the right one."

That was an opening for U.D.I.'s opponents, and they made the most of it. The Rhodesia Herald demanded a plebiscite. Three former Prime Ministers spoke out publicly to urge caution. The

Tobacco Trade Association and the Chamber of Commerce warned that U.D.I. would bring "catastrophe," and a delegation of business and farm leaders went to Smith to argue against it. In prominent newspaper ads calling on all who opposed U.D.I. to send in their names to be counted, the Rhodesian Constitutional Association observed acutely that "no evidence has been given to the electorate that failure to get independence at once will result in an immediate black racialist government."

**"We Would Be Mad."** While Smith and his ministers talked on through the week, government radio and television stations were firing up the fervor for U.D.I. to a white heat. When Harold Wilson came up with a last-ditch proposal to send in a peace-keeping mission of "senior Commonwealth Prime Ministers," Smith's answer was that some of them might be black and that "we would be mad" to listen to "this sort of people." As telegrams from thousands of supporters poured in, there was little doubt that the overwhelming majority of Rhodesia's 250,000 whites wanted independence at any price—except allowing the 4,000,000 blacks a larger voice in their government. They probably would get it soon enough. At week's end, as Salisbury citizens noticed a sudden increase in army vehicles on the roads, Smith announced that the final decision would be made at the Cabinet's first meeting this week.

## THE CONGO

### The View from the Terrace

In five uproarious years of nationhood, the Congo has had four Premiers, four civil wars and two constitutions. Its politicians have denounced, arrested and exiled one another, and its government has swung wildly from left to right. All the while, President Joseph Kasavubu has neatly managed to hold onto the nation's highest office—prima-



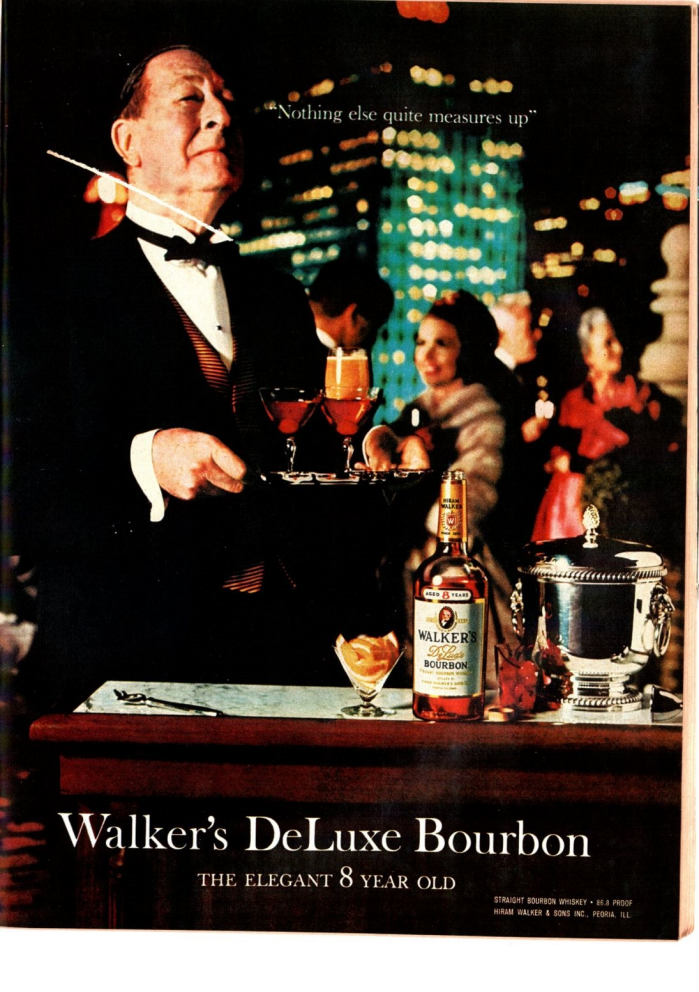
AIRPORT CROWD IN SALISBURY

"The most important decision they will make in their lifetime."



IAN SMITH





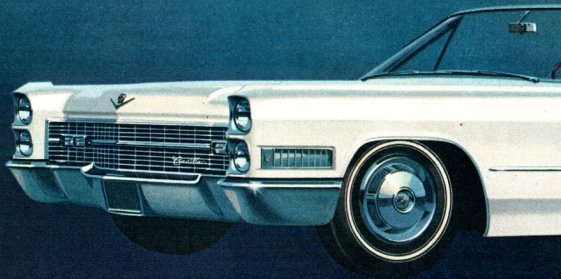
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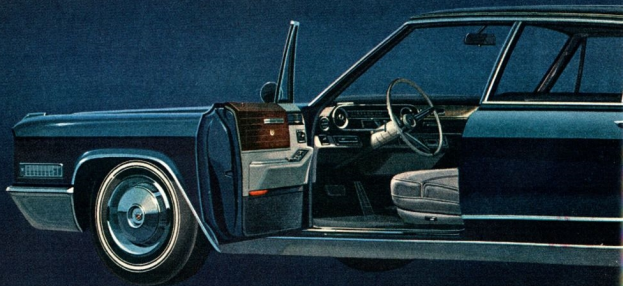




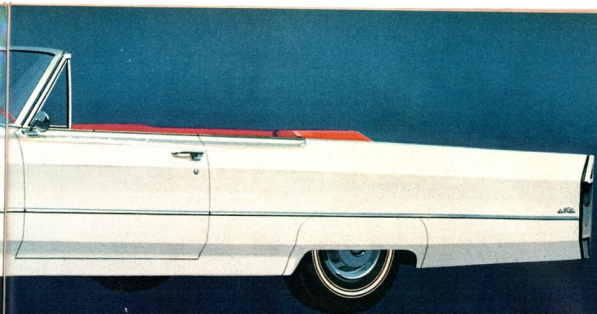
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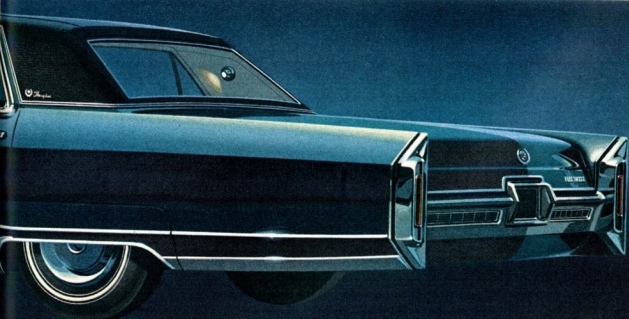


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rily by nudging aside everyone who could have taken it away from him. Rather than lead the country, charge his critics, "Tshombe just sits on the terrace of the presidential mansion 'watching the bodies of his enemies float past in the Congo River below.'" Last week who should go floating past but his fourth Premier, Moise Kapenda Tshombe.

The reason was simple. Kasavubu must run for the presidency again in February, and Tshombe, the Congo's most popular politician and the big winner of this spring's parliamentary elections, was after his job. Despite his unquestioned success as Premier, therefore, Tshombe had to go. "The mission I conferred upon him in 1964 has been completed," Kasavubu explained to a joint session of the new Parliament. "Therefore, out of respect for the habitual rules of democracy and since his government has not resigned on its own initiative, I have today put an end to its functions."

Shocking as it was to many Congolese and Westerners alike, Tshombe's ouster seemed unlikely to set off another rampage in the Congo. To take his place, Kasavubu named 39-year-old Evariste Kimba, a onetime railroad worker who was Tshombe's Foreign Minister during the Katanga rebellion and accompanied him into exile in Europe. Kimba's first steps as Premier were encouraging. "To the Congolese people and to the foreigners in our country," he announced, "we guarantee peace and security." Then he invited Tshombe, who still commands the biggest voting bloc in Parliament, to take a leading part in his new coalition Cabinet.

Despite his past friendship, Tshombe refused, announced that he would take his Conaco Party into the parliamentary opposition. As opposition leader, cal-

culated Moise, he would still have a good chance of winning Kasavubu's job in February. Perhaps so, but precedent and the realities of African democracy are against him. Not once has the President of any black African country been defeated at the polls.

## ISRAEL

### Back into Battle

Celebrating his 79th birthday last week, with his famed burning-bush hairdo newly cropped, the patriarch of modern Israel lounged on the lawn in front of his prefabricated house at the Sde Boker kibbutz in the Negev. He accepted gifts of gladioli, roses and wine, together with the traditional Jewish greeting, "You should live to be 120!" "Is that all?" joked David Ben-Gurion.

Good question. For months, Ben-Gurion has been keeping a grueling political schedule that would make a far younger man feel six score years of age. On the day before his birthday, he harangued a crowd of 3,000 in the Red Sea port of Elath on the failure of Premier Levi Eshkol to develop the Negev, then gave a two-hour evening lecture on other Eshkol shortcomings. In preparation for Israel's general elections on Nov. 2, Ben-Gurion has founded a new party called Rafi and is seeking to wrest the balance of power in the Knesset (Parliament) from his hand-picked replacement for Premier.

**End of the Affair?** Just why he has chosen to make the effort is a subject of some controversy in Israel. In 1963 he "retired" to Sde Boker and handed the Premiership and leadership in the dominant Mapai party over to Finance Minister Eshkol. Then, last year he demanded that Eshkol reopen the somnolent "Lavon Affair," which had begun in 1955, when Defense Minister Pinhas



CANDIDATE BEN-GURION  
Lingering over Lavon.

Lavon was fired for his supposed responsibility in an abortive anti-Egyptian sabotage plot—and ended, as far as Eshkol was concerned, when an official inquiry in 1961 cleared Lavon.

Ben-Gurion thereupon, in the interests of securing "justice" for Lavon, broke with Mapai, taking with him a handful of younger politicians including Agriculture Minister Moshe Dayan, 50, and Deputy Defense Minister Shimon Peres, 42—and wound up naming a complete, 120-man list of candidates for the Knesset. Furious, Eshkol has fought back with the full force of the Mapai organization and with scathing newspaper advertisements that denounce "the old man at Sde Boker" as the prophet who, in the Talmudic phrase, "prophesied and knew not whereof he prophesied."

**Holding the Balance?** "B-G" is still vastly popular, as was shown in the September balloting for control of Histadrut, the 860,000-member trade-union federation that also owns factories, synagogues and publishing houses, and provides medical insurance for 70% of the nation's workers. In the Histadrut election, with 40% of the Israeli electorate voting, Ben-Gurion's Rafi party won 13% of the vote, while Mapai's share of the total dropped from 55% to 38%.

If Rafi does as well in the Knesset elections, under Israel's proportional representation system of voting, Ben-Gurion will command between 15 and 20 seats in the Knesset. This will not make him Premier again, but it will mean he holds the balance of power between the moderately socialist Mapai, the right-wing Gahal, and the half a dozen smaller, religious, and Arab parties that must be used to form any coalition. It will also mean he is in a good position to dictate a Cabinet to Levi Eshkol.



KASAVUBU (LEFT) & TSHOMBE (CENTER) ENTERING PARLIAMENT  
Floating toward February.



## GREAT BRITAIN

### A Word from the Challenger

Britain's Harold Wilson was in puckish good humor. Wearing a pair of sunglasses to hide a sty on one eye, he refused to appear at the door of No. 10 Downing for tourists' photographs. Said he with laconic whimsy: "I might upstage poor Ted Heath again."

Indeed, everything seemed calculated last week to upstage the Tories' new leader in his debut as party chief. As the Conservatives gathered at Brighton for their annual conference, the headlines were dominated by the Rhodesian crisis. And when Wilson flew up to Balmoral to see the Queen, the blood



HEATH SWINGING\*

Meals-on-wheels and a thinner red line.

froze in Tory veins: with a mere two-vote majority and the opinion polls rapidly swinging his way, Wilson might well be asking permission to dissolve Parliament and call an election. Not so, or at least not yet. But the reaction in Brighton all too clearly revealed the Tories' defensive state of mind.

**No Surprises.** Heath's task was made no easier by the genuine outpouring of warmth that greeted his predecessor, Sir Alec Douglas-Home. And the freshly minted Conservative statement of aims was something less than the dynamic manifesto the Tory faithful had hoped for. Its conventional mix of incentives for private enterprise and tolerance for the Welfare State brought no surprises.

In his introductory speech, Heath droned on about the benefits of "occupational pensions" and "meals-on-wheels" to the yawns of the audience. It was not until next day that the Con-

servatives were able to grab some headline space. Up stepped tough, mustachioed Enoch Powell, the shadow Defense Minister, with an astonishing plea for reduction of British military commitments east of Suez. Arguing that "a military presence has more than once proved an obstacle," Powell said that in the long run the quelling of Communist expansionism in Asia and Africa was not Britain's business. Besides, maintenance of military bases and forces from Aden to Hong Kong was too heavy a drain on British resources.

Strange sentiments to come from a right-wing spokesman for the party of Empire? Perhaps, but Powell's thinking reflected a growing sense of realism on the Tories' part, as well as another step in Heath's determined plan to bring Britain closer to Europe and win membership in the Common Market. Closing down such major British bases as Aden and Singapore, substituting a cheaper defense line based on small, stepping-stone islands in the Indian Ocean would produce a considerable saving in Britain's annual \$6 billion defense budget. The U.S. Navy is currently studying the possibility of erecting a joint base in the Seychelles Islands to that end. The Labor Party, still officially committed to maintaining British bases east of Suez, is also pondering the question while preparing a defense White Paper due next spring. With both parties agreed in principle on the need for some reworking of the "thin red line," the new thinking may well produce repercussions throughout the Commonwealth, Europe and the entire Atlantic community.

## EAST GERMANY

### A Day at the Races

As all Communists know, East Germany is a "Democratic Republic," and with regularity Communist Party Boss Walter Ulbricht hauls 99.8% of his faithful electorate off to the polls to vote the official state slate. Last week's provincial and local elections, however, were to have been different. The people, decreed Democrat Ulbricht, would actually be given a choice: there would be 246,000 candidates for 204,000 jobs.

Voters in the decadent bourgeois states might not consider that much of a choice, but the privilege of crossing out two names on a twelve-man ballot held obvious appeal for the average East German. Perhaps too obvious, decided Ulbricht at the last minute. Fearing that the voters might go wild with their pencils and cross out some party stalwarts, he welshed on the deal. The only patriotic way to vote, East Germans were told, was not to cross out any names at all.

The message got across. Under the watchful eyes of local party foremen, the only race on election day was among the voters at the polls. Scarcely even looking at the ballots handed

them, they rushed them to the boxes as fast as possible for all to see that they could not possibly have had time to be unpatriotic. The result: only two candidates out of nearly a quarter of a million were defeated, and the voters left the regime with about 40,000 more candidates than there were jobs.

## TURKEY

### A Ride to Victory

Suleyman Demirel, 41, is a hardheaded peasant's son, a construction engineer who once worked with the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, later amassed a private fortune as an Ankara contractor. He inherited the party and prestige of Turkey's slain strongman, Adnan Menderes, and adroitly harnessed the *demirkirat*, or iron grey horse, which was the symbol of Menderes' Democratic Party, for his own Justice Party. In his campaign for leadership of the Turkish government, Demirel was attacked by his opposition as too pro-American. As it turned out, that seemed to be a compliment. Demirel last week rode the *demirkirat* to an overwhelming victory, received 55.5% of the vote, far more than anyone had expected, and took over as Premier.

His overwhelming win in part was a tribute to the faulty judgment of his prime opponent, seasoned Republican Party Chieftain Ismet Inönü, 81. Well aware that his own do-little administration had done nothing to enhance him with the voters, Inönü hoped to appeal to a radical strain in Turkish public opinion with a new and unaccustomed stance as a "left-of-center" friend of Russia. Turks aren't very radical. They vastly preferred Demirel's calls for renewed cordiality toward the West, new incentives for private enterprise and a promise "to get Turkey moving again." Left, so to speak, at the post (with only 30% of the vote), Inönü last week faced demands for retirement from many of his fellow Republicans. "The old fox outfoxed himself this time, and us along with him," growled one.

The military, which deposed Menderes and reinstated Inönü in 1961, was not especially happy with the election results, but it seemed for the present willing to abide by the will of the majority. After all, thanks to a weighted "national remainder" system of voting that favors five smaller parties at the expense of the large one, the Justice Party, with a majority of the vote in 62 out of 67 provinces, will hold only 240 seats out of the 450 in the National Assembly (Inönü's Republicans get 134). Besides, Demirel himself showed that he knows where the real power lies. "The Turkish army," said he politely, "is a great asset to the nation. I don't know of any other army in the world that turned power over to a civilian Parliament only a year and a half after the revolution."

\* With mayoress of Brighton after conference session.



# Some good advice for the man who hates to settle for mediocre pictures.

Okay, you've had your apprenticeship. You have missed your share of pictures, wasted your share of film and you're not satisfied with what *does* come back from the drug store.

And now you're beginning to suspect that it might not be all your fault. That maybe your camera is the culprit. That maybe it just hasn't got what it takes to deliver on those great shots you think you should be getting.

And you've decided either to do something about it or to go back to crossword puzzles.

Well, now there is something you can do about it. Without spending a fortune and without going back to school to learn how, you can get a fine picture on every single shot. Here's how and why:

A magnificent camera has just been introduced. It's a camera that is simplicity itself to operate. Yet it will never fail to delight you with what it (and you) can do. It's called the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic.

Pentax cameras, with their superb optics and brilliant engineering, have long been a favorite of photo hobbyists everywhere. But the Spotmatic opens up the world of fine photography to every camera fan who can press a shutter.

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It guides you infallibly, within the limits of film and available light, from the simplest situations to the most difficult and challenging conditions: severe backlighting, extreme telephoto, high contrast, low light levels, wild filters, ultra-closeups. And it does it all automatically.

You also save time and film because you can forget about taking extra shots "just to make sure." You are sure on every picture. You are sure of a quality of results simply unattainable by 98% of the cameras in use today, "automatic" or not!

Here's how it works. The Spotmatic's unique cadmium sulfide meter measures the light coming through the *taking aperture* of the lens. It reads the light from the *in-focus* image on the ground glass, which corresponds *exactly* to the image at the film plane. (There are cameras, selling for up to \$500, which read the image formed by the lens at full aperture. But these cameras merely *estimate* the light for the actual *f/stop* you'll be using and are only approximate when compared to the precision of the Spotmatic.)

Fast, foolproof operation. When you

load your Spotmatic, you set the film's ASA number (from ASA 20 to 1600) in the window of the shutter speed dial, automatically calibrating the exposure system. Then you set your shutter speed, focus and flip the meter switch to the "on" position. By turning the diaphragm ring, the meter needle you'll see in the view-finder is centered and you're set to shoot. Without removing your eye from the view-finder (and without engaging in digital contortions), you have made a perfectly exposed picture. It's that simple!

Today, the Spotmatic towers over every other 35mm single-lens reflex camera. It costs \$289.50 and is, without a doubt, one of the four or five finest cameras in the world.

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# THE HEMISPHERE



OUTBOUND CUBANS LINING UP AT THE MINISTRY OF JUSTICE IN HAVANA  
Flowers, shrubs, lobster, steak—but leave everything behind.

## CUBA

### Gusanos' Paradise

The queue stretched on for blocks outside the Cuban Ministry of Justice in downtown Havana—people of all ages and descriptions seeking birth certificates, marriage licenses, exit permits, any document that would enable them to leave their Communist homeland. Other hopeful lines formed at the Interior Ministry, at the former U.S. embassy, now administered by a small Swiss staff, and at cable offices, where Cubans by the thousands were either sending word to friends and relatives in Miami or awaiting word back.

Washington was waiting, too—for a yes or no from Fidel Castro to President Johnson's speech offering a haven to any and all Cubans who want to get out. At 2 a.m. one morning last week, a telephone call came into the State Department from the Swiss in Havana. Castro, who had made the original refugee suggestion himself (TIME cover, Oct. 8), was now willing to negotiate a formula for the evacuation.

The dictator agreed that top priority should go to refugees who have immediate relatives in the U.S. He also accepted "in principle" the suggestion that both Havana and Washington discourage any ragtag exodus of Cubans outside the framework of a formal U.S.-Cuban agreement, although up to now Castro did not seem to care how they got across. One point Castro avoided was whether he would give his 50,000 political prisoners "second priority" as the U.S. suggested. Nor did he reply to the U.S. offer of air or sea transportation or go into the matter of what ports to use, aside from the small village of Camarioca, or whether the International Red Cross could help the refugees on the Cuban end of the line.

**Power of Persuasion.** If and when Havana and Washington agree on a formula, the U.S. hopes to begin shuttling refugees from Cuba within ten days. Until then, the U.S. is doing its

best to keep Cuban exiles from grabbing every little outboard and runabout in Florida and dashing across the stormy, shark-infested Straits of Florida on rescue missions. All last week a dozen Coast Guard helicopters and patrol boats prowled the area with orders to use "every means of persuasion" to keep the exiles from taking things into their own hands. The U.S. even threatened them with civil or criminal prosecution (up to \$2,000 fine and five years in jail), if they brought in "undocumented aliens." But the U.S. has not yet had the heart to force anyone back or take legal action.

Actually, by week's end only a few boats—23 in all, carrying some 495 refugees—had put into Florida since Castro first opened the door two weeks before. Most of them were their own best proof of the need for a well-organized evacuation plan. After gusty squalls whipped the Straits last week, the U.S. Coast Guard picked up half a dozen floundering exile craft with scores aboard.

**A Castro Circus.** Those returning from Cuba told stories of a typical Castro Circus at Camarioca, the "international port" that Castro created 65 miles east of Havana for use by refugees. Among the first U.S. newsmen to visit was TIME Correspondent Richard Duncan. The port's main feature is a fenced-off compound sprawling across some four acres along the narrow Camarioca River. At the dock, an "immigration official" introduced himself ("just call me Roberto") and motioned toward 300 Cubans milling around across the river. "When a boat arrives for them," he said, "we will notify them and admit them here for processing." The people waited late into the night, visible only by the glow of their cigarettes.

The Camarioca compound proved to be a sort of Cuban Potemkin village. The government was working around the clock to landscape the area with flowers and shrubs, build cottages, ad-

ministration buildings and new dock facilities. For the refugees inside, there was free lodging and three meals a day, the kind of meals Cubans only dream about—chicken, lobster, steak. "I'm astonished," said one exile, who was returning for his brother. "They gave me free gasoline for my boat and even fixed my water pump free."

**Inventories & G-2.** What didn't show on the surface was the way the refugees were treated before they got to Camarioca, the *gusanos'* (worms') paradise, as Castroites contemptuously call it. Refugee Manuel Candelaria, his wife and parents lost their home in Havana, their store and an apartment building they owned. "Somebody came to the house last week and said a boat was coming for us," said Manuel's wife Zoraida. "They inventoried everything. Then a few nights later at 2 a.m., they came and said our boat had come and we must go. We had to leave everything." Others were too nervous to talk. "The G-2 is everywhere," whispered one Cuban.

The whole refugee affair—Camarioca, the food, the smiling courtesy—seems an attempt to polish Castro's tarnished image, as Moscow has been urging. There is even some suspicion that Castro may hope to use the refugees as an opening gambit in a campaign to establish a sort of Moscow-style peaceful coexistence with the U.S. But that was hardly borne out by Cuban Foreign Minister Raúl Roa's haranguing U.N. speech last week, in which he announced plans for an Afro-Asian-Latin American conference in Havana next January to discuss joint action against "Yanqui Imperialism."

Whatever the game is, the U.S. is willing to indulge the bearded dictator for the time being. Miami's Cuban Refugee Emergency Center has already passed out 70,000 forms to exiles who hope to get relatives off the island. Such figures bring groans from Miami civic officials, who already have their hands full trying to assimilate 100,000 of the



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LACERDA

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300,000 exiles living in the U.S. But there is no choice. As one housewife confided in Camarioca: "I'm afraid of the boat ride, but I'll leave any way I can. I'm desperate. I'll go if I have to walk."

## BRAZIL

### Answer for a Critic

A raging call to revolt echoed through Rio de Janeiro last week. It came from Carlos Lacerda, 51, Brazil's perpetually angry man. Lacerda was one of the leaders of Brazil's anti-Communist revolution 19 months ago, but now he turned on the regime he had helped to power. Reason: in gubernatorial elections two weeks ago, Lacerda's ambitions to win the country's presidency in 1966 were dealt a severe blow when he could not even get his own man elected to succeed him in his home state of Guanabara. Lacerda then demanded that the elections be annulled. Castello Branco refused. Suddenly Lacerda started arguing for a new military coup.

"The army should declare that the revolution has ended," he roared at a press conference in Rio. "The revolution no longer exists. It doesn't exist because it was betrayed. President Castello Branco assumed power in the name of the army. I ask if the army agrees with what he has done and what he is doing." It went on like that for several days, until Lacerda descended to personal insult. "I have already vomited the President," he snarled during an interview with reporters. "If the President is ugly outside, inside he provokes horror."

Brazil's chief of state is a patient man, but this was too much. In a series of meetings with his top military advisers, Castello Branco reconfirmed that most of Brazil's military is solidly behind his government. At one point there was talk of indicting Lacerda, under the National Security Law, for undermining the stability of the government. Castello Branco used a defter maneuver: his telecommunications agency ordered Rio's broadcasting stations to

deny Lacerda air time, thus stripping him of his biggest audience. That could be just the beginning. "We will never ignore the complaints and suggestions of those who aided the revolution," Castello Branco vowed in a speech at Pôrto Alegre. "Yet we will not be diverted by those who, with the pretext of defending the revolution, want to smash liberty and benefit from its disappearance."

## POLICY

### When to Intervene

Critics of U.S. actions in the Dominican Republic, notably Arkansas' Democratic Senator J. William Fulbright, charge that the U.S. has destroyed the concept of nonintervention and has set a perilous precedent for acting against any Latin American movement into which Communists have insinuated themselves. Last week Under Secretary of State Thomas C. Mann, chief architect of hemisphere policy, set the record straight.

"Nonintervention is a keystone of the structure of the inter-American system," Mann told the Inter-American Press Association in San Diego, Calif. Nevertheless, the question remains as to what the U.S., or the inter-American system as a whole, should do about intervention from the outside: "When, in other words, a Communist state has intervened in the internal affairs of an American state by training, directing, financing and organizing indigenous Communist elements to take control by force and violence. Are Communist states free to intervene while democratic states are powerless to frustrate that intervention?"

To frustrate such intervention, the U.S. had to move militarily into the Dominican civil war. The U.S., said Mann, supported neither the so-called "reactionary" right nor the "constitutionalist" left, but worked for a cease-fire and a long-range solution. Would the U.S. do it again? Of course, suggested Mann. At the same time, it is ridiculous to assume that the U.S. will send in the marines any time, any place someone cries Communists. "A number of Latin American governments have been able to stand up against subversive elements. But it is equally true that other states are vulnerable simply because they have not yet been able to modernize their societies and to acquire the maturity, broad support, the disciplines and traditions which are elements of national unity."

It is precisely these weaker nations that may sometimes need more help than *A'lianza* aid or other good works to thwart Communist aggression. "In my experience," concluded Mann, "the men who have contributed most to the social, economic and political reform in this hemisphere are men who have understood that the Communist danger is not met by good works alone."

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## PEOPLE

No sooner had he arrived at Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge's Saigon residence, than Broadway Producer **David Merrick**, 52, was bristling. Only Mary Martin and three other principals of *Hello, Dolly!* were at the party. How come none of the other 68 troupers who had been perking up the troops in South Viet Nam were invited? By way of retaliation, snipped Merrick, "I cut the ambassador dead—left him a floating island of ice in his sea of protocol." Still, the ambassador did pretty well standing on his protocol floe. After Mary warbled through ditties from *South Pacific*, Lodge whooped into *Minnie the Mermaid* ("She forgot her morals down among the corals"). Later, the State Department reported that Merrick had made a slight mistake—it was Mary's husband, Richard Halliday, who had drawn up the guest list from *Dolly*. Producer Merrick sheepishly decided to recast the ambassador as a "charming, handsome man."

Electrifying! Breathtaking! Scary! Bravado Bullfighter Manuel Benítez (**El Cordobés**), was performing again. Had the bulls been good? No, but the hailstorm was terrific, gasped the flamboyant matador as his six-seater Piper Aztec landed at Córdoba airport after passing through gusts at 10,000 ft. "It was awful. I've never been so scared in my life," marveled El Cordobés. A good thing he's been taking flying lessons, Manolo said, because at one point, "a gust hit the plane and the pilot was hurt, and I had to take over the controls for a little while. I'd rather face all the bulls I've fought this season than go through those five minutes again."



EL CORDOBÉS  
Scary hail.



MR. & MRS. GOULD  
Mock Sennett.

Everything was bubbly as Funny Girl **Barbra Streisand**, 23, gave Husband Elliott Gould a loving buss backstage at Broadway's Martin Beck Theater after Elliott opened in a mock Sennett musical called *Drat! The Cat!* Then some of those cool New York cats—the critics—spoiled the party. They decided that, while Elliott was charming enough as a simple-souled cop who falls in love with a cat burglar, they weren't so charmed by Librettist Ira Levin's prat-falling plot. As Mrs. Gould commiserated with her husband, the producers closed the play after a six-day run.

"You throw Her Majesty in," urged Prince Bernhard. It was midnight, and everyone was feeling pretty democratic, but the palace aide, for some curious reason, still demurred. So finally, the Prince himself sneaked over, seized The Netherlands' **Queen Juliana**, 56, clad in a cocktail dress and suavely heaved her into the swimming pool at the Hotel Caravanseraai on St. Maarten in the Netherlands Antilles. Thus the Dutch royal couple, on a ten-day tour of the islands, regally put everyone at ease. Prince Bernhard had already been dunked in his tux, most of the other guests had followed him in like a pack of performing Kennedys at Hickory Hill, and now all the subjects lent a hand in fishing Her Majesty out of the drink. Next morning the management sent some divers down after some of the ladies' jewelry.

She kept the whole glittering Golconda—the 51-carat diamond ring, the Sarah Bernhardt bracelet, the seven-strand baroque pearls and all the rest—stashed in a Hattie Carnegie dress box camouflaged with old lingerie under the bed. When the horrified insurance company protested, nonagenarian Cosmetics Czarina **Helena Rubinstein** had the jumble of jewels packed up in manila envelopes and squirreled away

under E for emeralds and R for rubies in a locked filing cabinet. No need for all the fuss, though. Three hoods tried to rob her a year before she died last spring, and elfin Helena angrily screamed them out of the bedroom of her Park Avenue triplex. The fabulously ill-kempt collection, amassed over 60 years and often valued at \$1,000,000 survived until last week, when all but a dozen of the finest pieces were sold to her sisters and niece were sold at auction in Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries for a total of \$371,715.

Ill lay: Protestant Theologian **Paul Tillich**, 79, in Chicago's Billings Hospital after a mild heart attack; Italian Foreign Minister and U.N. General Assembly President **Aminore Fanfani**, 57, in Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital after he ruptured a quadricip tendon in his right leg in a spill outside a friend's house; France's gossiping Existentialist **Simone de Beauvoir**, 57, fetched home by Old Comrade Jean-Paul Sartre to recover in Paris from badly bruised legs and chest after her car collided with a truck in Burgundy.

Because of the "power and integrity" of his epic, *And Quiet Flows the Don* (1934), the Swedish Academy awarded the 1965 Nobel Prize for Literature to Cossack Novelist **Mikhail Sholokhov**, 60. In Moscow the Writers' Union called the award the "rehabilitation of the Nobel Prize." Western critics recalled what the prize was being "rehabilitated" from—the 1958 episode when the party bludgeoned the late Boris Pasternak into "voluntarily" refusing the prize. Sholokhov himself had got in some of the licks, denouncing the Swedes as "unobjective" and belittling the author of *Doctor Zhivago* as a "hermit crab." Now that the Academy had demonstrated its objectivity to his satisfaction, Sholokhov smiled and announced: "I gratefully accept the Nobel Prize."





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# RELIGION

## THE VATICAN COUNCIL

### A Vote Against Prejudice

"What happened to Christ in his Passion cannot be attributed to all Jews, without distinction, then alive, nor to the Jews of today."

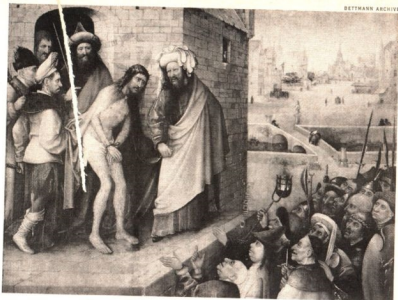
By a vote of 1,763 to 250, the bishops at the fourth session of the Second Vatican Council last week approved this statement as the official teaching of the church. In accepting the declaration on non-Christian religions, the bishops made unmistakably clear the intention of the church to risk no further charge of anti-Semitism. Also taking into account the Jewish suffering under the Nazis, the declaration deplored "hatred, persecutions, displays of anti-Semitism, directed against Jews at any time and by anyone," and rejected any catechetical teaching or preaching that might counter this view.

**No Decide.** The text was the fourth presented to the council. The first one, prepared at the behest of Pope John, was a brief but forthright statement clearing the Jews of "decide" in the death of Jesus; it was written by Augustin Cardinal Bea, chief of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity. Between the second and third sessions of the council, however, conservatives succeeded in getting a new draft that softened the references to Judaism and incorporated them within the framework of a longer declaration outlining the church's attitude toward other non-Christian faiths—including Islam. This draft was denounced violently by a number of cardinals, notably Boston's Richard Cushing, and was sent back to the secretariat for further revision. The bishops then approved in principle another draft that once more expressly said that neither the Jews of today nor those of the time of Jesus could be accused of decide.

It was the word decide that most troubled Catholic conservatives; to them, it was suggested a denial of the Gospel accounts of the Passion. Arab diplomats, with strong moral support from Catholic bishops in their countries, lobbied at the Vatican against the declaration on the ground that it could be construed as pro-Israel propaganda. Shortly before the fourth session began, "decide," at Pope Paul's suggestion, was again excised; the secretariat also indicated that the declaration was prompted "not by political reasons but by the Gospels' spiritual love." In compensation, the final draft included the first specific mention of anti-Semitism.

**Act of Justice.** Although he was opposed to the changes, Cardinal Bea urged the bishops to approve the draft, arguing that the rewording did not affect the basic intent and merely stressed "those things which unite men and lead to mutual fellowship."

Predictably, Jewish organizations re-



"CHRIST BEFORE THE PEOPLE," BY HIERONYMUS BOSCH  
Two thousand years later, a different view.

sponded favorably to the vote for the declaration, although their enthusiasm was something less than ecstatic. That there should be debate at all on the question of Jewish guilt seemed wrong to some; others felt that the bishops had compromised by adopting a statement that was less forthright and to the point than it might be. Particularly annoying were the omission of the decide clause, and a reference to "Jewish authorities" and their followers who had pressed for the death of Christ. "Nevertheless," declared Morris B. Abram, president of the American Jewish Committee, "we view the adoption as an act of justice long overdue."

## THEOLOGY

### Christian Atheism:

#### The "God Is Dead" Movement

*We must recognize that the death of God is a historical event; God has died in our time, in our history, in our existence.*

The words would seem shocking enough coming from someone like Jean-Paul Sartre. As it happens, they were written not by a moody French existentialist but by Thomas J. J. Altizer, 38, associate professor of religion at Atlanta's Emory University, a Methodist school. Moreover, Altizer is not alone in proclaiming his "atheism." Today, one of the most hotly debated trends in U.S. Protestant seminaries is a radical new brand of Christian thinking that takes as its starting point Nietzsche's 19th century rallying cry: "God is dead!"

The death-of-God theologians do not argue merely that Christianity's traditional "image" of the Creator is obsolete. They say that it is no longer possible to think about or believe in a transcendent God who acts in human history, and that Christianity will have

to survive, if at all, without him. Altizer notes that this new kind of Godless Christianity is a uniquely American phenomenon, although it acknowledges an intellectual debt to certain European thinkers, religious as well as secular. From Søren Kierkegaard, the death-of-God thinkers developed the idea that organized Christianity is a kind of idolatry that has obscured the real message of the Gospel behind irrelevant and outdated cultural forms. And they follow closely in the footsteps of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the anti-Nazi German martyr of World War II whose prison-cell writings speak of the need for the church to develop a "nonreligious interpretation of Biblical concepts," and of a secular world "come of age" that no longer finds God necessary as a hypothesis to explain the sun and stars or as an answer to man's anxiety.

The proclamation of God's death is only the negative starting point of this new radical theology. In various ways, these theologians are trying to redefine other tenets of a Christianity without a Creator. Something of the variety and scope of the movement can be judged from the work of the four best-known advocates of a death-of-God theology: Altizer, Paul van Buren of Temple University, William Hamilton of Colgate Rochester Divinity School, and Gabriel Vahanian of Syracuse University.

**Buddhism & Blake.** There is a strong streak of mysticism in Altizer, whose eclectic theology borrows from such diverse sources as Buddhism and William Blake. One of his key themes is the ultimate reconciliation of opposites. Man, he argues, has by now lost the sense of the sacred that was so vivid in the medieval world. Instead of trying to put God back into human life, says Altizer, the Christian should welcome the total secularization of the modern world,



on the ground that it is only in the midst of the radically profane that man will again be able to recapture an understanding of the sacred.

Thus Altizer sees the collapse of Christendom and the onset of a secular world without God as necessary prelude to the rediscovery of the sacred. In his next book, to be called *The Gospel of Christian Atheism*, Altizer in fact analyzes the death of God as essentially a redemptive act.

**Human Imagination.** By contrast, Paul van Buren, 41, an Episcopal minister and associate professor of religion at Temple, gloomily concludes that any talk of God—including the prospect of his reappearance—is philosophically meaningless.

Van Buren is an advocate of linguistic analysis, which attempts to clarify language by examining the way words are used and denies the objective truth of statements that cannot be verified em-

—and the place of Christ, he asserts, is in the midst of the Negro's struggle for equality, in the emerging forms of technological society, in the arts and sciences of the secular world. "In the time of the death of God, we have a place to be," he says. "It is not before an altar; it is in the world, in the city, with both the needy neighbor and the enemy."

**Only God Knows God.** While Altizer, Van Buren and Hamilton proclaim the death of God with prophetic force, Syracuse's Associate Professor Gabriel Vahanian, 38, is urbanely content to explain why the funeral is necessary. More conservative than the others, Vahanian is a sociologist of religion and a cultural historian with a primary interest in analyzing man's perception of God. He argues that God, if there is one, is known to man only in terms of man's own culture, and thus is basically an idol: "Theologically speaking, any con-

re-examination of the doctrine of God. And Paul Tillich, whose own writings point to a "God above God" that stands beyond the man-made deity of traditional theism, concedes: "I say yes to this movement insofar as it points to something above the symbolic language concerning God." Tillich also says no to the new theologians on the ground that they are abandoning all symbolic language about God.

Harvard's Harvey Cox, 36, another radical young thinker whose book *The Secular City* concludes with the idea that Christianity may have to stop talking about God for a while, complains about the writers' imprecise language.

"Is it the loss of the experience of God, the loss of the existence of God in Christianity, or the lack of adequate language to express God today?" he asks. The Union Theological Seminary's Daniel Day Williams sums up the inner contradictions of the movement with



VAN BUREN



HAMILTON



VAHANIAN



ALTIZER

*There is no God, and Jesus is his only begotten son.*

pirically. In *The Secular Meaning of the Gospel* (TIME, July 10, 1964), Van Buren tried to work out, in terms of analytical philosophy, a restatement of the Chalcedonian doctrine that Christ is truly man and truly God. Since then, he has been exploring ways to rephrase the Christian doctrine of man and examining "the human imagination as a central theological category. That is, how much is religion part of a person's imagination, and how important is imagination for all aspects of his life?"

**"A Place to Be."** In an essay called *Thursday's Child*, William Hamilton of Colgate Rochester argues that the theologian today has neither faith nor hope; only love is left to him. Perhaps the most ethics-minded of these thinkers, Hamilton, 41, concludes that awareness of God's death summons man all the more to follow Jesus as the exemplary and paradigm of conduct—which, for today, means total commitment to the love and service of his fellow man.

Hamilton defines Christ not as a person or an object but as "a place to be"

cept of God can only be an approximation," he says. "Only God can have a concept about God."

Vahanian believes that the church's concept of God today is the product of the encounter between primitive Christianity and Greek philosophy, an idol that is no longer relevant to secular culture and has been either neutralized by overexposure or rejected entirely. Thus, he declares, God is dead, and will remain so until the church becomes secular enough in structure and thought to proclaim him anew in ways that will fulfill the cultural needs of the times. Since the spirit of the times is irretrievably secular—with all notions of transcendence and otherworldliness rejected—Vahanian in his current study is working toward a historical explanation of how secularization came about.

**Symbolic Language.** Some God-minded Protestant thinkers concede that this new radical theology has considerable merit. Gordon Kaufman of the Harvard Divinity School believes that the movement is forcing other thinkers to undertake a long-overdue

an aphorism: "There is no God, and Jesus is his only begotten son." Many ministers, moreover, complain that the death-of-God thinkers reduce Christianity to just another kind of humanism with a Jesus-inspired morality.

The Godless Christian thinkers admit that they are a long way from working out a coherent theology. Understandably, they feel a certain anguish because the direction of their thought leads them to feel greater sympathy for Camus than for clergymen of their own churches. Nonetheless, they argue that God's disappearance from human history cannot be denied, and that there is nothing wrong with a Christian accepting this as a fact. As Hamilton asks, in his book *The New Essence of Christianity*: "If Jesus can wonder about being forsaken by God, are we to be blamed if we wonder?"

Those who are still with God, on the other hand, are likely to reply by quoting that old play on Nietzsche's statement. It goes thus:

GOD IS DEAD! (Signed) Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE IS DEAD! (Signed) God.



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# EDUCATION

## TEACHING

### Dancing Words

Daisy, an eight-year-old Puerto Rican girl, started to cry whenever her third-grade teacher began a reading lesson—but she grinned when the class sang to the tune of *Frère Jacques*: "Are you happy, are you happy?" Edward, a Negro first-grader, stared at his reader, eyes glazed—but he joined in when everybody sang. "Good night, room; good night, light; good night, window." Nicky, a third-grader whose family had just arrived from Puerto Rico, grunted only a few words in class: "Yes," "No,"

children to read. If they fail at reading, he says, they may fail at everything, and the child who cannot read "becomes a sad child."

Levine's notion that music and bodily movement could aid learning came from a curiosity about how people function in certain circumstances. "A good trial lawyer moves around in the courtroom to help himself think better," he says. "I think better when I move around. My 12-year-old son does a kind of dance when he explains something to me. There is a physical accompaniment to a mental process."

He applies that theory by getting his

ing to read. Since all the grades in his school began using the technique, the percentage of retarded readers there has been halved. In a nine-month trial, one class that employed the music jumped four months ahead of a class using standard methods.

The "music reading" program at P.S. 77 is no product of expensive research. It does not even have the backing of the school system's headquarters. The records and charts were financed by a gift of \$125 from the P.S. 77 P.T.A.

## FACULTY

### Students & Tenure at Yale

Some student protests have a way of producing results. Last winter Yale decided not to grant tenure to Associate Philosophy Professor Richard J. Bernstein. He was a capable enough teacher, so the argument went, but he had failed to publish a sufficient number of scholarly papers (*TIME*, March 12). Bernstein was popular with the Yalies and they raised a ruckus. As a result, President Kingman Brewster Jr. named a committee to look into the whole matter of tenure. Last week, after studying the committee's report, Brewster proposed a new plan for tenure procedures. Henceforth, suggested the president, certain Yale students would be permitted to offer their recommendations on the question of faculty careers.

Brewster's eleven-man study committee proposed only that a candidate's teaching ability should be considered by his department in recommending tenure. But Brewster insisted on spelling out the teaching factor. Under his plan, departments must provide written statements "specifying the candidate's teaching record and an evaluation of his effectiveness as a teacher." Moreover, each honor graduate and student who gets a graduate degree would be invited to submit "a written appraisal of the strengths and weaknesses of his educational experience, including the quality of instruction in lecture courses, discussion courses and seminars." These reports would be made available to tenure committees.

Student evaluation of a teacher's performance is naturally a controversial matter. Many teachers contend that students can be too easily swayed by the showmanship of popular lecturers, who may not, in fact, be on top of their disciplines or who may not demand enough of their students. By limiting teacher appraisal to the brightest graduates, Brewster hopes to get mature, objective judgments. The plan is still subject to full faculty approval—and a lively debate is likely.

While willing to listen to the kids, Brewster and Yale are not about to let even a good teacher reach tenure without publishing. The study report still insists that the published papers of a tenure candidate are "the most tangible and enduring demonstration of a scholar's distinction."



ROCHELLE SHEBY & P.S. 77 READING CLASS  
Daisy gained 18 months in nine.

"Thirsty"—but he flailed his arms along with the others in pantomime to "Fly with the angels soon in the morning; fly with the angels in that land."

Today in P.S. 77, a Bronx elementary school in one of New York City's worst slum neighborhoods, Daisy has gained 18 months in reading skill after just nine months of study. Edward proudly volunteers to read to his class. Nicky has caught up to the reading level of his classmates. They owe their progress to Principal Julius Levine's unusual method of using music and dance to help kids learn to read.

**A Sad Child.** A stocky, ruddy-faced man of 57, Levine is a rarity in New York's weary school system. He is a lawyer, a Latin expert, a Ta'mudic scholar and a musician. Notwithstanding those interests, he gives tireless attention to teaching, even after 34 years in the profession. One of education's foremost functions, argues Levine, is "to build up the child's image of himself," and the foundation for that is to teach

teachers to sing simple songs or to play phonograph records while pointing out words on big blackboard-size charts. The kids sing the words, get up and move to the rhythm of the songs, acting out the words with gestures. For example, they may "fly with the angels," then "chatter with the angels," "march with the angels," "dance with the angels." As they play out the roles, the teacher flashes the key verbs on cards, enabling the kids to connect sight, sound and movement.

**Opening Rusty Locks.** "The music and the body movements seem to channel their energy," says third-grade teacher Rochelle Sheby. Adds P.S. 77's assistant principal, Mrs. Mildred Still: "These kids are not afraid of learning to read, because they don't know they're doing it." The technique also breaks down inhibitions. "It's like a rusty lock," explains Levine. "Put a key into it, and it won't work. Keep trying, and it will loosen up and begin to function." He is convinced that music is a key to learn-

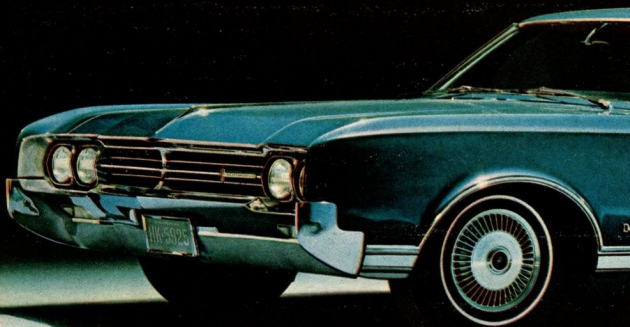




**The Food Industry has found some new uses for it.**





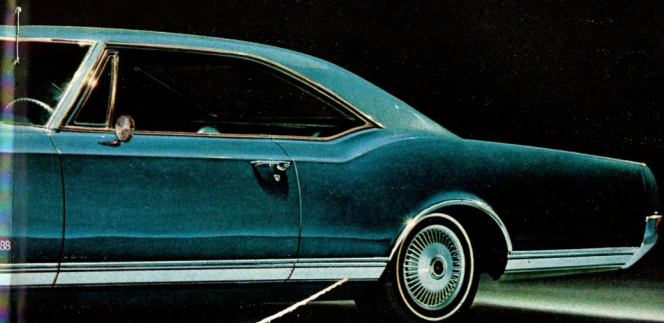


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For secretaries who want the feel of fur without the pinch of mink.

## FASHION

### Fun Furs

Fall is the time for fur, as everyone knows, and fur means mink. Or does it?

This fall the fur is flying as usual, but now the animals are coming from every corner of Noah's ark in colors, forms and designs that would make the old sable set roll over and play possum. In fact, furriers are using everything short of their own hides—Russian fitch, French rabbit, Algerian sand rat, Polish pony, Australian kangaroo and Wyoming buffalo. And they are handling the animal skins like fabric, tailoring them into *haute couture* shapes, cutting them into culottes, evening gowns and leggings. Taking even greater liberties, the furriers are dyeing skins colors nature never dreamed of, and in patterns taken right off the walls of an Op-Pop gallery. The fun furs are for secretaries who want the feel of fur without the financial pinch of mink and for two-mink socialites who are looking for new skins to crawl into.

**Kuku's Hip-Huggers.** At the cheap end of the spectrum is Manhattan's Kuku shop, which opened last month especially to ride herd on the new four-footed fad. For \$390, Kuku will part with a harebrained outfit consisting of rabbit hip-huggers in black-and-white checks, topped with a rabbit halter and black-and-white striped jacket. For slightly more, a girl can pick up a striking Indian-kid coat that is shaped like a sailor's pea jacket, or an imitation-cheetah walking suit made of calfskin.

At the other end of the spectrum is Manhattan's Georges Kaplan, whose co-owner and designer, Jacques Kaplan, has long been one of society's favorite purveyors of both conventional and novel furs. For mothers and daughters, he offers matching Mondrian-dyed rabbit dressed with red, green and white rectangles—\$395 for her and \$295 for her daughter.

For more formal wear, he has a

## MODERN LIVING

backless calfskin evening dress stenciled to look like giraffe, a floor-length, tent-shaped Mongolian lamb coat that, with peaked hood attached, exposes only the eye, and a white broadtail wedding dress with a ten-foot train. His show-opener is a black broadtail coat that is full of holes. It brings the peek-a-boo look to furs, can be worn over a full-length evening dress or nothing more than a body stocking—as shown in Kaplan's shows.

**Zany Zebra.** Kuku and Kaplan are not alone. Bergdorf Goodman has a zany "zebra" dress made from Italian lamb and Russian broadtail. The black broadtail stripes are individually cut and hand-sewn into the white lamb, all for \$2,700. *Pour l'après ski*, Revillon has whipped up a horizontally stitched chinchilla jacket with matching chinchilla boots.

Furriers are even cutting capers with the traditional mink. Bergdorf Goodman's Emeric Partos punches holes in white mink coats, fills them with dark mink. Kaplan, who jazzes up his regu-

lar ranch-mink coats with shirt-cuff sleeves and double-breasted brass buttons, features a striking horizontally worked white mink with three wide black-velvet bands, and a \$5,000 reversible "gaudy mink" that is gold lamé on one side, natural ranch on the other. Philosophizes Kaplan, who came within a thesis of a Ph.D. in philosophy: "For years, buying a mink was such a serious thing. When you spend that much money, you should have fun, not suffer." But then, to most people, any \$4,000 mink is a fur piece away from suffering.

## FADS

"It's a Bird, It's a Plane . . ."

What bounces higher than a bad check, picks up English faster than a Berlitz student, and drags kids away from the dinner table quicker than Soupy Sales? Super Ball, America's newest plaything.

A dark purple sphere about the size of a plum, Super Ball has already bounced into millions of U.S. homes, shows no signs of slowing down. McGeorge Bundy bounces Super Balls in his Washington basement, brokers on the Pacific Coast Stock Exchange throw them about the floor during slack hours, Manhattan executives dribble them on their desks, and kids around the country are bouncing them down sidewalks and school corridors.

The ball is super because it has more bounce to the ounce than any other in history. Dropped on a hard floor from shoulder level, it will bounce almost all the way back, continue bouncing for a full minute (a tennis ball lasts ten seconds). It has such friction that, given reverse English, it will change direction each time it bounces. Thrown forward, it picks up so much forward spin when it hits the ground that it leaps ahead with almost twice the speed on the second bounce.

Like many new products, it came about almost by accident. Norman



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dissolves 7 of the  
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Dishwasher **all** is recommended safe for the finest china by the American Fine China Guild.



SUPER BALL (MULTIEXPOSURE)  
More bounce to the ounce.

Stingley, a chemist for Bettis Rubber Co. in Whittier, Calif., was playing around with a high-resiliency synthetic rubber in his spare time. He fashioned a crude ball of the goo by compressing it under some 3,500 lbs. of pressure per square inch, discovered that it had a fantastic bounce. But Bettis Co. was not interested, mostly because the ball tended to fall apart after five minutes. So Stingley took it to Wham-O Manufacturing Co. in San Gabriel, Calif., the company that made juvenile history by producing the Frisbee and the Hula-Hoop. For the next year, Stingley and Wham-O worked to make the ball more durable (it is still apt to chip or shatter on rough surfaces), then dyed it purple for no particular reason, fixed a 98¢ price tag on it, and threw it out to the public four months ago.

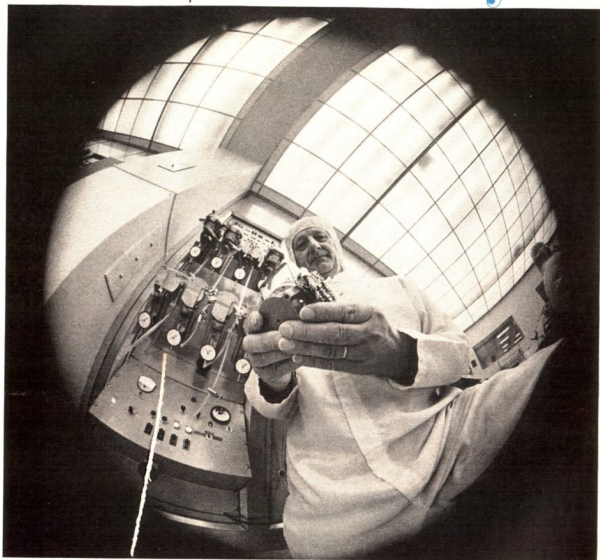
Since then, inventing Super Ball games has become as big a fad as the ball itself. Little girls have taken to Super-Balling the jacks (it is hardly a contest), office workers place bets to see who can bounce the ball into a wastepaper basket, and skate-boarders now bounce Super Balls as they roll along. Another popular game is giving the ball lots of spin, bouncing it against the wall, and seeing how many times it will bounce back to the wall before stopping. The unofficial record: five hits.

As for Wham-O, it is simply crossing its collective fingers. Well aware that fads are a sometime thing (where are the Hula-Hoops of yesteryear?), Executive Vice President Richard P. Knerr optimistically comments: "Each Super Ball bounce is 92% as high as the last. If our sales don't come down any faster than that, we've got it made." And if they do—well, that is the way the ball bounces.



"GEARED  
FOR  
GUIDANCE"

# Wausau Story



In "clean room" of Litton Industries' Guidance and Control Systems Division, Woodland Hills, California, technician examines partially assembled gyroscope. Litton's many divisions make a wide range of products including electronic systems and components, business machines and nuclear-powered submarines.



by **HEATH WAKELEE** *Director of Industrial Relations,  
Litton Industries, Inc., Beverly Hills, California.*

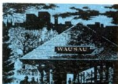
"The handful of precision gyroscopic equipment above is a key part of a Litton inertial guidance system which will help bring a mighty plane home safely through blinding conditions. Made by one of the 32 divisions of Litton Industries served by Employers Mutuals of Wausau, the device is a reminder that guidance is the greater part of safety.

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## SCIENCE

### OCEANOLOGY

#### Up from Success

Two record-breaking adventures in underwater living came to successful conclusions last week. Off the coast of Southern California, the last crew of aquanauts surfaced from the U.S. Navy's Sealab II (TIME, Sept. 17), and its 45-day mission at a depth of 205 ft. was declared an "unqualified success." Off Cap Ferrat on the French Riviera, a yellow and black checkerboard-patterned underwater house bobbed its round dome out of the water to the tooting of yacht whistles and the obvious satisfaction of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, the pioneering French underwater explorer who had commanded the three-week mission of Con Shelf III (for Continental Shelf) from a lighthouse on shore. Allowing himself a thoroughly Gallic "ooh la-la," Cousteau turned to his colleagues: "It was neat, wasn't it?"

After descending significantly farther than their Sealab colleagues—living at a depth of 330 ft. and working even deeper—the six oceanauts of Con Shelf III had to remain in their two-story sphere four days after surfacing while the pressure in the cabin was slowly lowered. It was clear that Cousteau had reason to be elated. Never before had men survived so long at such depths. Moreover, they showed no signs of weakness or sickness, and had managed to do their assigned jobs efficiently.

Most of the equipment actually exceeded expectations. Cousteau's prototype breathing apparatus, which recycles a helium-based artificial atmosphere supplied from the sphere, enabled divers to work outside the capsule without any time limit. Inside, a

miniaturized mass spectrograph, especially adapted for the experiment, monitored composition of the atmosphere, transmitting the results both to the oceanauts and to the surface so that any dangerous variations would be immediately detected.

Con Shelf's most practical experiment turned out to be its most spectacular success. To check on man's ability to work underwater, divers went down more than 375 ft. to set up a 16-ft. "Christmas tree," a complex of valves and connecting pipes by which the output of an oil well is controlled. While French petroleum experts watched on closed-circuit TV, two divers manipulated their tools with little difficulty, proved that they could hook up and operate valves and clean tubes as well as anyone working on land. In one test, they accomplished in an hour a tough assignment that normally takes half a day to do on land. The French underwater house, says Cousteau, is now ready for commercial use in offshore oil operations.

It will take months to evaluate many of the scientific experiments of both Con Shelf and Sealab. As in the past, the men of Con Shelf will compare notes with the men of Sealab, setting an example of friendly scientific cooperation between nations.

### ASTRONOMY

#### Splendor in the Night

After sunset on Oct. 20, a strange and luminous object will rise above the western horizon and make a broad sweep across the darkening sky. Beginning as a fuzzy smear of light, it is expected to grow brighter and brighter until its 20 million-mile tail stretches



IKEYA-SEKI COMET OVER AUSTRALIA  
A light as great as a full moon.

out to look like a new Milky Way; then its head will appear with a light as great as the full moon. As the newly discovered Ikeya-Seki comet makes its rendezvous with the sun, it will curve high above the northern sky in one of the most spectacular celestial shows of the century.

In the U.S., Ikeya-Seki has been visible in the southeastern sky just before sunrise each morning. It has been moving toward the sun at the rate of about 2° a day. It will reach perihelion (closest point to the sun) shortly after midnight (E.D.T.) on Oct. 21; during hours of darkness, it may be visible to the naked eye. Though the comet's tail will show up most clearly on the West Coast, Easterners may also be able to see it during the night. Then, shortly before dawn on the East Coast, the head of the comet should appear above the eastern horizon and may remain visible even after sunrise.

With 14 cameras set up around the world, the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Mass., will photograph every 15 minutes of the comet's journey. NASA plans to launch sounding rockets with instruments to analyze the spectrum of the comet; the crew of Gemini 6 will attempt to take pictures of it on their mission, which is scheduled to start Oct. 25.

**Unfamiliar Glow.** All that intense professional activity—involving everything from rockets to careful studies with powerful telescopes—was touched off by a couple of amateur Japanese stargazers working with homemade equipment. For Kaoru Ikeya, 21, who lives in a tin-roofed shanty near the eel farms on Lake Hamana, 140 miles southwest of Tokyo, this was his third comet discovery. Since his first (TIME, Jan. 25, 1963), Ikeya has advanced from a \$28-a-month ivory-key lathe operator to a \$44-a-month ivory-key polisher in the same piano factory, but has no greater ambition than to help support his moth-



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# Spinning, sliding and skidding around on slippery roads is pretty scary.

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*How do you give a car a surefooted "feel" on ice, snow, sand and mud? That's a question as old as the auto industry itself. And Borg-Warner's Warner-Motive Division has come up with the answer: a spin-resistant differential that gives you better driving control for every kind of road condition.*

EVER NOTICE that big bump right in the middle of your car's rear axle? That's the differential. Every car has to have one. Because every time a car goes around a corner, the outside wheel has to cover more ground than the inside wheel. The differential is the ingenious

arrangement of gears that lets the wheels turn at the different speeds necessary. And that's good.

But supposing one wheel lifts off the ground a little, or suddenly comes across a slippery spot? Your differential has the nasty habit of channeling the engine's power to that wheel—the wheel with the least resistance. And the other wheel—the one firmly on the ground—loses power. You probably noticed this the last time your car was stuck in sand or snow. One wheel would spin and whine furiously while the other just sat there loafing. That's bad.

Now the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Warner-Motive Division are building a new kind of differential that puts an end to that frustration. It's *spin-resistant*.

Warner-Motive's spin-resistant differential contains spring-loaded clutches that automatically check wheel spin the moment it starts. At the same time, it also transmits power to *both*

drive wheels, so both of them work at moving your car forward. And you get better driving control.

Among the practical results: Better traction. Less spinning, sliding and skidding on slippery roads. If you should happen to get into a spin or skid, much better control of your car. Less tendency to swerve on high-speed curves. Less tendency to get pushed around by gusts of wind. And easier driving on bumpy, country roads and railroad crossings.

A lot of engineering has gone into making the Warner-Motive spin-resistant differential the best of its kind. It's self-lubricating. It's the quietest. And it has a built-in "fail-safe" feature: if anything goes wrong with its clutches, it converts right back to a normal differential.

All in all, the engineers at Warner-Motive are very pleased with their spin-resistant differential. And why not? They haven't had a slip-up yet.

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er and his five brothers and sisters—and always to study the stars.

Two hours before every sunrise, he tiptoes out of the house, climbs a rickety bamboo ladder to his rooftop observation platform, built from driftwood, and aims his homemade telescope toward the sky. He has come to consider the stars old, familiar friends. It was only a month ago that he focused on the constellation Hydra, near whose tail he had spotted his first comet. Suddenly he spotted an unfamiliar glow. "It shone," says Ikeya, "like a street lamp on a misty night." All his checks confirmed what he could hardly believe: he had found another comet.

He hurried off on his bicycle to send a telegram to the Tokyo Astronomical Observatory. At the same time, it turned out, another amateur astronomer about 240 miles away in the city of Kochi had made the same discovery. Like Ikeya, Tsutomu Seki, 34, a classical-guitar instructor, had also used a simple, homemade telescope and had two previous comet discoveries to his credit.

**Beyond Pluto.** Though Ikeya-Seki is the fourth new comet to be discovered this year, and there are some 1,700 already on record, astronomers are still not sure exactly what comets consist of. For centuries they were objects of excitement and superstition, often feared as precursors of grave and cataclysmic events. Today some astronomers speculate that comets are the debris flung off by larger planets out beyond the earth. The most widely accepted theory holds that a vast cloud completely surrounds the solar system. According to Fred Whipple of the Smithsonian Observatory, about 4.6 billion years ago the cloud (a "proto-snowstorm") began to condense into separate bodies—"dirty snowballs" of dust and ices made up of methane, ammonia and water. Some of these bodies were captured by the outer planets and fell onto them, and some fell into the sun. About 1% of them, Whipple thinks, have gone into orbit around the sun as periodic comets ranging in size from tiny bits to as much as 20 miles in diameter.

Despite their fiery appearance, comets are not actually aflame but glow mostly from fluorescence due to solar radiation. The closer they get to the sun, the brighter and larger they grow. One of the rare "sun-grazing" comets, Ikeya-Seki will whip around the sun at a maximum speed of about 300 miles per second, passing within 300,000 miles of the sun's surface. Astronomers discounted some predictions that the comet will collide with the sun. But it could be broken up by the sun's radiation and gravitational field. If it survives its solar encounter, the comet discovered by a piano-key polisher and a guitar instructor will then disappear into the ether reaches of space—considerably beyond Pluto—and will not come back into view for some 500 to 1,000 years.

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## TELEVISION

## First Down

"It's beginning to look like a 50-to-0 football game," crowed an NBC vice president. This was a little like claiming victory after the first down, or in this case after the first nationwide Nielsen has rated the first two weeks of the new season. What had NBC cheering was that last season's three-way tie among the three networks was finally breaking up. Ahead with an 18.7 was NBC; in second was CBS with 17.9; trailing in third was ABC with 17.0. Since a Nielsen rating represents the percentages of sets tuned to that network, this meant that in an average minute, NBC commanded roughly 500,000 more viewers than CBS, 1,000,000 more than ABC.

What difference had a year made? NBC, among major advantages, still boasts No. 1 *Bonanza*, twice as much color programming, and 15 attention-attracting new shows, including *Get Smart!* (TIME, Oct. 15). CBS, ahead by a whisker last season, is still in the running. It has six of Nielsen's first ten shows and the two most popular new ones to date, fifth-place *Hogan's Heroes* and No. 8, *Green Acres*. CBS, furthermore, is striking fastest in cutting its losses: *Slattery's People* (92nd of 98 in the ratings) will die in November, *Rawhide* (84th) in January, and the literate but limited-appeal *Trials of O'Brien* (89th) is being readied for euthanasia.

Meanwhile ABC, which closed the gap on the competition for the first time last season, momentarily dropped out of contention again, primarily for riding too long with fading favorites. The network was caught with seven of the bottom 13 Niensens, including the eight-year-old *Donna Reed Show*, 13-year-old *Ozzie and Harriet*. With the early-season tide running against the teen scene, the two segments of *Shindig* are being cancelled, and *Ben Casey's* slide to 73rd seemed to indicate that the doctor series are sickening unto death. Even ABC's *Peyton Place* may be past its prime—bunched in the top ten through much of the summer, *Peyton Place I* could now do no better than a tie for 35th, *Peyton Place II* was in 21st, and *Peyton Place III* had slumped all the way to 65th.

## The Spreading Wasteland

In the golden days of the silver screen, the rest of the world had it pretty well figured out that the U.S. was cowboy-and-Indian country except for a patch of gang turf called Chicago, and that the populace was all Tom Mixes, Bogarts and Harlows. Now the world knows better: it realizes that the U.S. is, in fact, a vast Ponderosa peopled by dashing doctors and defense counsels and hard-nosed *Combatants*, all of whom love a dunderhead named Lucy. At a time when there are 1,400 times

as many television sets (173 million) as movie houses on earth, the TV series has replaced the film on the Great Image Conveyor Belt, and the U.S. TV packagers for some years now have ruled the air waves far more firmly than Hollywood ever controlled the cinema.

*Combat*, for instance, is so popular in the Far East that when its star, Vic Morrow, visited Manila, several schools just surrendered and declared a holiday. *Perry Mason* is so well known in Italy that his name has become a synonym for lawyer; in certain circles in Portugal, you don't call a Cabinet minister a clunkhead but a "Mr. Ed." *Dr. Kildare* is top-rated in places as far afield as



WESTERN WATCHING IN JAPAN  
Cartwrights are Kabukis.

Poland and Southern Rhodesia. And *Bonanza*, which is seen in no fewer than 59 countries, tots up a weekly world audience of 350 million.

**Demand & Supply.** The reasons behind the extraordinary use of the U.S. shows are simple. The first is public demand. Even the Yugoslav government, not known for knuckling under to popular opinion in other spheres, canceled its scrubbing of what it calls *Dennis*, the *Naughty Boy* in the face of mounting protest. The second reason: the U.S. price is right, a small fraction of the cost of producing from scratch. Which is not to say that foreign syndication is a giveaway program. Estimated annual take on the part of U.S. packagers for foreign replay rights: \$75 million; and many a show that was a disaster domestically, like *The Reporter* (killed by CBS last year after 13 episodes), is a winner worldwide.

Such idiosyncrasies of taste make the export business as tricky as it is lucrative. *The Flintstones* are No. 1 in Swe-





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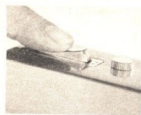
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Keystone Auto-Instant Super-8 cameras and projectors start at \$75. Camera prices do not include pistol grip. Add \$10.

\*Kodak, Bell & Howell, Keystone

**KEYSTONE**  
KEYSTONE CAMERA CO., INC. BOSTON, MASS.

den and the favorite viewing of Rhodesia's Sir Roy Welensky, but they were ignominiously reduced to background characters in a fly-spray commercial in Italy. Perry Como hit a clunker on Germany's Infratest ratings, and even blockbuster *Bonanza* was clobbered by *Rawhide* in Korea. Another complication in foreign-syndication sales is that U.S. shows come in awkward lengths (a half-hour program has only 26 minutes of action) for nations banning commercials. Kenya, which doesn't ban them but just doesn't sell many, adapts by interspersing public-service announcements like: "There's a rustler's moon tonight—watch your cattle." Argentina, on the other hand, has no limitations. As a result, *The Untouchables*, a U.S. one-hour show, is stretched to an hour and a half, with the audience sitting through 38 minutes of commercials.

Milk in Kuwait. The language barrier, thanks to expert dubbing, is the most readily surmounted. Japan uses classic Kabuki actors to speak for *Bonanza*'s Cartwrights, although their services often cost as much as the purchase price of the tape. Subtitles come much cheaper, but audiences in the richer nations like Germany won't abide them, viewers in the poorer ones can't read them. Not that a lot does not get lost in the translations. In the original version of a *Zane Grey Theater* episode, the villain burst into a saloon, hammered his fist on the bar and growled: "Gimme a redeye!" The French version: "Donnez-moi un Dubonnet."

Other times the mistranslations are on purpose. In Moslem Kuwait, government censors changed the villain's order to: "Give me a glass of milk." Kissing scenes are also deleted outright in Kuwait, limited to a wham-bam five seconds in Lebanon. At the same time, a Danish programmer complains that "American shows are too Victorian in their morals."

Pragmatic Swiss. There are indications that the U.S. TV exports are in for increasing challenge. The Portuguese network, which imports more than 75% of its fare from the U.S., is currently under fire from the semiofficial, daily *Diário da Manhã* for "de-Portugalizing" the nation's youth. Ottawa requires a minimum 55% "Canadian content." Britain restricts the imports to a mere 14% of viewing time, and just this season blew the whistle on the commercial channels for bunching that percentage into the prime viewing hours—even so, five of London's top ten are still U.S. imports including the third place *Addams Family*. Charles de Gaulle's "francization" campaign has rolled back U.S. penetration to less than 10% of viewing time. But the Swiss, characteristically more pragmatic, just watch the profit sheet and keep on buying American. Explains Procurement Chief Georg Ambuehl: "A bad European show can be even worse than a bad U.S. program—which is saying something."



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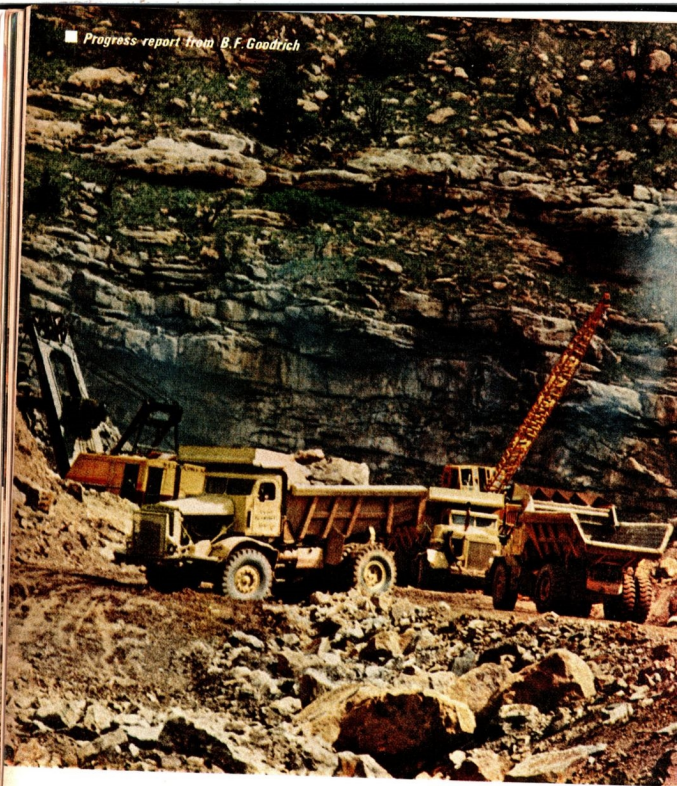
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■ Progress report from B.F. Goodrich



**Tough breed of tires help straighten out some crooks.**





The crooks are in this old road. The road's in the mountains. And something's got to give as men struggle to straighten out 9½ miles of crooks to make a new highway through Utah's rugged Price Canyon.

What's giving is 3½ million cubic yards of rock and dirt that are being blasted loose, scooped up and hauled away. Trucks carry loads as heavy as 51 tons over roads littered with jagged rock. It's so rough on tires that some

other brands failed in a week or so. But B.F. Goodrich Rock Service tires are still going strong after many months.

This tough breed of tire is made of super-strength nylon cord and BFG Cut Protected rubber, a special compound that defies rock cutting, chipping, gouging.

This toughness plus round-the-clock service from the BFG dealer are the reasons the contractor, H-E Lowdermilk Company, is now buying

BFG Rock Service tires exclusively.

Better performance. Lower costs. Good service. Another example of how we help people make progress with improved products of rubber, metals, plastics, chemicals and textiles. The B.F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio 44318.

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You've got to arrive at the best way to make Bourbon. Then work hard, every day, to keep making it that way.

So, we still make our mash with more of the costlier small grains. They push up the price, but smooth out the flavor.

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We even make our own barrels, from pre-selected heartland white oak—charred on the inside to 3/22". From this char comes the marriage of body and flavor that is ours alone.

And we taste test, each season as the whiskey ages, to be sure what reaches you deserves to carry our name. What doesn't never will.

Head of the Bourbon family?

Our whiskey got to the top because people ranked it best.

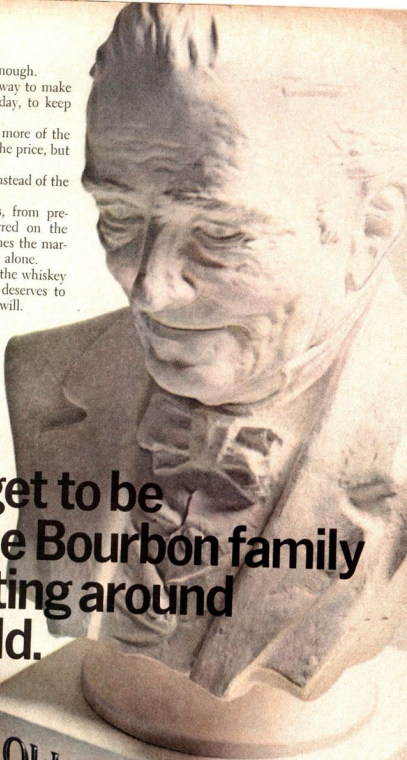
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**You don't get to be  
head of the Bourbon family  
by just sitting around  
growing old.**



**Old Grand-Dad**  
Head of the Bourbon Family





## THE PRESS

### NEWSPAPERS

#### End Without an End

The three-week strike was officially over, and all New York City newspapers were publishing again. It was an uneasy and precarious peace. The Newspaper Guild's Tom Murphy seemed to be threatening yet another walkout: "If the World-Telegram and Journal-American were to merge," said he, speaking of an event the industry expects, "I could put a picket line out, and they wouldn't publish as individual papers, let alone as a merged paper." Printers' Boss Bert



THE TIMES'S RASKIN

*Distortions of a fun-house mirror.*

Powers was reminding everyone that he has not given an inch in his demands. Any new contracts, said Powers, must give his men a hefty share of savings from any automation in newspaper plants. What percent of savings? "Right up to the margin of impossibility."

Little had really changed since the end of the Printers' disastrous strike two years ago. After that one, Abe Raskin of the New York Times Editorial Board wrote a long, lucid account of the strike, in which he took both publishers and unions to task for their cramped and churlish attitudes toward each other. In the Times last week, as well as in the *Reporter*, Raskin gave a repeat performance—chastising his own employers as well as the unions.

**No Ordinary Business.** "Each side," said Raskin, "convinced of its own eternal rectitude, sees the other with the grotesque distortions of a fun-house mirror." To make matters worse, "defections and internal feuds have riddled the central organizations on which both sides once relied to promote industrial stability." Though they had talked over

the issues for a full six months before the strike, neither the Times nor the Guild was prepared for serious collective bargaining. On the crucial question of the Times's pension plan, the "Guild did not bring in either an actuary or a program until after the strike, but neither did the Times meet the Guild's full-information request until after Ted Kheel urged it to do so. The mediator told both sides that he was 'shocked' at their unpreparedness."

Behind all the criticism showered on publishers and unions alike was the realization that newspapers are not an ordinary everyday business. They are, in effect, a public utility; to shut them down, whoever is responsible, can be as damaging to a city as turning off its electric power. Echoing a general dissatisfaction with the fact that the Times and the Guild were unable to negotiate productively, Arthur Goldberg, Ambassador to the United Nations, said that compulsory arbitration was the most promising answer. The hostility of both publishers and unions to any type of compulsory arbitration makes even that proposal questionable.

Columnist Max Lerner, writing in the *New York Post*, wanted a "compulsory breather" of 30 days once a strike date has arrived. During the breather, mediators would review the facts and make recommendations that would be widely publicized, since the papers would still be publishing. "We often act," said Lerner, "as if the alternatives were all or nothing: compulsory arbitration or do-nothingism. There is a healthy ground between them: the use of limited legal powers to dramatize the conflict areas, publicize the facts and solutions, put the two sides on the spot and build up opinion behind a settlement."

**Sworn to Resist.** At present, all solutions to New York's newspaper battles seem very distant. The publishers remain hopelessly split in their thinking; during negotiations they could scarcely agree even on routine matters. The ten craft unions are also snarling at one another. The skilled unions—Printers, Photoengravers, Machinists—are beginning to balk at across-the-board wage increases; they want percentage increases that would bring them more money. The unskilled—Mailers, Deliverers, Paper Handlers—on the other hand, want to stick to flat-sum increases, which, at their lower pay rates, would mean more money to them.

Murphy and Powers both agree that the unions must get together and hammer out common bargaining positions. Powers is about to propose a council of the craft unions that will have a veto vote on strikes; if a majority disapproves, a member union will not be able to strike. Yet even as he makes such conciliatory suggestions, Powers is stepping up his demands. What he wants now is a guarantee from each of the

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papers that it will take on employees displaced by other papers because of merger or automation. The publishers have sworn to resist. "Labor and management," said Raskin, "can prolong their quarreling until the cake over which they quarrel crumbles into nothing."

### Not Well Enough

Scripps-Howard's Roy Howard, who got his start in journalism in Indianapolis 63 years ago, had a special fondness for his old paper, the Indianapolis Times. Roy, it was always said, would never kill the Times. Last year Roy Howard died at 81, and last week Scripps-Howard quietly folded the money-losing, 77-year-old Times.

In some ways, the Times was doing about as well as it ever had, but that was not well enough. Circulation stood

LLOYD S. WALTON



INDIANAPOLIS TIMES CITY ROOM

*A fight lost long ago.*

at 91,235, a slight gain over last year. Ad revenue was up 6% over the year before. However, payroll and production costs had risen far more sharply. Like other Scripps-Howard papers, the Times pinched its pennies and overworked its reporters but still could not turn a profit. "This was one of the smallest towns in the country with three papers," said Managing Editor Irving Leibowitz, agonizing over throwing 420 people out of work. "The fight was lost in much larger cities long ago."

The loss of the Times leaves Indianapolis to the morning Star (circ. 224,000) and the afternoon News (circ. 173,000), both owned by Eugene C. Pulliam. While the Star often sees the news in the light of its owner's conservative political views, it is also a hard-digging, aggressive paper, which readers seem to enjoy even when it makes them furious. In fact, Pulliam's politics are not all that predictable. The Star, for example, supported winning Democratic Gubernatorial Candidate Roger Branigan.

Now down to 19 papers, the Scripps-Howard chain is tending to drop big-city papers while picking up others in smaller communities.



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CÉZANNE'S "HOUSES AT L'ESTAQUE"  
Worth a record \$800,000.

## THE MARKET

### The \$4,000,000 Auction

"The sun is so terrific that it seems to me as if objects were silhouetted not only in black and white, but in blue, red, brown and violet." So wrote Paul Cézanne to Pissarro from the Riviera hill town of L'Estaque. It was the sort of keen observation of nature that Cézanne captured consummately in oils. And last week, eighty years after he finished it, his *Houses at L'Estaque* sold for \$800,000 to a private U.S. collector at Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries. It was a world's record for a Cézanne and the highlight of the biggest money-making art auction in recent history.

Contributing to the total sales of \$4,141,600 for 136 works were record prices set for paintings by the Impressionist Edouard Manet and the post-Impressionist Paul Gauguin. Manet's 1866 portrait of a pipe-puffing man, *The Smoker*, brought \$450,000. Gauguin's 1893 scene of a moon-goddess idol, *Hina Maruri*, fetched \$275,000. The highest price knocked down by a living artist was \$78,000, for a 1949 marriage fantasy by Marc Chagall (*Time* cover, July 30).

U.S. abstract expressionism received its first definitive testing on the auction block. The creative heyday of the movement is over; the question was, how much of it survives in cash values. Of 20 paintings, 13 belonged to Robert C. Scull, a New York taxicab-fleet owner who has embraced pop art. His purpose in selling was to bankroll his new foundation to support younger artists without dealers. "Let the oldtimers pay for

tomorrow," he said. They did. Top price—\$37,000—was for Willem de Kooning's 1955 *Police Gazette*; Barnett Newman's *Tundra*, consisting of a red horizontal stripe on an orange ground, went for \$26,000. A 1951 Clyfford Still garnered \$29,000. Mark Rothko's hovering red panel fetched \$15,500. Two Franz Klines were bid up to \$18,000 and \$19,000. What about pop? Only one work, Robert Rauschenberg's elaborate montage *Express*, was put on the block; it was knocked down for a record \$20,000.

## PAINTING

### A Thousand Vibrations

In the decade since his death, Nicolas de Staël has become a mythical figure in the Paris art world. His life provided most of the necessary romantic ingredients. He was an athletic, tall, brooding Russian aristocrat, a former Foreign Legionnaire, remotely related to the 19th century French writer Madame de Staël, and a compulsive painter. When at the age of 41 he dived out of a third-story window in the Riviera resort of Antibes, his suicide rounded out the myth.

In death, De Staël's reputation has become well fed and well housed. His work is backed by a market that will bid as much as \$68,000 for a 3-ft. by 5-ft. oil. His paintings hang in the Tate, the Los Angeles County Museum, the National Gallery of Victoria in Melbourne, the museums of modern art in Paris and New York. A traveling retrospective of 104 works, gathered by five museums, is currently in Boston.

To Abstraction & Back. De Staël destroyed all of his pre-World War II paintings, judging from a few surviving drawings, were representational. War marked his second phase, forcing his art away from nature into abstraction. It is his late paintings (see *color*), which combine slabs of bright paint (the thick impasto on one canvas weighs upwards of 300 lbs.) with recognizable imagery, that won him international regard. The combination seemed fresh in the inbred postwar School of Paris abstraction that had reduced paint into drab pastry, a ritualistic manufacture of *croûtes* (crusty surfaces) that lacked the restless energy of American abstract expressionism.

Personally, De Staël absorbed many shocks. His father, a Czarist cavalry general, and his mother fled the Russian Revolution only to leave him an orphan in Poland when he was eight. Family friends sent him through Jesuit schools in Belgium, where he began to study art. After wartime service with the Foreign Legion in Tunisia, the demobilized artist returned to Paris with a mistress, Jeannine Guilloux. Often he painted her skeletal beauty. "I wondered what it was I had painted," he mused, "a living dead creature or a dead living creature."

When Jeannine died in 1946, partially of malnutrition, De Staël settled into a black period that ended just as his third dealer, Jacques Dubourg, began to find an audience for his work. One of the first to herald him was Cubist Georges Braque, who announced: "De Staël has a true sense of painting." He seemed to be tearing strips off nature, but he put them back on canvas in his brutal, abstract cityscapes.

Willed Slobs. In 1952, De Staël turned the final corner in the search for a style of his own. One night he went to a soccer game played under lights. There, the hurly-burly of the action, its colliding figures, its synergetic, bright-colored jerseys convinced him that his search for visual shock must be anchored in figurative art. In a series of tiny oils, he slammed anatomies together like a deck of badly shuffled playing cards.

"One paints, under the spell of vibrations, the shock one has received," he said. His paintings, such as his 1954 view of Marseille harbor, were made of slabs of pure color held together by will. In his *Le Pont des Arts*, moonlit reflection, waves, night air and solid steel are all troweled on with equal intensity.

De Staël painted the thousand vibrations that nature stirred in him until the end. Shortly before his suicide, he wrote to his dealer: "I haven't got the strength to finish my paintings." A few days later, he began the largest canvas (13 ft. by 20 ft.) that he had ever painted. It was an attempt to translate his emotions upon hearing a concert of Schoenberg's and Webern's music. He never finished it.



# DE STAËL'S POETIC MASONRY

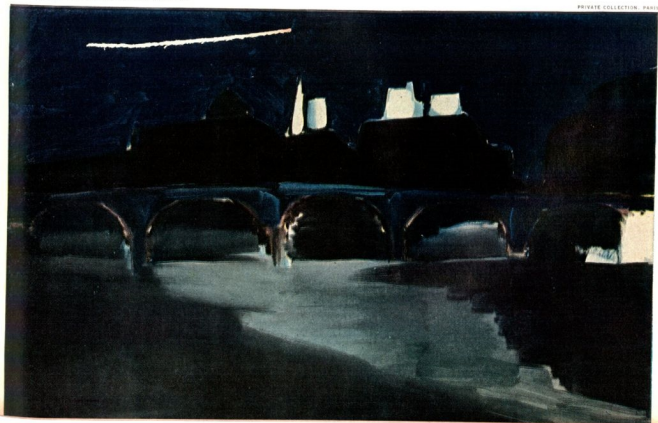
"MARSEILLE," rendered in the French flag's red, blue and white, salutes the seaport that gave the French national anthem its title.



DR. PETER NATHAN, ZÜRICH

"LE PONT DES ARTS," illuminated by Paris lights, shows night view of bridge spanning Seine from Left Bank to the Louvre.

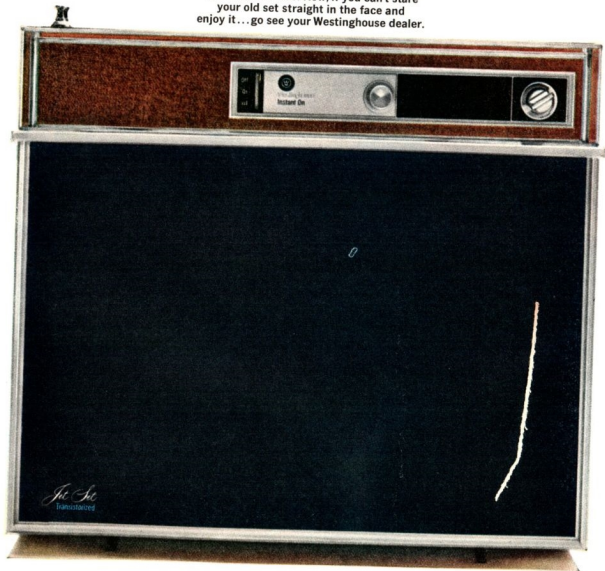
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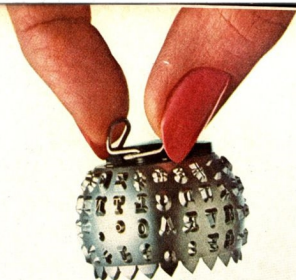
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# SPORT

## BASEBALL

### Mr. Cool & the Pros

Any relationship between the World Series and the season that precedes it is often purely coincidental. A team that won a record 111 games during the regular season loses four straight to one that won 97. A pinchhitter comes off the bench to clout two pinchhit home runs. A substitute outfielder makes one fantastic catch, brushes briefly with immortality—and for years afterward, people ask: Whatever became of Sandy Amoros? But last week's Series stuck strictly to the script.

The Los Angeles Dodgers won it the same way they won the National League pennant—battling from behind, scratching out hits, scrambling for runs with the indifference of a team that had been through it all before. The Minnesota Twins lost it in the finest American League fashion—standing proudly at the plate, flexing their muscles, waiting for the big home run that never came.

**Maury & Mudcat.** There were no instant heroes. The Series belonged to the pros, the ballplayers who put their teams there in the first place—and they professed elaborate calm. "I just had an average day," shrugged Dodger Shortstop Maury Wills after the fifth game, in which he stole a base, scored two runs, and rapped out four hits to tie a Series record. "I'm still no Maury Wills," insisted Centerfielder Willie Davis, who stole three bases in one game, "I had a hell of a good time," said Rightfielder Ron Fairly, only 5 ft. 10 in. but the top slugger in the Series, with three doubles, two homers, a .379 batting average and six RBI's. Twins' Leftfielder Bob Allison saved one game with a diving catch, won another with a two-run homer—and still insisted, "I was a bust," because he struck out nine times.

All that modesty was too much for Jim ("Mudcat") Grant, the American League's No. 1 pitcher (season's record: 21-7). "I'm cool, sexy and suave," Grant announced, and he confided to newsmen that his broad shoulders were the result of eating possum as a kid. Star of the Twins' 8-2 first-game victory, Mudcat was knocked out of the box in the fourth game at Los Angeles. Two days later, with the Twins trailing 3-2 in the Series, he trudged to the mound again. Fortified by hot and cold showers ("to get the bad blood out"), he beat Los Angeles 5-1, supplying the clincher himself with a three-run, 395-ft. homer in the sixth inning. "It's a homer! It's a homer!" Mudcat yelled, dancing gleefully around the bases and broad jumping the last 10 ft. to the plate. Newsmen wanted to know what kind of pitch he had hit. Grant grinned. "It was the best pitch I ever saw. A curve that dropped a foot. And I hit it into the teeth of a gale."

The best that the Dodgers' Sandy



MINNESOTA'S GRANT



LOS ANGELES' KOUFAX

*Home runs are dandy, but who needs them with Sandy?*

Koufax could manage was one single all through the Series. Everybody knows, though, that Koufax can't hit or run and that his fielding is so erratic his own manager says, "I worry every time he jobs the ball to first base." What's more, he is a physical wreck: a circulatory ailment nearly ended his career in 1962, and he now has "traumatic arthritis" in his pitching arm. But over five short seasons, Koufax has reached a pinnacle attained by no other pitcher. He has won 102 games and lost only 38, pitched a record four no-hitters (including a perfect game), struck out a record 382 batters in one season, and posted the lowest earned-run average in the National League for four years in a row. "Sandy Koufax is the only pitcher in baseball I would pay to see warm up," Minnesota Manager Sam Mele said before the start of last week's World Series. By the time the Series was over, Mele was wishing that he would never see Sandy again.

The Twins beat Koufax in the second game—although he allowed only two runs. In the fifth game, Minnesota was lucky even to get a hit. Sandy retired twelve in a row before Harmon Killebrew dumped a soft liner into centerfield that Willie Davis misjudged and dropped. The scorers ruled it a hit, and everybody in Dodger Stadium groaned with anguish—everybody except Sandy Koufax. "Nice try, Willie," he yelled, with a big smile on his face.

**Not Even a Picture.** Just because a man does his job better than anybody else doesn't mean that he has to take it seriously—or even like it. Sandy Koufax, born Sanford Brown in Brooklyn 29 years ago, picked baseball mostly because it seemed easier than being an architect—which is what he first wanted to be. His stepfather, Irving Koufax, is a lawyer, and his mother is an accountant, and they were more

than a little taken aback when Sandy decided to spend his life throwing a ball around. To this day, baseball is never discussed in the Koufax household.

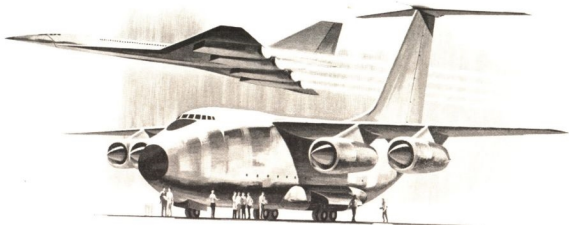
All of which suits Sandy fine. Alone among ballplayers, Koufax is an anti-athlete who suffers so little from pride that he does not even possess a photograph of himself. TV and radio interviewers have learned to be careful with personal questions—or risk a string of billingsgate designed to ruin their tapes. One Los Angeles sportswriter had to spend two years buttering Sandy up before he got permission to take photographs of his Studio City, Calif., home. Last year, when the Union Oil Co. sent him a questionnaire for its baseball booklet, Koufax reacted with typical taciturnity. "Any off-season jobs, work with youngsters, public relations?" the questionnaire asked. Wrote Koufax: "No." "Did your father, brother work out with you?" "No." "Anything else you'd like to tell us?" "No."

Sandy's reserve carries over into his dress (mostly blues, greys and blacks), his carefully modulated speech, even his taste in cars. In 1963, when he was awarded a Corvette as a prize for being the most valuable player in the World Series, Koufax called up a friend and sighed: "It's a toy—but what the hell." He is rarely seen in the Sunset Strip nightspots, hates the telephone so much that he used to hide it in the oven. He even refuses to hire an answering service because that would mean calling back. "If it's important," shrugs Sandy, "they'll send a letter."

**Who Likes Baseball?** To his teammates, even to his few close friends, Koufax's aloofness is often downright annoying. "Imagine," says Dodger Catcher John Roseboro, "being good-looking, well-off, single—and still so cool. I know guys who would be raising all kinds of hell on those stakes." Dodge-



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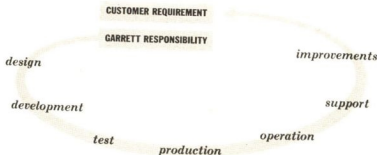
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er Vice President Fresco Thompson considers him a heretic. "I don't think he likes baseball," mutters Thompson. "What kind of a line is he drawing anyway—between himself and the world, between himself and the team?"

A line of ability, for one thing. Nobody, including Sandy Koufax, had any idea how good he was to become when, as an 18-year-old freshman at the University of Cincinnati, he was spotted playing on a sandlot team. In 1954, Sandy signed a Dodger contract for \$6,000 plus a \$14,000 bonus. Scout Al Campanis wrote in his memo to Dodger Owner Walter O'Malley: "No. 1, he's a Brooklyn boy. No. 2, he's Jewish." The Dodgers' move to Los Angeles was still four years away. In the meantime, says General Manager Buzzie Bavasi, "there were many people of the Jewish faith in Brooklyn." As it turned out, Koufax sold precious few tickets: over the next three seasons, his record was nine wins and ten losses.

Things improved a little after the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles: Sandy won eleven games in 1958, and in 1959 he struck out 18 batters in one game to tie a record. But in 1960 Koufax took stock of himself and did not like what he saw. "Suddenly I looked up," he said, "and I had a few grey hairs—and I finally realized that either I was going to be really successful or I was in the wrong profession. Maybe the problem was that I never had a burning ambition to be a baseball player. If I had, I might have realized sooner just how much work was involved." In 1961 Sandy knuckled down. From Dodger Coach Joe Becker, he learned to keep his right shoulder "open"—away from the direction of the pitch, to rock forward with each pitch, to hide his left hand in his glove to avoid exposing the ball while he was winding up. That seemed to be all there was to it. Practically overnight, Koufax became the best pitcher in baseball.

**A Beard & a Fastball.** Maybe it was too easy, too fast. By last week Koufax could not even get excited over the double challenge of pitching the deciding game of the World Series with only two days of rest. "I'll volunteer," he said, "if I get asked." Naturally, he got asked. It was supposed to be Ron Drysdale's turn to pitch. Drysdale was a 23-game winner during the season; he had won a Series game, and he was rested. But when the game started, there was Koufax out on the mound. At the start, his curve was hanging, his fastball was erratic. He walked two men in the first inning, and Freon horns tooted triumphantly in Minnesota's Metropolitan Stadium as Drysdale began warming up in the bullpen.

Koufax struck out Earl Battey to end the threat—and that was as close as the Minnesota Twins got to scoring a run. The Dodgers picked up two runs in the fourth on Lou Johnson's homer, a double by Ron Fairly and a single by Wes Parker. Koufax needed only one.

Relying almost exclusively on his fastball ("It got so I just told Johnny Roseboro 'no' every time he called for the curve"), he burned pitch after pitch over the corners of the plate.

**Cutting the Corners.** Finally, it was the last of the ninth. With one out, Killebrew slapped a single to left. It was the third hit off Sandy all day—and the last. Earl Battey looked at a called third strike, and up came Bob Allison, a dangerous hitter. "He was the tying run," Koufax said later, "so no pitch I threw him got any more than an inch of the plate." The count went to two and two. Rearing back, Koufax threw. Allison swung. Pop! The ball slammed into Catcher Roseboro's mitt. In the locker room, world champions for the third time in seven years, richer by \$10,000 per man, the Dodgers showered in champagne and gawked like schoolboys at Sandy Koufax, standing off to one side talking to reporters. "That Koufax," sighed Pitcher Johnny Podres, once a World Series hero himself, "he's something else."

He sure is. "Was this your biggest victory?" somebody wanted to know. "No," said Sandy, "my first victory in the big leagues was." Well, surely he was just the teeniest bit excited? "No," said Koufax. "I'm just glad I don't have to do this again for four whole months."

## COLLEGE FOOTBALL

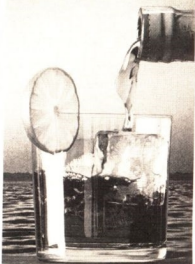
Nevertheless . . .

They played a football game in three acts in Fayetteville, Ark., last week. The first lasted 30 minutes, and Arkansas had all the lines. The second lasted 26 minutes, and Texas was the lone star. The third lasted only four minutes, but it brought down the house.

All week long the pressure had been building up for the annual grudge match between the Arkansas Razorbacks and the Texas Longhorns—a game that was sure to decide the Southwest Conference championship, and maybe the national title. Texas was ranked No. 1 in one national poll. No. 2 in the other. Arkansas was No. 3 in both. Texas Coach Darrell Royal, whose only loss in his past 26 games was to Arkansas, was so nervous that he closed his practice field to visitors. Arkansas was riding a 16-game winning streak, longest in major college football. On a Fayetteville church, a sign read: FOOTBALL IS ONLY A GAME. ETERNAL THINGS ARE SPIRITUAL. NEVERTHELESS, BEAT TEXAS.

Arkansas did, in the toughest way imaginable. The Razorbacks spurted into a 20-0 second-quarter lead, then stood helplessly as Texas fought back to pull ahead 24-20 with only four minutes left. At that point, the Razorbacks launched their only sustained drive of the second half. Flipping short sideline passes to conserve the clock, Quarterback Jon Brittenum marched his team 80 yds. and plunged over from the 1-yd. line for the TD that made it Arkansas 27, Texas 24.

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## THE SUPREME COURT

## The Tenth Member

In a century-old ritual, Attorney General Katzenbach last week formally introduced the crack lawyer whose cases may well dominate the new term's crowded Supreme Court docket. He is zesty, earthy Thurgood Marshall, 57, once the country's most successful civil rights lawyer, later a federal judge, and now the 33rd U.S. Solicitor General. Looking amused at his own anachronistic costume of striped pants, black vest and swallow-tailed coat, Marshall beamed as Chief Justice Warren intoned: "The court welcomes you."

It is no secret that Marshall's new job is considered a way station toward his becoming the Supreme Court's first Negro Justice. But even if he goes no farther, Marshall's position already makes him what is often called the Supreme Court's "tenth member." Since the Government is a party in more than half the court's cases, and the Solicitor General is the Government's chief appellate lawyer, the court sees, hears and heads him more than any other man. Although he is paid only \$28,500 a year as the Justice Department's third highest official (behind the Attorney General and his deputy) and does not even rate a Government car, he is beyond question the nation's most influential advocate at the high-court bench.

**Seeing Two Sides.** Even before he gets to the courtroom, the Solicitor General has the power to pass on every appeal brought by the U.S. Government at every level of the nation's court system. With his tiny staff of ten elite lawyers, the Solicitor General sifts almost 1,500 possible Government appeals a year in every imaginable field. His approval is not given lightly. Unlike other lawyers, who are primarily advocates for only one side of a conflict, the Solicitor General serves the Supreme Court as well as the Government. He is less interested in victory than in whether an appeal promotes "symmetry of law." If two U.S. courts of appeals issue conflicting decisions he almost automatically asks the Supreme Court to resolve the dilemma. He blocks most other appeals as not worthy of the court's scarce time and ample trouble.

A Solicitor General is often judged less by his Supreme Court victories than by his success in getting federal agencies to accept lower-court decisions. In 1964, Archibald Cox, Marshall's predecessor, who plans to resume teaching labor law at Harvard, held off 74% of the requests for appeals from decisions against the Government in U.S. district courts. Of 385 potential appeals to the Supreme Court, he approved only 43. Such selectivity pays off: the Supreme Court now accepts about 66% of the Government's petitions, compared with less than 10% of those of private lawyers.

**Confessing Error.** Even after a federal agency submits its appeal in a presumably watertight brief, the Solicitor General and one or two of his lawyers shorten, strengthen, and often totally rewrite it—a task that sometimes occupied Cox for 16 hours a day seven days a week. And even after the Solicitor General is satisfied with the printed word, he frets about the spoken—the often decisive oral argument that starts when the Chief Justice benignly murmurs, "Mr. Solicitor General?" In his four years, Cox argued a record 67 cases, including eight crucial reapportionment cases; yet he never once faced



SOLICITOR GENERAL MARSHALL  
Occupational hazard: a sick stomach.

the Justices' probing questions without having lain awake "the whole night before, feeling sick to my stomach and wondering if I were going to die."

Often enough, the Solicitor General deliberately asks for courtroom defeats by "confessing error." In that tactic, he bluntly requests the Supreme Court to rule that a lower court wrongly upheld the Government. The most skeptical Justices are prone to admit that Solicitors General live up to the Justice Department motto: "The U.S. wins its point when justice is done its citizens in the courts."

**Rising Higher.** Three Solicitors General have risen to the Supreme Court—William Howard Taft (with time out as President), the now retired Stanley F. Reed and the late Robert H. Jackson (among the ablest of them all), who also served as Attorney General.

Whether or not Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall eventually becomes a Justice, he is no stranger to the Su-

preme Court, where he won 29 out of 32 cases as chief counsel of the N.A.A.C.P.'s Legal Defense and Educational Fund. His record also suggests that he can be counted on to continue the Government record of not losing an antitrust suit in ten years. He intends to try not to concentrate unduly on civil rights, but this month he will start right off by tackling a vital issue in that area—whether the Federal Government can prosecute Southern whites accused of racial murders.

## OATHS

## God &amp; Man in Maryland

The U.S. Constitution forbids religious test oaths for any public official. And in 1961 the Supreme Court upheld a Maryland notary public who challenged a state law requiring him to declare "belief in the existence of God." Until last week, though, none of this had seemed to make a profound impression on Maryland.

Then the Maryland Court of Appeals reversed the murder conviction of a Buddhist named Lidge Schowgurow, who successfully argued that he had been denied equal protection of the laws while on trial for killing his wife. His jurors, he noted, had to swear to do their duty "in the presence of Almighty God." Since Buddhists do not believe in God, members of his faith were theoretically excluded from the jury. Though no Buddhists were even considered for his jury, the court upheld Schowgurow—and voided all such jury oaths in Maryland.

As a result, Maryland faced what Attorney General Thomas B. Finan called "the gravest crisis in the administration of criminal law in my experience." Although the decision is not retroactive, in Baltimore alone the wheels of justice were braked for at least 1,476 defendants. Every grand jury in the state faced dismissal; out went every indictment less than 30 days old (including the famous Baltimore assault charge against Atheist Madalyn Murray). Every trial juror now serving may go home, every defendant may get a new trial with new jurors, and every jury conviction open to appeal may be voided.

## JUDGES

## The Education of Tom Brady

Not long ago, Justice Tom P. Brady of the Mississippi Supreme Court was worst known as the philosopher of Mississippi's racist white Citizens' Councils and the polemical author of *Black Monday*, a Negro-baiting tract attacking the U.S. Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision. Brady, then a state Circuit Court judge, insisted that the decision was "not the law of the land." Said he: "The loveliest and the purest of God's creatures, the nearest thing to an angelic being that treads this terrestrial ball is a well-bred, cul-



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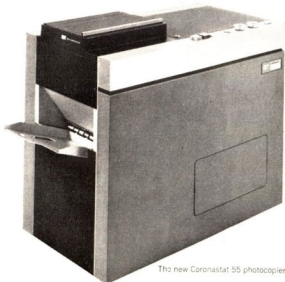
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tured Southern white woman, or her blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl." By contrast, he added: "The social, political, economic and religious preferences of the Negro remain close to the caterpillar and the cockroach . . . proper food for a chimpanzee."

The Citizens' Councils distributed *Black Monday* to white Mississippi schoolchildren and awarded \$50 prizes for essays blasting the Supreme Court. So eminent was Judge Brady that in 1960 he was selected to nominate Governor Ross Barnett for President at the Democratic National Convention. So pleased was Barnett that in 1963 he appointed Brady to Mississippi's highest court, calling him "widely known as a student of constitutional law."

The student has just demonstrated a remarkable capacity for learning. Before the State Supreme Court were appeals by two Negro girls who tried to

JACK THORNELL—JACKSON DAILY NEWS



MISSISSIPPI'S BRADY

*Remarkable capacity for learning.*

use an already integrated Greenville park in 1963. Threatened by whites and arrested for breach of the peace, the girls had been sentenced to \$100 fines and 90 days in jail. Speaking for the court, Justice Brady reversed the convictions—and stoutly invoked the U.S. Supreme Court as his authority.

"Irrespective of how erroneous it may appear," Justice Brady reminded his fellow Mississippians, "a decision of the U.S. Supreme Court is still the ultimate in judicial determination and is binding on the tribunals and citizens of the respective states in comparable cases. As a self-governing agency, it is imperative that this state operate under law and law alone. The perversion of the law, regardless of the objective, can lead only to confusion, violence and anarchy. Just as water seeks its own level, so absolute law will expose ultimately and punish its long-submerged desecrations, which have been committed in the name of justice."





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# Introducing three

The rumors you've heard about a couple of new Volkswagens are true.

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The rumors you've heard about the beetle biting the dust are false.

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We're calling the Volkswagen on top the Fastback Sedan because the roof has kind of a nice slope to it. It holds five in style.

We're calling the Volkswagen in the middle the Squareback Sedan because its roof has no slope at all. It holds five, too. With less style, maybe, but with more extra space than most sedans, even great big ones.

Looks aside, the Fastback and the Squareback are identical cars, and as Volkswagen they can be.

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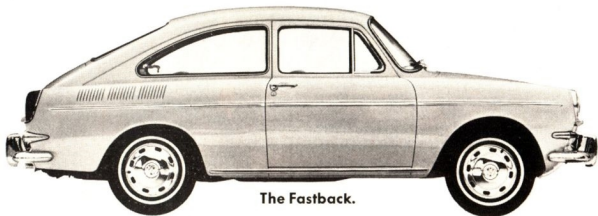
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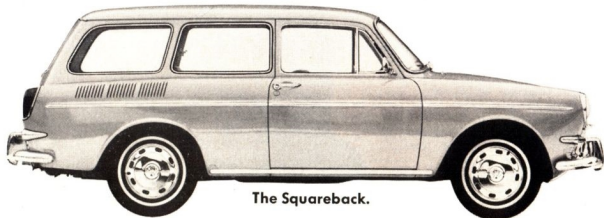
We hope you'll have a lot of trouble deciding which one to buy.



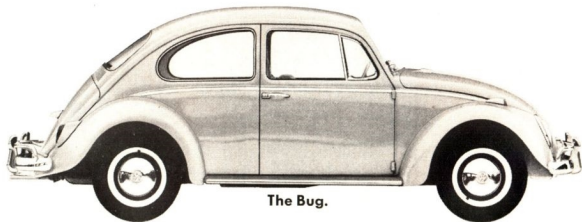
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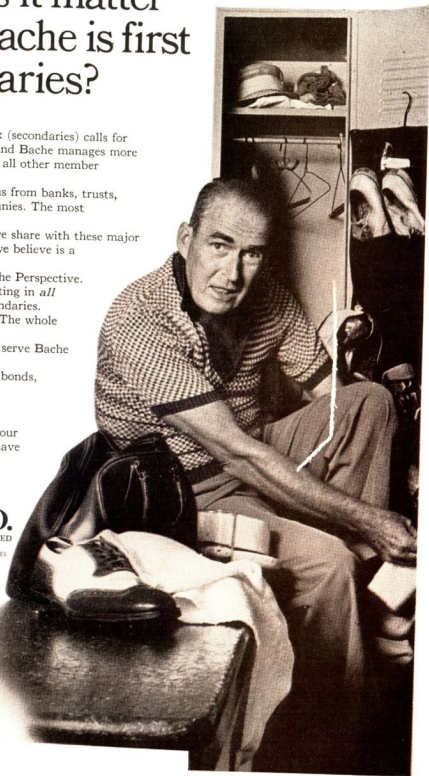
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## MEDICINE

### LAUREATES

#### Three Men & a Messenger

Stockholm's Caroline Institute last week awarded the 1965 Nobel Prize in physiology and medicine to three French investigators for brilliantly imaginative research into the mechanisms by which genes regulate vital biochemical processes. Though the work has no present practical application, it has inspired hundreds of other researchers, and hopefully, within a generation or so, it may lead to means of controlling genetic processes in humans. The three Pasteur Institute scientists who will share the \$56,400 prize:

► André Lwoff, 63, French-born but of Russian-Polish extraction, has spent all his life at the Pasteur, since 1959 has also been professor of microbiology at the Sorbonne.

► François Jacob, 45, with the Free French forces in 1940-45, at Pasteur since 1950; now professor of cellular genetics at the Collège de France.

► Jacques Monod, 55, Paris-born, trained in the U.S. in 1936, awarded U.S. Bronze Star; at Pasteur since 1945; professor of cellular biochemistry at Paris' Faculté des Sciences.

Twentieth century geneticists gradually evolved the theory that whether an organism is to be microbe, mouse or man, its biochemical functions are determined by genes strung together to form chromosomes. Each gene is believed to be a submicroscopic but still "giant" molecule of a nucleic acid, usually deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA), but in some viruses ribonucleic acid (RNA). Each gene, the theory held, directly controls the cells' production of some one specific chemical—in most cases an enzyme, one of the body's countless catalysts that are essential to nearly all its functions.

**With Stand-Ins.** To check and expand on these hypotheses, Lwoff chose to work with single-celled organisms, such as bacteria, because they have a single chromosome (whereas man has 46). As stand-ins for genes he chose viruses that infect bacteria (bacteriophages), because their cores consist of nucleic acid. What actually happens, Lwoff found, is not as simple as had been thought. The viral nucleic acid, in effect masquerading as a gene, might do one of two things after invading a bacterium: 1) stimulate the bacterial cell to produce hundreds of copies of the virus particle, and destroy itself in the process, as happens in many ordinary human viral infections, or 2) attach itself to the host cell's genetic material and then lie dormant, only to reappear consistently in successive generations of host-cell bacteria. After this dormant phase, chemicals or radiation can still trigger the intruder gene into becoming infective and destructive.

Jacob and Monod carried this line



NOBEL WINNERS LWOFF, MONOD & JACOB

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of experimentation further, discovered that a macromolecule of DNA itself does not tell the cell what substances to manufacture. Instead, it makes a partial copy of itself, called "messenger RNA," to execute its orders. The Jacob-Monod hypothesis goes on to suggest that a second or "operator" gene, also present in the DNA, may work with the basic gene in a complex feed-back mechanism. And there may even be a third type of gene.

**Reaching Forward.** So far, these hypotheses have been substantially proved for bacteria, and there is convincing evidence of the existence of "messenger RNA" in mammalian cells. As a result, there is a great temptation to extrapolate all the way from microbe to man and assume that long-dormant viruses may belatedly trigger cancerous changes in human cells. The evidence for this, so far, is extremely tenuous. But the Nobel Prize committee, which has sometimes been as much as 30 years late in recognizing achievement, has now reached toward the future in making its 1965 award.

### RADIATION

#### An End to X-Ray Agony?

Ever since Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen discovered his wonderful X rays in 1895, physicists and physicians have been burning themselves, and sometimes patients as well, with accidental overdoses. And like the damage from exposure to more recently discovered sources of nuclear energy, X-ray burns have proved virtually incurable. Despite skin grafts, they often lead to progressive gangrene and successive amputations—one famed "X-ray martyr," Chicago's late Dr. Emil Grubbé, had no fewer than 93 operations before he died.

Last week a young American scien-

tist began treatment at a Brussels hospital with full confidence that his severe radiation burns could be cured. What had happened to change the outlook so hopefully was a chance discovery made by Belgium's Dr. André Massart, 45.

Head of medical services for the personnel at Euratom, the Common Market's organization for research into peaceful uses of atomic energy, Dr. Massart is largely involved in treating colds, sprains and peptic ulcers rather than radiation injuries. It was pure hunch, he says, that was operating in 1959 when he was called on to treat a young Belgian technician who had badly burned his right hand with an estimated 70,000 r. of radiation.

There were festering sores on two of the technician's fingers, and some doctors were already recommending amputation. But Dr. Massart was reminded of other stubborn, non-healing sores that he had seen, mainly on aged and debilitated patients; he remembered that such sores had responded to injections of calliecin (Kallikrein in Germany and trade-named Padutin by Bayer), a byproduct of insulin extraction. Why not try the same stuff on the radiation sores? Medical scientists had always considered radiation burns distinct from all other types of injury. Naive or not, Dr. Massart figured that there was little to lose. He gave the technician injections of calliecin.

Within a few weeks the man's wounds were almost fully healed. Last month Dr. Suzanne Simon of Brussels University Hospital reported that calliecin had worked equally well in 80 of the first 100 cases so treated. Even when it failed to heal the burns, it relieved pain more effectively than morphine.

Most surprising of all, no one yet knows the chemical structure of calliecin or how it works.



# Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



WE RATHER DOUBT that any employee has ever paused to consider the consequences to him if the company-employee relationship in fringe benefits were reversed.

The employee would work for two vacation weeks or more each year *without pay*. On Labor Day, and other holidays, he would *contribute* one day's pay to company profitability. He would pay full social security rates, *not half*, and so on down the line.

And in the process, according to current averages, his take-home pay would be reduced by approximately twenty-five per cent.

This is simply a way of repeating something we pointed out some time ago, that the word "fringe" is a complete misnomer in a day when such benefits approach a quarter of total payroll costs.

Somehow management has failed to convey this knowledge to the employee. There seems to be a vague assumption that fringe benefits somehow materialize out of thin air without really costing anybody anything. And yet on a company's balance sheet, vacation time translates into unproductive operating costs. So do paid holidays, company-paid medical and life insurance, social security payments and company-sponsored retirement and pension programs.

And that is precisely why it is important to achieve a greater understanding by employees of just what these benefits mean—not simply to the employee, but to the company as well.

When the employee has a full realization of the tangible significance of these benefits as they apply to him, and only then, is when the company can hope to realize the inherent value in providing them. You might even say the company then gets its fringe benefit!

\* \* \*

The people responsible for finding solutions to the water problems in their own communities will welcome a decision—an industry first—we made last month. Through our new *Guaranteed Meter Performance plan*, users of Rockwell Sealed Register water meters will receive an outright guarantee of the accuracy of the meters for five years or 500,000 gallons. What this means, in effect, is that communities facing major meter replacement or universal metering programs can plan for ~~zero~~ meter repair expenses for the first five years/500,000 gallons service of their new Rockwell meters.

\* \* \*

Early this month the American Gas Association held its annual meeting in Miami. Some of our old friends in the Association were a bit surprised to find our people in a somewhat nostalgic mood, talking about the evacuation of Dunkerque, Vice President Wallace, and playing "White Christmas." It was just our way of reminding people that 1940, the year of those events, was also the year Rockwell developed the first aluminum case gas meter. Since that time, Rockwell and other producers have delivered over 15 million of these meters to gas utility companies all over the world.

\* \* \*

This month we are announcing a further result of the \$5,500,000 power tool research program that began two years ago. It is a line of 54 new Rockwell industrial power tools—saws, drills, and industrial and drywall screwdrivers. The objective was to create a series of tools, each of which would be more powerful and dependable than anything currently available on the market—an objective our power tool people are so confident they have achieved, they are issuing a guarantee in writing to this effect to the customer.

\* \* \*

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



**Rockwell**  
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

## THE THEATER

### Of Love & Deeper Sorrows

The World of Charles Aznavour. He looks preshrunk, forlorn, anonymous, an obsequious undertaker in a tight black suit—except that dark eyes of mourning seem to have been burned into his head with a blowtorch. He is pale, wary, jumpy, an urban night monkey traveling in the jungle of cities from Paris to New York. The combo behind him breaks into a jazz beat, and he punctuates the air around him with staccato jabs of his hand mike. Nervously he whips the mike cord, and it coils and undulates like a black snake. At the end of it, his slight body stiffens in a convulsive spasm, a lightning rod under a direct hit. The mouth opens in

ANTHONY WOLFF



CHARLES AZNAVOUR

Wounds rubbed with the salt of life.

grief, and he sings of losers and a losing game—love.

To France's Charles Aznavour it is the transiency of love that hurts. *L'amour c'est comme un jour*—it dawns, it dies. *C'est fini*, he cries, with desolate finality. *You've Let Yourself Go* is an unsparing plaint of conjugal disenchantment. Aznavour has none of the rakish charm of Maurice Chevalier, the ebullient high spirits of Charles Trenet, or the blatant sex appeal of Yves Montand. But he has two qualities that none of them possess with the same intensity—fire and sorrow. He was trained by Edith Piaf, and if one closes one's eyes, one can hear her pain as well as her phrasing in his voice. Aznavour's notes are wounds into which the salt of life has been rubbed.

Although Charles Aznavour is a Parisian, he is Armenian by blood, and his keening laments have echoes of the Middle East in them. Their deepest roots are not in the Paris streets but in the taverns of Greece, the *souks* of Morocco and the wailing wall of Jerusalem. Aznavour has the power to affect an audience the way he does because



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## AROUND THE WORLD

☐ Jan. 29, 1966—*Caronia* 5-Continent Around the World Cruise: 96 days; 18 ports; from \$2,895.

## MEDITERRANEAN

☐ Feb. 25, 1966—*Queen Mary* Mediterranean Cruise: 26 days; 9 ports; from \$960.  
☐ May 7—*Caronia* Spring Mediterranean Cruise: 41 days; 18 ports; from \$1,125.

## BERMUDA; NASSAU

☐ Nov. 6, 1965—*Queen Elizabeth* Cruise to Bermuda and Nassau: 6 days; from \$175.  
☐ Nov. 17—*Queen Mary* Cruise to Nassau: 5 days; from \$145.  
☐ Nov. 23—*Queen Mary* Thanksgiving Cruise to Nassau: 5 days; from \$150.  
☐ Feb. 18, 1966—*Queen Mary* Washington's Birthday Cruise to Nassau: 5 days; from \$150.  
☐ Apr. 7—*Queen Elizabeth* Easter Cruise to Bermuda: 5 days; from \$150.

## WEST INDIES

### From New York

☐ Dec. 22, 1965—*Franconia* Christmas Cruise: 11 days; 3 ports; from \$315.

☐ Jan. 3, 1966—*Franconia* West Indies Cruise: 10 days; 3 ports; from \$230.

☐ Jan. 31—*Franconia* West Indies Cruise: 18 days; 8 ports; from \$515.

☐ Feb. 19—*Franconia* West Indies Cruise: 16 days; 6 ports; from \$460.

☐ Mar. 8—*Franconia* West Indies Cruise: 12 days; 4 ports; from \$325.

### From Port Everglades, Florida

☐ Dec. 22, 1965—*Carmania* Christmas Cruise: 11 days; 5 ports; from \$315.

☐ Jan. 3, 1966—*Carmania* West Indies Cruise: 6 days; 2 ports; from \$140.

☐ Jan. 11—*Carmania* West Indies Cruise: 12 days; 5 ports; from \$310.

☐ Jan. 24—*Carmania* West Indies Cruise: 12 days; 5 ports; from \$310.

☐ Feb. 7—*Carmania* West Indies Cruise: 17 days; 10 ports; from \$485.

☐ Feb. 26—*Carmania* West Indies Cruise: 15 days; 8 ports; from \$430.

☐ Mar. 15—*Carmania* West Indies Cruise: 12 days; 5 ports; from \$310.

☐ Mar. 29—*Carmania* West Indies Cruise: 10 days; 4 ports; from \$260.

☐ Apr. 9—*Carmania* West Indies Cruise: 8 days; 3 ports; from \$195.

## OTHER CRUISES

☐ July 1, 1966—*Caronia* North Cape Cruise: 45 days; 23 ports; from \$1,175.

☐ Oct. 28—*Queen Elizabeth* Indian Summer Cruise (Southern Europe, Africa, Atlantic and West Indies Islands): 25 days; 11 ports; from \$780.

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'Seah' Runs Salvage Tests

**By THOMAS GALL**  
*Staff Reporter of The Wall Street Journal*  
LOS ANGELES—The murky world under the sea is looking some of its mystery, opening up the prospect of a whole new realm of scientific and industrial activity.

Automated Boat Carpenter, who whistles through waves, is busy down in the Pacific off La Jolla, California, strong with other Navy research teams in a deep-sea project, in one of several ways with the aim of increasing the size and scope of the work.

Along the same deep-sea research project, two jets of water are driven into the ocean at 1,000 feet, and the water is then pumped back up.

## Submarines & Subsidies...

## New Reigns & No Rains.



Debbie Bryant, Miss America, 1966

### Saving Water

U.S. Researchers Test  
New Low-Cost Ways  
To Conserve Supplies

Limiting Evaporation Could  
Ease New York Shortage;  
West Opens Seepage Fight

**By JAMES H. BRYAN**  
*Staff Reporter of The Wall Street Journal*  
OF all times in this New York's water shortage, the thought of spreading water conserving experiments over the landscape will seem just about the most far-out.  
But a group of four water experts began meeting in New York last week to see to give the idea another airing.

he sings of a betrayal beyond love, something unutterably sad at the heart of things, the treacherous, tragic nature of life itself.

## Stygian Fun House

Entertaining Mr. Sloane, by Joe Orton. The English theater is going through a sick-comedy phase. *The Killing of Sister George*, a smash hit now playing in London, centers on an elderly, cigar-smoking lesbian and her doll-baby secretary-companion. Whenever the younger woman offends the older, she is forced to atone for it. One penance is to drink a cup of the old lesbian's bath water, another is to chew up one of her soggy cigar stumps.

The same appetizing flavors may be found in *Mr. Sloane*, which comes to Broadway from London's West End. A tall blond young murderer takes lodgings with a middle-aged nymphomaniac landlady. With lubricious zeal, she and her homosexual brother compete for the lodger's favors. When this impetuous tenant kills cranky old "Dad-da," both brother and sister concoct a cover-up story about their father's murder and sign an agreement to share the killer's company.

In this unsavory fun house of horrors, Playwright Orton tries to refract the face of evil from the distorting mirrors of the humanly grotesque, but his talents run more to seamy documentation than satirical savagery. He can be witty: "To be present at the conception is all that a reasonable child can expect of his father."

The trouble is that Playwright Orton did not set out to write a comedy of manners but a Stygian comedy of morals. Dipping his brush in the bile of Swift, he has managed to paint only an urban pastiche of *Tobacco Road*.

## Pay-TV Show

*The Impossible Years* contains every cliché ever put on magnetic tape for a family-situation series, every joke banded about virginity since the Etruscans, and every stereotyped symbol of the rock-'n'-roll rebel from blue jeans to narcotics. All the pay-TV show at Broadway's Playhouse Theater lacks is a knob to turn it off.

The problem: Can a psychiatrist father who is writing a book about the problems of teen-agers cope maturely with his own young hell-kittens? The resolution: no.

In between, the noise quotient would abash a pneumatic drill. Unfortunately, some of the lines can still be heard. Sample gag—Daughter: "Daddy, if there's one thing I'd never do, it's drink." Father: "Just wait till you have a daughter like you, YOU'LL DRINK."

Alan King, one of the pooh-bahs of show biz, plays the psychiatrist with two alternating expressions. He pops his eyes like the late Benito Mussolini, and he breaks into a slow-burn grin like a pregnant volcano. This gives him twice the comic range of the play.

## This is business news—news that can give you a head start every business day.

Pets pick up pains from people, and the income of the nation's 22,000 veterinarians jumps like a frisky pup. Deep-sea subs explore the depths of inner space, and several king-size corporations jump in. More girls win more beauty contests each year, and business makes profits fit for a queen.

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—Judith Crist, New York Herald Tribune

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SERIES EVER PETER OUT ACTOR CONNERY  
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—Arthur Knight, Saturday Review

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—Kate Cameron, New York Daily News

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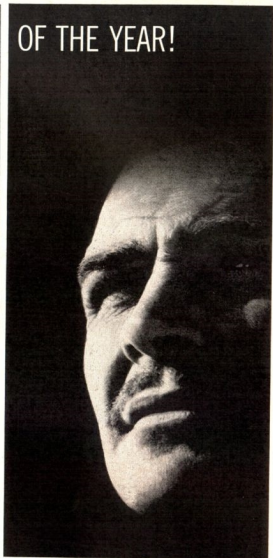
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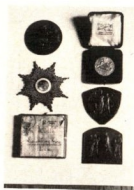
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TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1965



# U.S. BUSINESS

## AUTOS

### Fast Start

The first sales figures for the auto industry's 1966 models came out last week, and they were impressive even by Detroit standards. In October's first ten days, Chrysler sold 40,043 new cars—almost 7,000 more than a year ago. New Buicks, Oldsmobiles and Cadillacs did not reach the showrooms until last week, but General Motors' earlier arrivals were setting a dizzy pace. Chevrolet sales were up 20% over last year, Pontiac's a staggering 66%. Ford's ten-day sales were nearly 30,000 ahead of last year, and even struggling American Motors almost matched its 1964 sales.

In all, the U.S.'s 33,280 dealers sold 243,982 new cars—better than a 16% improvement over a year ago. Along with these gains by Detroit, foreign cars are also selling well. Though still below the record 614,131 pace of 1959, they are sure to reach 550,000 this year, up from 484,131 last year. From all initial indications, autos once more will be leading the economy upward in 1966.

## STEEL

### Resurgence in Bunyan Country

Northern Minnesota's lake-strewn hills are Paul Bunyan country. Their open-pit iron mines were originally scooped, as all followers of legend know, to provide suitable shoes for Babe, Bunyan's Big Blue Ox. In recent years, another Bunyan, or another Babe, seemed needed to save Minnesota's fading mining industry. After a century of use, the 110-mile, Z-shaped Mesabi Range (Chippewa Indian for "sleeping giant") began running out of the rich ore that once was the base for 60% of all U.S. iron and steel pro-

NEW TACONITE PLANT NEAR FORBES, MINN.



duction. The grey taconite rock in which the remaining ore was pocketed appeared too hard and the ore of too low a grade for profitable mining. The pits and shipping docks slowed down, and miners lost their work. Northern Minnesota slowly became an aspen-covered Appalachia.

Today, the slump is being dramatically reversed. The steel industry has devised a way to drill the once useless taconite with 4,300° jet flames. Machines then crush the ore, magnetize it and roll it into pea-sized pellets that are then baked to produce a product that is richer per ton than natural ore. So important is this development that Governor Karl F. Rolvaag's Democratic-Farm-Labor Party last year finally persuaded Minnesota voters to approve a "taconite amendment" to the state constitution that gives mining companies, traditionally fair game for steep taxes, an assessment no higher than other businesses. One day after the election, in an indication of what was to come, U.S. Steel announced that it would build a \$120 million taconite plant at Mountain Iron, Minn.

**Catalyst for More.** Seven companies, mostly organized by steel firms, are now building \$1 billion worth of taconite-processing plants that will employ 9,000 men and ship 33 million tons of pellet ore annually. By 1990 the capacities of these plants will double. Two new Minnesota towns, Silver Bay and Hoyt Lakes, have recently been created. The taconite boom is also reviving older towns: in Chisholm (pop. 7,100), unemployment has fallen from 33% three years ago to only 6% today. Mining company payrolls and purchases will soon reach \$194 million a year, and Minnesota expects the taconite industry to act as a catalyst for others.

Minnesota's good fortune has caused ripples elsewhere. With ranges like the Mesabi running low, the U.S. steel industry since World War II has increasingly depended on imported ore, now buys 33% abroad. The guarantee of a 300-year supply of taconite ore, which produces twice as much pig iron per ton as natural ore and requires less coke and limestone in the steelmaking process, is luring new steel mills, traditionally centered in an arc around Pittsburgh, to the lower Lake Michigan area. Another lure: the rising demand for durable goods in the Midwest, where automakers, farm-machinery plants and appliance plants within a 400-mile radius of Chicago are hard-pressed to fill orders.

**Lift in Output.** The two trends together have touched off the greatest migration and building program in the steel industry's 101-year history. U.S. Steel and Inland, both longtime Chicago producers, have major expansion programs under way to add furnaces and finishing mills. Jones & Laughlin will



erect a ground-up \$600 million plant at Hennepin, Ill. (TIME, July 9). Bethlehem is spending \$400 million on a 3,300-acre complex of finishing mills at Burns Harbor, Ind. Youngstown Sheet & Tube is laying out \$375 million for a blast furnace and finishing mills at East Chicago, and Midwest Steel, a division of National Steel, has opened a new \$115 million plant.

Because of the lift in steel output and orders, employment and construction in the Chicago area are rising. Last week the state of Indiana sought first bids for a new port at Burns Harbor that will cost about \$100 million, will handle ore boats carrying iron ore from the Mesabi and from similar mines in Upper Michigan. The Burlington Lines railroad recently decided to add 100 covered gondola cars to carry finished steel, later revised the total upward to 200 because of the rising volume of traffic. The New York Central System is planning to build a 4,100-car marshaling yard near the new mills, is shifting three miles of the Central's New York-Chicago main line in the process. So strong is the future that Chicagoans have adopted a somewhat condescending attitude toward Pittsburgh. "In steel," says Inland's Vice President William Caples, "this is where the action is."

## INSURANCE

### A Premium from Medicare

The insurance industry was second only to the medical profession in battling the advent of Medicare. For years, insurance lobbyists in Washington opposed any Government-sponsored health-insurance program. Last week the insurance industry's representatives were still active, but this time it was at the huge social-security complex on the



outsiders of Baltimore, where they are negotiating with the Government to get their share of medicare. Most insurance companies now realize that medicare, far from being the disaster they once predicted, may prove to be a welcome pep pill for their industry.

Under the medicare law, the new services for people over 65 must be administered by state agencies and private "carriers"—including insurance companies, voluntary associations and group health plans. Such organizations will determine the amount of money owed by the beneficiaries to hospitals, doctors and nursing homes, will actually make the payments, audit the records and set up review groups. After the program goes into effect next July, these private carriers will handle \$3.5 billion in medicare funds during the first year.

Most insurance companies are waiting to get all the details about how medicare will function before endorsing it, and some will probably decline to participate. Dozens of companies, however, are busy competing for the Government's one-year renewable contracts to handle medicare, the first of which will be granted early next year. The contracts provide for fees to cover "necessary and proper" administrative costs, but there will be no big profits involved. Why, then, are the insurance companies so anxious to help the once-despised program? Some reasons:

► The fees paid by the Government will take care of at least a part of an insurance company's total overhead, and thus represent a saving.

► The least profitable segment of the population—the estimated 10 million to 11 million people aged 65 and over who are insured by the companies—will be taken off the industry's hands. Health insurance for this group is twice as expensive to write as for the rest of the population, and many insurance companies just about break even on it.

► Once they are administering medicare benefits, the insurance companies will be in an excellent foot-in-the-door position to sell both the oldsters and others certain forms of supplemental insurance, both medical and nonmedical. Medicare, for example, does not provide for private rooms, drugs after release from the hospital, hearing aids.

► Medicare will free an entire age group from paying insurance premiums, thus moving an extra \$1 billion a year into the economy. Not only will much of this go for other policies to cover the cost of old age, but the insurance industry naturally stands to benefit by any boost to the economy.

► Medicare will relieve younger family members of much of the cost of providing for older relatives, again freeing money for other expenses—including insurance. Industry officials believe that medicare, though it affects only those over 65, has made other age groups far more conscious of health insurance than they have ever been.

## HIGH FINANCE

### Anatomy of a Big Deal

It was quite a deal. At one point or another, it involved several of the biggest U.S. industrialists, a few of Manhattan's storied financial institutions and a former U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. It stretched across basic industries—coal, oil, mining and automobiles. Even to experts, it was dazzling in its complexity, yet beautiful in its money-making simplicity. All this loomed behind the seemingly ordinary announcement last week that Manhattan's Continental Oil Co. (1964 sales: \$1.4 billion) had agreed to acquire Pittsburgh's \$305 million Consolidation Coal Co.

Toward "Total Energy," Consolidation Coal Chairman George Love and Continental Oil Chairman Leonard McCollum had often talked about the desirability of a hookup among the nation's basic and hotly competitive fuels:



HANNA'S HUMPHREY



CONTINENTAL'S MCCOLLUM



CONSOLIDATION'S LOVE

After a long dream, a neat shuffle.

coal, oil and natural gas. The two men are old pals in business and personal life. Love is also chairman of Chrysler Corp., of which McCollum is a director. They met frequently, a year ago talked business on a Mediterranean cruise aboard the private yacht of Daniel Keith Ludwig, the world's largest shipping operator. Says Love of his plans with McCollum for a merger of coal and oil: "You might say that this total-energy complex is a dream we've had for a long time."

Last year Love tried to achieve the dream in a different way: Consolidation Coal joined with Allied Chemical and Wall Street's Loeb, Rhoades in an attempt to buy Pure Oil Co. After that attempt failed, Love turned to old friend McCollum, negotiated to sell his coal company to Continental Oil, the nation's eighth-largest oil and natural-gas company, whose products are known to motorists as "Conoco." This prospect appealed to Love partly because he hankers to spend more time managing Chrysler Corp., 7.3% of whose stock is owned by Consolidation

Coal. Though Chrysler is well run by its operating chief, President Lynn Townsend, it could use more of Love's financial attention; because its auto sales have been so good, it now needs money to finance a \$1 billion, two-year growth program. Recently the Chrysler board voted to postpone Chairman Love's retirement, which had been scheduled for Oct. 1, just after he turned 65.

Worth More Dead. A coal-oil tie also made good sense to another key personality: onetime (1953-57) Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, who formed Pittsburgh's Consolidation Coal in the mid-1940s and put Love in charge. Humphrey controls Cleveland's M. A. Hanna Co., a \$609 million holding company that owns 15% of Consolidation Coal. Two weeks ago, M. A. Hanna announced that it would go out of business, distribute to its shareholders its huge holdings in Consolidation Coal, National Steel and Hanna Mining. One reason for the liquidation: George

Humphrey, though still active at 75, is wearing a bit, would not mind slowing down.

Anyway, M. A. Hanna is worth more dead than alive. Its stock had been selling for much less than its asset value, rose by more than 20% after the announcement that the assets will be distributed. Those assets will be worth even more when Consolidation Coal becomes a subsidiary of Continental Oil—thanks to a neat shuffle worked out by Love and McCollum, with at least Humphrey's blessing.

The holders of Consolidation Coal stock, which was selling for about \$50 a share, will receive a total of \$75 a share in the deal. First, the coal company will distribute its Chrysler holdings—which cost it only \$45 million but are now worth \$191 million—to Consolidation shareholders. In addition, Continental Oil will give the coal company shareholders \$148 million in Continental stock, plus \$460 million in cash against future coal production. It therefore appears on the surface that Continental will have to pay \$608 million



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for the coal company. In fact, it will lay out only \$48 million.

Continental will immediately pick up \$100 million in working capital now held by the coal company; that will have the effect of reducing Continental's \$148 million stock payout to only \$48 million. As for the "future" payout of \$460 million, that will be financed by a Wall Street syndicate or other big lenders so that the coal shareholders will get their cash immediately. Continental should be able to liquidate that loan within ten years from the coal company's earnings and depreciation. Meanwhile, it can deduct the annual interest on the loan—some \$27 million—from its taxable income. Judged by Consolidation Coal's recent rate of profits, the acquisition should give Continental Oil some \$12 million a year in after-tax earnings, or a 25% return on its \$48 million investment.

**Double Windfall.** If shareholders and the Justice Department approve, Continental Oil will thus upgrade its earnings, get \$100 million to develop its coal and oil properties, also vastly expand a diversification move that since 1962 has led it into plastics and fertilizers. The shareholders of Consolidation Coal will get what amounts to a 50% increase in the value of their investments. And the shareholders of M. A. Hanna will enjoy a double windfall because both Hanna and its holdings in Consolidation Coal have suddenly become more valuable. The dreams of Messrs. Love, McCollum and Humphrey have produced one of those arrangements that, while rare in politics and impossible in sports, do happen in U.S. business: everybody stands to come out on top.

## HOUSING

### Demand Down, Prices Up

Anyone who sets out to buy a house this fall will run into a bothersome paradox: while the demand for houses is declining, the asking prices are rising. The number of housing starts in 1965 will dip 4% to 6% below last year's disappointing 1,591,000, and Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler calls housing one of the U.S. economy's few "sputtering" segments. Yet the home buyer has to pay at least 3% more than a year ago. Throughout the U.S., reports the Census Bureau, the median price for new houses has jumped in the past year from just under \$19,000 to about \$20,000. The rise is even sharper in big cities: from \$24,400 to \$27,100 in the past year in the Chicago area.

**More Amenities.** The main reasons for the decline in demand are 1) the overbuilding that took place earlier in the 1960s, and 2) the decrease in the biggest buying segment of the population, people aged 30 to 40, most of whom were born during the low birth-rate years of the Depression. Main reason for the higher prices: the continuing jump in the price of land, the economy's most inflated commodity.

The cost of land in and around cities has been rising 10% to 15% a year since 1960, and in some places, such as Los Angeles, has increased close to 20% annually. Also adding to housing costs are zoning boards that require houses to be built on increasingly larger plots, and builders who put up increasingly commodious houses. Another factor is the first stiffening in several years of mortgage rates, which in many areas have risen from  $5\frac{1}{2}\%$  to  $5\frac{3}{4}\%$ , princi-

pally because money is tightening and investors are finding more lucrative outlets for their capital.

With desirable land becoming scarcer, developers are turning to marginal plots in areas as far as 45 or 50 miles from the heart of the city and brightening them with come-ons—Olympic-size swimming pools, tennis courts and teen-age "centers." Builders are offering various forms of walled-in courtyards, patios or other places for private outdoor entertainment or relaxation. In Boston, houses with atria—Roman-style enclosed courtyards—will go on sale next spring.

Outside Pomona, Calif., one development has built houses with a pretentious name ("Tiffany") but a practical attraction: a covered swimming pool just half a dozen steps away from the kitchen. Prices for the houses: \$22,450 to \$33,450. Other amenities offered by builders now include long, narrow windows that extend from ground to roof; hi-fi systems with outlets in every room; and television hookups between front door and kitchen so that housewives can see who is calling.

**No Mood to Pare.** Since buyers in today's affluent market are willing to pay more for comfort, convenience and gimmickry, the builders themselves absorb only part of the costs of the extras. In any case, they are in no mood to pare prices: they expect demand to increase next year, when the new Housing Act will enable veterans to get longer and lower-cost mortgage loans and will provide easier federal financing for higher-priced homes and raw land. In addition, the number of Americans who will marry and enter the housing market will jump this year from 800,000 to 1,200,000, thus giving a badly needed push to the housing market.

## CORPORATIONS

### New Boss for Comsat

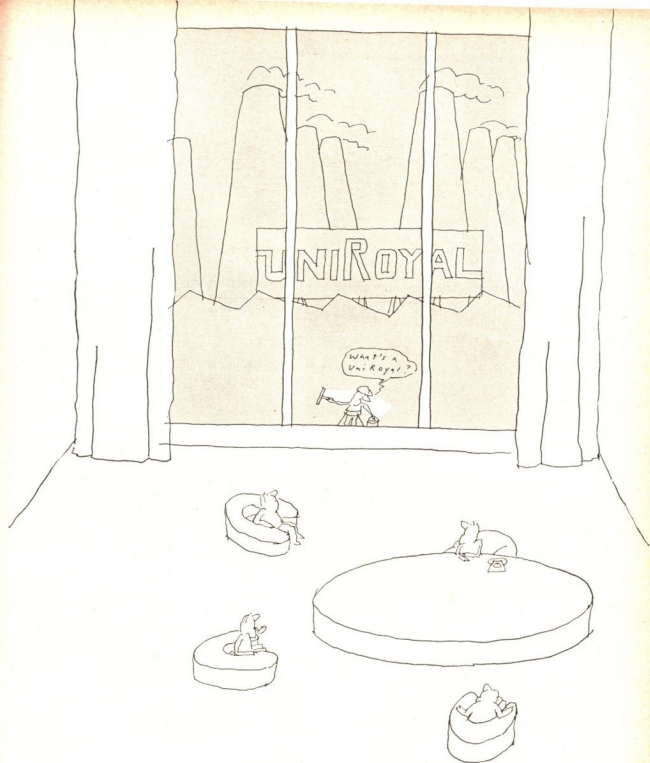
In his two years as chairman and chief executive of the fledgling Communications Satellite Corp., Leo D. Welch, 67, supervised two notable accomplishments. On the ground he launched a \$200 million stock issue that was snapped up by communications companies and 190,000 space-minded investors; into the air he launched the Early Bird satellite, now relaying sound and pictures from a perch 22,300 miles over the equator. Welch, who had earlier retired as Jersey Standard's chairman, was bothered by a kidney ailment. He pressed for a younger successor and last week he had his wish. Taking over the \$125,000 job: courtly, cerebral James McCormack, 54, a retired major general with degrees from Oxford (where he was a Rhodes scholar studying modern languages) and from West Point and M.I.T. (both in engineering), who is now an M.I.T. vice president and an overseer of its two largest government-research laboratories.

Louisiana-born, Irish Baptist McCor-



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mack will need his charm and know-how at Comsat. The corporation is busy with plans to link its communications system with an Apollo satellite to be orbited next year by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and to offer Pacific communication similar to Early Bird's European hookup. After that will come a new generation of Comsat satellites that will provide worldwide links with stations in at least 45 countries. On the ground, Comsat is embroiled in arguments. Television networks are unhappy about Comsat's high rates (\$5,245 an hour in prime time). Such companies as A.T.&T. and I.T.T., both customers and part owners of Comsat, want to run its ground stations, and users want to link



COMSAT'S MCCORMACK


Two feats in space; more coming.

with Comsat ground stations directly instead of dealing with any middleman.

McCormack is only mildly concerned by such disputes. He is more interested in Comsat's pioneering effort and its potential as a Government-chartered space company. Says he: "This firm is the base for a genuine social and economic revolution around the world. The business of management is sort of standard. Here, you get the opportunity to cut the cloth out of which the suit will be made, and that's always fascinating."

At Comsat, McCormack may, if anything, slacken his pace. Although he was forced out of a promising Air Force career at 45 by heart trouble, he has lately been working a 100-hour week at M.I.T. and as chairman of Boston's Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority. He also sits on six company boards, intends to relinquish all of these seats to avoid conflicts of interest. So anxious is he to get into space that last week he had no sooner finished a speaking engagement in Los Angeles than he jetted to Washington overnight to attend his first Comsat board meeting—still attired in his dinner jacket.





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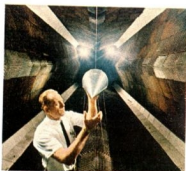
Continuous improvement takes place...a basic requirement if the U.S. is to maintain leadership in missile technology.

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of experience gained in producing a greater number and diversity of missiles than any other company. These include such great performers as *Thor*, *Hercules*, *Sparrow*, *Genie* and *Zeus-Nike X*.



**RADAR FOOTPRINTS** are left in the sky by the burning off of ablative materials on the noses of ballistic missiles re-entering the atmosphere. Douglas is working on re-entry devices that create no "tell-tale" show, and on the detection of such devices.



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# WORLD BUSINESS

## WESTERN EUROPE

### P.R. Goes Continental

Once, twice, three times, 102-year-old Silvano Faenza trotted around the vast perimeter of St. Peter's Square. Finally, after six suspenseful laps, he braked to a halt—smack in front of waiting newsmen. He had a startling message: the secret of his longevity, he said, was a lifetime of drinking beer. Beer in wine-loving Italy? Such gimmicks, virtually unheard of in the country until a few years ago, have doubled Italian beer consumption since 1958. The St. Peter's stunt is only one of many brought about by a new figure in European business: the public relations man.

Born in the U.S. before World War I, public relations went to Europe with American companies right after World War II, but the Europeans at first regarded the art as beneath them. The new eagerness of European companies to grab a bigger share of the growing consumer market and their desire to emulate efficient American business methods have considerably changed that attitude. Today, some 5,400 P.R. men operate in Britain, another 2,000 in France, 1,000 in West Germany and 850 in Italy. Two schools of public relations have opened in Paris, and P.R. courses are now offered at Heidelberg, the City of London College and Rome's Institute of Labor Research.

**Names Make Money.** Europe's public relations men have adopted basic U.S. techniques, but have translated them into their own national idioms, frequently adding style and flair in the process. To convince Englishmen of the merits of regular dry cleaning, the P.R. division of the Smith-Warden advertising agency put two of its executives in white suits, had them tramp to work through dirty London streets for a month, showing vividly how much dirt a suit can collect in normal wear. Reaching ahead to generations of new passengers, the public relations staff of Germany's Lufthansa Airlines helps a TV network put on a teen-age show about a Lufthansa copilot, collaborates on aviation books for young people, circulates a free library of 60 films on flying to schools and libraries.

To call attention to the progress of a new management team, France's Bull-General Electric, the giant computer maker, last week arranged a rolling press conference aboard a special Paris-Angers train, brought along President Henri Desbrières, who answered questions while pretty hostesses plied 93 reporters with smoked salmon, pheasant and wine. Seeking publicity for the Lido nightclub, flamboyant French P.R. Man Georges Cravenne last year invited a chic crowd to an otherwise ordinary première, asked the women to wear evening pajamas.

Many members of European nobility find their names and high-level contacts profitable in the P.R. line. Count Rodolfo Crespi, who was responsible for the beer stunt, also managed to place Muratti cigarettes prominently in Italian films and boosted Vespa scooters with a worldwide campaign that prominently featured starlets. In Germany, Count Georg-Volkmar Zedtwitz von Arnim represents the sprawling Krupp industries, and in Spain Don Inigo Alvarez de Toledo, member of one of the country's oldest families, handles P.R. for the house of Urquijo, the leading industrial bank. When visiting Du Pont executive W. Sam Carpenter III casually mentioned that he enjoyed hunting, Alvarez de Toledo just as casually arranged a partridge hunt on an estate outside Madrid, brought along 100 servants to wait on the guests, who included Juan Carlos, son of the Pretender to the throne, and Minister of Commerce Alberto Ullastres.

**Taboos of Lunch.** The almost universal passion for secrecy still cherished by European business is the Continental

like the expense accounts of their American counterparts; P.R. men are apt to go to modest restaurants, give their companions every opportunity to pick up or split the check. In Germany, it is considered bad form to talk about money—costs, profits, salaries—or to use colorful language in press releases. Italian P.R. men will talk only about products, practically pretending that managers and owners of companies do not exist. Reason: Italian businessmen are so afraid of attracting the eye of the tax collector that they will do almost anything to avoid personal publicity.

## CHINA

### The Two-Headed Bank

Few institutions in the Orient appear more mysterious—or more Eastern—to Westerners than the Bank of China. Like a statue of a Bodhisattva, it seems to have many faces and arms. In Saigon, Tokyo, Sydney or New York, the



GATHERING DIRT IN LONDON

Partridge hunts, smoked salmon and pajamas in public.



URSULA ANDRESS PLUGGING VESPA SCOOTERS

P.R. man's biggest problem. He is rarely permitted to sit in on policy discussions, frequently spends as much time selling the public to his bosses as he does selling the company to the public. Often he has to get permission to release even the most trivial information, and sometimes he is treated as a necessary evil. "Some people," says Count Crespi, "still regard us about the same way they do maverickists who advertise in the want ads"—in Italy such ladies are often prostitutes.

By necessity, European P.R. men are often quieter and subtler than their U.S. colleagues. In France, and in some other parts of Europe, the big expense-account lunch is taboo, largely because most European P.R. men have nothing

local branches of the bank are controlled by the Chinese Nationalists and report to Taiwan. In Hong Kong, Singapore and London, the bank appears to be the same, but the branches are controlled by the Chinese Communists and answer to Peking. Remembering which is which can become confusing.

**Off to New York.** The unnatural split began in 1949, when the Chinese Communists drove the Nationalists off the mainland and onto Formosa. The Communists took over the bank's 245 mainland branches, closed most of them down. Gradually, where governments recognized Peking, the Communists also took over 17 bank branches overseas. The Communist bank has since closed all but its three largest overseas



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offices. The Nationalists, before leaving the mainland, copied all the bank's records and shipped them to Hong Kong, also transferred bank funds to safekeeping in New York. They have managed to maintain eight branches abroad.

The Communist bank is directed by Chairman Nan Han-chen, 73, a deceptively benign looking finance specialist who took part in the abortive 1936 kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek by Shensi-province Reds. Taiwan's bank is headed by ascetic Yu Kuo-hwa, 51, a veteran follower of Chiang who studied at Harvard and the London School of Economics. Taiwan's branches abroad are becoming the bank's vital arm. Last



COMMUNIST NAN



NATIONALIST YU



SINGAPORE'S RED BANK BRANCH  
Things can become confusing.

year the Nationalist bank reported earnings of \$3,200,000, its biggest profit - and \$2,300,000 of that came from overseas operations.

**Wide Gap.** Controlling the two prestigious branches of Hong Kong and Singapore, the Communists have used their footholds to good advantage. Through these banks they funnel funds to such Communist organizations as the New China News Agency, bring back to Red China an estimated \$132 million each year in hard currency remitted by overseas Chinese to mainland relatives. The bank's London office is now handling transactions amounting to \$52 million in pounds sterling, which Japan is paying for re-



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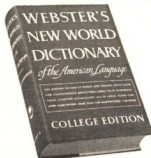


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cent purchases of Chinese corn, rice and soybeans. Communist branches also give generous loans to importers who handle Chinese goods.

Neither bank officially recognizes the other's existence, and there are no dealings between them. Despite the wide gap that separates them, however, both serve the same basic purpose for their governments: to act as foreign exchange centers and to provide loans

and services for overseas Chinese. For the Communists, the bank is widely believed to serve yet another purpose: espionage. Malaysia last year ordered the Chinese Communists to close their Singapore branch because of subversive activities, and the branch was saved only when Singapore withdrew from the Malaysian Federation. Even so, Singapore has so far refused Peking's request to send in a new bank manager.

## MILESTONES

**Married.** Mona Nasser, 18, younger daughter of United Arab Republic President Gamal Abdel Nasser, a junior at Cairo's American University; and Ashraf Marwan, 23, Egyptian army lieutenant; in Cairo.

**Married.** Leslie Uggams, 22, Mitch Miller's little singalong girl, now a sultry nightclub performer; and Graham Pratt, 27, Australian exporter of woolens; in Manhattan.

**Married.** Elizabeth Ruth Peale, 23, daughter of positive-thinking Minister Norman Vincent Peale. *Reader's Digest* researcher; and John M. Allen, 38, associate editor of *Reader's Digest*; he for the second time; in Pawling, N.Y.

**Married.** Phyllis Diller, 48, nightclub and TV clown; and Warde Donovan, 49, sometime actor; both for the second time, one month after Phyllis divorced Sherwood ("Fang") Diller, unseen straight man of her comedy routines; in Pacific Palisades, Calif.

**Marriage Revealed.** Sandy Dennis, 28, Broadway's Tony Award-winning golden innocent in *Any Wednesday*, currently filming *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* alongside Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor; and Gerry Mulligan, 38, cool jazz saxophonist; he for the second time; in Connecticut; in June.

**Died.** Randall Jarrell, 51, U.S. poet and critic, professor of English since 1947 at North Carolina University in Greensboro; of injuries suffered when he apparently "lunged into the path" of a passing automobile; near Chapel Hill, N.C. An amusing satirist, he took deadly aim at academic pretension in his novel *Pictures from an Institution* and at the "gold-plated age" of "spoon-fed culture" in *A Sad Heart at the Supermarket*. But his poetry (*The Woman at the Washington Zoo*) revealed an altogether different world, "commonplace and solitary," filled with terrified, lost souls finding refuge from loneliness only in Proustian reminiscence, fantasy and oblivion:

*She sleeps in sunlight, surrounded by many dreams*

*Or dreams of dreams, all good—  
how can a dream be bad*

*If it keeps one asleep?*

**Died.** Paul Herrman Müller, 66, Swiss chemist and 1948 Nobel Prizewinner for medicine, who in 1939 concocted something he called dichloro-diphenyl-trichloro-ethane, later known as DDT, which by killing all manner of disease-carrying pests has proved to be one of the greatest health-saving agents yet developed by man; of a stroke; in Basel, Switzerland.

**Died.** Dan Florio, 68, one of prize-fighting's best-known trainers, himself a fair-to-middling onetime bantamweight, who in 47 years on the other side of the ropes turned out a dozen world champions, among them Jersey Joe Walcott and Floyd Patterson, whom the ever hopeful Florio hoped to see gain his crown for the third time in next month's match against Cassius Clay; of complications following gall-bladder surgery; in Jamaica, Queens.

**Died.** Tingfu F. Tsiang, 69, Nationalist China's longtime Ambassador to the U.N. (1947-62) and to the U.S. (1962-65), a Columbia University-educated historian and original (1934-42) member of the Chiang Kai-shek Cabinet, who took charge of China's wartime relief program, feeding some 5,000,000 uprooted Chinese, later so persuasively advocated the Nationalist cause at the U.N. that he was given considerable credit for the exclusion of the Peking government, which he called "un-Chinese in origin, character and purpose"; of cancer; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Dorothea Lange, 70, noted photographer of the hopeless poor, whose stark portraits of Depression breadlines and "Okie" refugees helped shock the public into supporting Government relief projects, and led Edward Steichen to call her "without doubt our greatest documentary photographer"; of cancer; in San Francisco.

**Died.** Frank Murray Dixon, 73, Governor of Alabama from 1939 to 1943, who maintained his political influence long after his term in office, in 1948 led the Dixiecrat revolt against Harry Truman, and in 1960, as an unpledged member of the electoral college, rejected John Kennedy's election to cast his ballot for Virginia Senator Harry Byrd; of cancer; in Birmingham, Ala.





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## Grave Effrontery

The *Loved One*, copiously advertised as "the motion picture with something to offend everyone," is an overstuffed sick joke trying to make the grade as a capital offense. Beneath the comedy's excesses lie the bones of Novelist Evelyn Waugh's slight, graceful satire of love and death in southern California. The hero is still a bumptious English poet (Robert Morse) employed at the Happier Hunting Ground pet cemetery. He woos a corpse cosmetician named Aimée Thanatogenos (Anjanette Comer), who is beloved by her boss, Mr. Joyboy



SELF-EMBALMING IN "LOVED ONE"  
Working on a stiff.

(Rod Steiger), the chief mortician at Whispering Glades memorial park. Ultimately disillusioned in love, Aimée commits suicide by injection, apparently embalming herself at the same time.

Under the anything-goes direction of England's Tony Richardson (*Tom Jones*), *Loved One* tosses so many wreaths into the nether world of American funeral customs that it occasionally scores a dead ringer. That chrome-plated butterball, Liberace, is hilariously on key as a casket salesman, peddling such optional extras as the standard-eternal or perpetual-eternal flames ("The standard burns only during visiting hours"). Milton Berle and Margaret Leighton enliven one interlude as a married pair squabbling over the remains of their dear departed, a dog named Arthur. Jonathan Winters succeeds outrageously as the mastermind of Whispering Glades, who wants to "get those stiffs off my property" and transform his real estate into a haven for senior citizens. His brainstorm ("Resurrection—Now!"): disinter the cadavers and, beginning with a dead astronaut, fire them into eternal orbit.

The rest of the film is equally far-out but seldom funny. Obviously enamored of *Dr. Strangelove*, Scenarists Christopher Isherwood and Terry Southern

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(also co-senarist of *Strangelove*) commit the funeral folly of thinking that any joke about death is worth repeating. To cremate a pet cheerfully, embalm a baby, or mold crazy expressions onto the face of a corpse (John Gielgud, for example) may be good for laughs among professional crapehangers, but on a giant screen such gags seem merely gratuitous.

Having vulgarized Waugh, Director Richardson and his associates flail away at momism, nepotism, space-age technology, dirty old men, anti-Semitism, anything. They treat the audience to a series of small, distasteful shocks, but as black comedy gives way to bald effrontery, even the shock wears off. *The Loved One* seems as crude and pointless as a schoolboy's Halloween prank, like tipping over tombstones or throwing a stink bomb into the parsonage.

**Questions of Identity**

**Bunny Lake Is Missing.** "They don't believe Bunny really existed," sobs Carol Lynley. And that thread of plot seldom frays in Producer-Director Otto Preminger's big shaggy suspense thriller. Though Carol claims that her four-year-old daughter Bunny was kidnapped from a London day school, no one at the school actually saw her. Virtually no one in England has seen her. It turns out. Even her toys have disappeared, and evidence suggests that the child may be a figment of her mother's tortured imagination. With or without a daughter, Carol has come to England to live with her brother, Keir Dullea, but he too seems rather vague for a lad who is described as a high-ranking magazine journalist.

After an exhilarating start, the worst thing to befall *Bunny Lake* is the heavy hand of Director Preminger, a man who abhors half measures. He seeks to establish mood by plunging nearly every London setting into an all but impenetrable gloom. He recklessly tips off the viewer that a key character is deranged, thus siphoning off surprise from a climactic mad scene for which no Oscars will be won. Meanwhile, Martita Hunt, as a dotty old school-mistress, and Noel Coward, as a dotty old literary type, strive to stop the show with their patented idiosyncrasies. To keep an eye on everyone, there is the man from Scotland Yard—dryly played by Sir Laurence Olivier, who seems bemused to find his king-sized talent tucked into so mundane a role. Obviously, Inspector Olivier has a clue that no sensible person ought to worry too much about missing *Bunny*.

**Ordeal in the Desert**

**The Hill.** Under the merciless white sun, five soldiers bearing full packs stagger up the sandy slope of a man-made pyramid in North Africa. If they falter, they face further punishment. If they fall, they are doused with water and forced to continue until they collapse from heat, hate and exhaustion. The five, led by an insubordinate British officer (Sean Connery) and a black West





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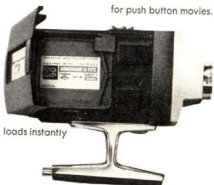
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Indian sneak thief (Ossie Davis), are prisoners in a British army stockade during World War II. The architect of their torture on the hill is a brutal sergeant major (Harry Andrews) who believes that any malefactor must be smashed flat if he is to shape up again as "a credit to the uniform."

Though a plot as old as *The Hill's* can well be a handicap, U.S. Director Sidney Lumet (*The Pawnbroker*) nails the action of this spiky British drama into so taut a frame that an audience can feel every jab in the belly, taste every mouthful of dust. It is less easy to hear the dialogue, much of it delivered in accents too angry or authentic for swift comprehension. Yet the lines thrown away are scarcely missed be-



PUNISHMENT IN "HILL"  
Staggering out of Bondage.

cause Lumet crowds the screen with strong, spare imagery built around the fearful mound. After a ghastly ordeal on the hill, filmed from the sweaty side of a gas mask, one prisoner dies, hounded to his doom by a sadistic guard. Subsequently, the entire camp boils over in a cell-block riot that becomes a triumph for the sergeant major—and for Actor Andrews, who struts through the scene with malevolent skill, clearly a match for the best of movie badmen.

Stunningly professional as action drama, *The Hill* seems unlikely to move mountains as a message film. The cold, cruel military mind has been tried and convicted all too often. The more current point is crudely made. Racial scores are settled in preposterous sequence that requires Actor Davis to sprint around the compound half-naked. Declaring himself free, he mocks his white captors in a great burst of courage, humanity and civil righteousness that sounds suspiciously like a cue for applause.

It can be said, however, that *Hill* provides a significant change for Sean Connery fans everywhere. Rough as a thistle, sporting a mustache, he lends muscular presence to a conventional he-man role, and stirs up a hint or two that what has heretofore been sealed in Bond may be the screen's new Gable.

TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1965

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## The Game of the Spirit

CONVERSATIONS WITH BERENSON recorded by Umberto Morra, translated by Florence Hammond. 305 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.95.

"Sculpture is nothing but a trap for light."

"Psychoanalysts are not occupied with the minds of their patients; they do not believe in the mind but in a cerebral intestine."

"Perforce there are limits in me, in my mind and in my character; if not, I would not exist. Limitation is the condition of existence; therefore God, who is limitless, cannot exist."

Bernard Berenson speaking. The world remembers him as the century's most celebrated connoisseur of Italian painting; his friends have long insisted that he was also a master of the never-quite-lost art of conversation. He called it "the game of the spirit," and until his death in 1959, at the age of 94, he played the game in the grand manner with a happy few who were invited to I Tatti, his palatial villa in the hills above Florence.

Talk Thesaurus. One of Berenson's frequent guests, Count Umberto Morra, had bad manners and took notes; and these notes, recorded between 1931 and 1940, have now been assembled in a book that will not soon find its equal as a thesaurus of talk.

In discussions of art, Berenson was relentlessly dazzling: "Artistic creation, in relation to its creator, is like a hernia—it has the least possible zone of communication with his actual person." Furthermore: "We lack today, with our use of cement, any sense of resistance of material; and where the material does not resist there is no longer any art. Cement is like cardboard, giving

way in any direction, and adaptable to every use. Art should break the bonds of material."

In general remarks he was often acute. "Wanting to rationalize Catholic dogma is like wanting to derationalize mathematics." But sometimes homely: "The English have established the law of dressing in the evening as an excellent revenge on everyday reality. That quarter of an hour which each man spends at his own toilet separates all annoyances, business, and worries from the evening."

Wise Guy. Berenson's anecdotes were always redoubtable, included the familiar Wilde story: "Having very clearly failed to meet some commitment, Oscar telegraphed: 'I cannot come. Lie follows.'" His aphorisms were provocative. "The first in a flock is still a sheep." And his gossip was inspired. "I came to know Proust during the War: dirty, untidy, with a voice like a peacock. His conversations were like his letters, interminable explanations of why he could not stay longer. He had an absolutely oily timidity, and made a great show of aplomb which was entirely secondhand."

Many of the passages in this book, it would seem, were spoken by an aging wise guy; many others by an old wise man. "There are human relationships which make one think of an hourglass: one single extreme point of contact, a point through which barely a thread passes. Often sexual relationships are like this: take away that point and there is nothing else, nothing human, in common." And again: "I don't want clear or definite opinions in which no surprise awaits me. I like to be the midwife of confused and painful opinions which are struggling to reach the light of day and in which one feels effort and pains. Between the truth and the search for truth, I opt for the second."

## A Concordance to Proust

PROUST: THE LATER YEARS by George D. Painter. 424 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$7.50.

It was 1922. In a hermetically sealed bedroom at 44 rue Hamelin in Paris, the brilliant, untidy life of Valentin Marcel Proust, now 51, was drawing to a close. For 17 years he had prophesied this event to his friends, who were amused. He had diagnosed the instrument—pneumonia—before the doctors, even before it struck. Now he would have nothing to do with his foolish, fluttering rescuers. Weakly, vainly, he ordered his own brother, Dr. Robert Proust, from the room. After he died, those malevolent enemies of his life, sunlight and flowers, were admitted at last to his presence, along with a steady tide of mourners. One of these, Jean Cocteau, the poet, noting the neat pile of manuscripts on the mantel, ventured the thought that their composer was "con-



PROUST ON DEATHBED

Like a dead man's watch, still ticking.

tinuing to live, like the ticking watch on the wrist of a dead soldier."

Unequivocal Love. With this melodramatic scene, Biographer George Painter concludes the second and final volume of his reconstruction of the novelist's life. In the first volume Painter, 51, a curator at London's British Museum, grandly dismissed everything else written about Proust in the past—"the subject has never yet been treated with anything approaching scholarly method." This handsome piece of scholarship certainly makes all other Proust biographers look like dropouts. And if love is the vital ingredient of definitive biographies, then this is the definitive biography of Proust.

Biographers can do worse than reverse their subjects. Painter demands nothing less than total familiarity with *Remembrance*; no one who has not gone the distance with Proust should set foot here. But if the reader accepts Biographer Painter's somewhat heroic requirements, this book, together with its predecessor, surely qualifies as a permanent concordance to the enormous, agonized deposition that Marcel Proust gave to the world.

Painter's approach to Proust is Proustian. He has set himself the surgical task of opening the novelist's *oeuvre* to its core. Each character, every place name, is methodically traced to its source or sources in Proust's environment. To most biographers, Albertine, with whom the novel's narrator Marcel dallies on the Normandy coast and in Paris, is a collage of the young men in Proust's homosexual life. Painter restores Albertine's sex by suggesting that she also embodies at least three women.

Slightly Unfashionable. Proust's anguished genius gets the same policeman-like inquisition, but by a wholly sympathetic cop. The novelist's homosexuality, his experiments in degradation, weigh no more and no less than his unflinching kindness to inferiors, his fabulous powers of observation, his unequalled ability to transmute the stuff of his own aberrant



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Proust is slightly out of fashion now. Biographer Painter's purpose is to insist that his unfashionableness is our fault, not Proust's.

## Sijo

THE EVER WHITE MOUNTAIN translated and edited by Inez Kong Pai. 175 pages. Tuttle. \$4.95.

Korea in 1392, as in 1965, was a nation violently divided. The Koryo dynasty was challenged by the House of Yi, and civil war was in the air. At this dangerous juncture Jong Mong-ju, a minister loyal to the old dynasty, paid a courtesy call on King Taejo, the father of Yi Bang-won, the leading strategist of the opposition. His host's son, in salutation, took up a harp and sang this sinister and seditious ditty:

*What difference does it make,  
this way or that?*

*The tangled vines of Mansu San  
in profusion grow entwined.*

*We too could be like that,  
and live together a hundred years.*

In a cold fury, Jong Mong-ju extemporized this celebrated reply:

*Though this body die and die,  
though it die a hundred times;*

*Though these bones bleach and pulverize to dust;*

*whether my soul will be or will  
not be—*

*This heart was pledged to my lord:  
how could it ever change?*

It never did. On the way home, Jong Mong-ju was ambushed and assassinated by the men of Yi.

Poetry in medieval Korea was an aristocratic art that was practiced principally in an aristocratic form: *sijo*. The word means "time rhythm," and it describes a flexible tercet that has the form of a syllogism and the force of a heroic *haiku*. Yi Bang-won and Jong Mong-ju addressed each other in *sijo*, and over the next five centuries their example was emulated by thousands of eminent statesmen, generals and courtesans. A vast literature of *sijo* resulted, and even these stiff translations by Inez Kong Pai suggest that it is a poetic form whose recognition by the West is long overdue.

The Golden Age of *sijo*, says Translator Pai, began in 1456 and lasted for 150 years. Created by courtiers, many of these poems conceal political metaphors, but more and more often a personal note is sounded. Yi Sun-sin, the brilliant admiral who invented the ironclad and routed the Japanese fleet in 1592, described the loneliness of leadership:

*On this moonlit night on Han San isle,  
I sit alone in this fortified tower.*

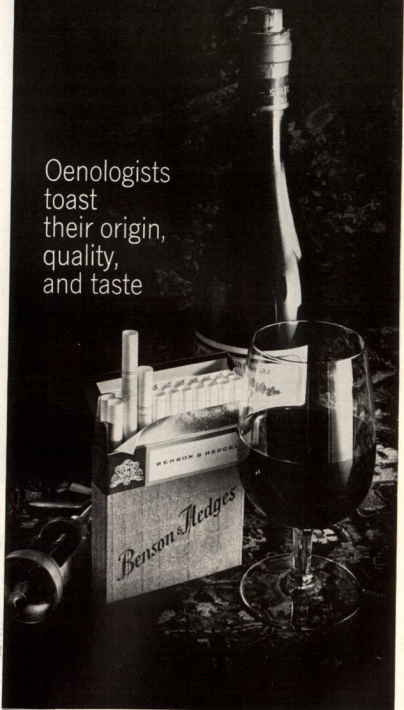
*With my great sword at my side,  
deep melancholy overwhelms.*

*From somewhere the shrill sound of  
a flute*

*tears me inside out.*

And Hwang Jini, the most celebrated courtesan of 16th century Korea, com-

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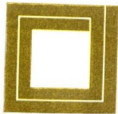




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## **"I regret not buying more life insurance early!"**

*A word to younger men  
who would avoid disappointment  
by* **S. STANLEY LEARNED**  
*President, Phillips Petroleum Company;  
former Chairman, National Safety Council*

"A man's judgment is no better than his information.

"As a young man just starting out with Phillips and trying to safeguard my family, I made some judgments that were sound as far as they went.

"But if I had had the knowledge I do now, I would have devoted an even

greater amount of my modest income to buying life insurance.

"I have long been involved in the work of safety councils. Each recent year has produced more than 100,000 fatalities, despite the progress in reducing accidents. These deaths include twice as many men as women, a good percentage of them the heads of families and under age 35.

"It continues to amaze me that so few of these unfortunate people have left their wives and children the kind of es-

tate that an adequate life insurance program could have provided.

"Facts like these, along with the counsel of an experienced agent, are ones that should inform a young man's judgment when he takes a serious look at life insurance today."

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## Now opportunity knocks six times for young people



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The six regular purchase dates are at ages 25, 28, 31, 34, 37 and 40.

But that isn't all. For 90 days following marriage or the birth of a child, a man may anticipate the next regular purchase date and obtain additional insurance immediately without taking a physical examination. What's more, during these 90 days, the insurance available under this privilege is automatically in effect.

For complete details on these and the many other provisions of Additional Purchase Benefit (APB), please get in touch with your local NML agent. He's listed in the telephone book. *The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*

**There is a difference...  
and the difference grows!**

posed dozens of exquisite love songs in *sijo*.

*Alas! It was my doing;  
how did I know I would miss him so?  
Had I asked him to stay,  
he would not have gone.  
Of all things! To yearn for a love  
after sending it away.*

*I cannot comprehend this kind of love.*  
The Age of the Bards began in the 18th century, and before long, these professional singers had assembled enormous anthologies of *sijo*. In one of them occurs a macabre little lyric by Yi Jong-bo that reads like one of Rimbaud's more lurid *Illuminations*.

*Pear blossoms shaken by mad winds—  
hither and thither they're tossed;  
Unable to cling to their bough,  
they're caught in the spider's web.*  
*The spider leaps—*

*expecting a feast of butterflies.*  
*Sijo* are still written in Korea and, as might be expected in such troublous times, their burden once more is often political. This one, not included in *The Ever White Mountain*, was written in 1954, at the end of the Korean War, by Yi Un-sang, the foremost living *sijo* poet.

*Stumbling, fragmented,  
only one shred of entrails left,  
Grasping it, hugging it,  
there is a people who must go on.*  
*I want to see the smile of dawn again,  
bloody though its face may be.*

## Sicilian Ecstasies

AN END TO CHIVALRY by Tom Cole.  
210 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.95.

"Explosions. Vespas bursting into the left ear and out the right. Trucks with wheels of stone rumbling down the middle of the bed." Thus two Americans awake to the "normal havoc" of a Sicilian morning. Howard is a huge, blond, earnest young graduate student; Sarah, his wife, is a humorous, easygoing girl with honey-colored hair and long shapely legs. They have come to Agrigento to inspect the Grecian ruins and enjoy the local color; but they stay, as Author Tom Cole relates in the superb novella that dominates his first book of stories, because Sicily seizes them in its primordial field of force.

The primordial is personified in Polifemo, the gigantic demon who heaves up hairily out of millennial memory once every year and incites all Agrigento to resume the prehistoric and obscene religion of carnival. As carnival impends, an imminence like electricity waits in the air, an itching in the mind invites convulsion. Convulsion begins: a Bacchic ecstasy of *vino nero*, roaring scooters, rock 'n' roll. Howard, a tidy Nordic, draws back in distaste. Sarah, a subliminal Mediterranean, is drawn toward delirium. One morning, imagining her intentions innocent, she lets a young bull of a Sicilian kiss her.

"He was upon her with fierce power, pressing her back, clamping her with his shoulders and his knees, using his head like a bull. She screamed. He pulled

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The chronicle of carnival is a commonplace of fashionable fiction, but this attempt is anything but commonplace. Author Cole, a 32-year-old lecturer in

资料来源:根据《中国统计年鉴》整理。



TOM COLE  
*Demon of obscene religion.*

the humanities at M.I.T., has wit, charm, timing, a flair with atmosphere, a felicity of verbal gesture, a feeling for character so insidious it persuades the reader that every person of the drama is really just an un-lived aspect of his own self. *An End to Chivalry* is a beginning of brilliance.

## Pi in the Sky

JOURNAL FROM ELLIPSIA by Hortense Calisher. 375 pages. Little, Brown. \$5.95.

"On, on, on and on, *on*; and on and on. On this place is simply teeming with time. Meanwhile, I elided in and out, irising-in from slightly more than thirteen billion light-years away, receding at more than the speed of light, and hence invisible, on sources purporting to emanate from a nubbin of matter acting flatly against its own spherical. Miles out to star, you can smell it, the tang of variability here. O how shall I render a what-where-how-which is always all happening at the same different-ONCE! O pi in the sky! 0000000 00000000000000000000000000 those first tinges of the singular in this bigotedly back-and-forth place—*got it?*"

Got it? Then throw it in the wastebasket. Hortense Calisher, a novelist (*False Entry*, *Textures of Life*) and short-storyteller of formidable skill, has unaccountably produced in *Journal from Elipsia* a prodigious intellectual plonk: the autobiography of a—well, maybe it

is a Hegelian monad, maybe it is an unborn soul, maybe it is a visitor from outer space, maybe it is just something the lady ate. Whatever it is, she writes about it in a style that combines the least admirable characteristics of James Joyce and Henry James with a Hortenseness all her own, and she writes about it for 375 pages. Never explains why.

### Current & Various

MARILYN, THE TRAGIC VENUS by Edwin P. Hoyt. 279 pages. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$5.95.

Not again! Yes, again the booming Monroe industry has brought forth a book about the star-crossed star. This one, for a change, is quite well written, but Biographer Edwin Hoyt (*The Vanderbilts and Her Fortunes*) tells the same sick story everybody tells: bastard birth, maternal insanity, preschool rape, foster-family neglect, casting-couch apprenticeship, fanny-flipping fame, dismal marriages, barbiturate addiction, overdosed death. And he reaches the same solemn conclusion: Marilyn was the "innocent" victim of a corrupt society. Now really.

LAUGHING WHITEFISH by Robert Traver. 312 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$5.50.

"The law," says former Michigan Supreme Court Justice John Voelker, "is the ledger in which are recorded our deepest tribal memories." Justice Voelker extracted a bloody page and, under the pseudonym of Robert Traver, translated it into *Anatomy of a Murder*. In his current novel, set in Michigan's rugged Upper Peninsula in the 1870s, he tells the faintly fictionalized story of a Chippewa Indian girl named Laughing Whitefish, whose ignorant, much-married father has been bilked of a fortune by a powerful iron-mining corporation. An idealistic, inexperienced young lawyer undertakes to sue for her inheritance and, incidentally, to establish her legitimacy. At the end squaw gets fortune and lawyer gets squaw. As a regional novel, *Whitefish* lacks flavor. As a character study it is inept. But as courtroom melodrama it makes intriguing legal legedmain.

THE NIGHTCLERK by Stephen Schneck. 206 pages. Grove. \$4.95.

J. Spenser Blight is a 617-lb. night-clerk with galloping satyriasis. His wife Katy is a voluptuous nymphomaniac whose specialty is catering to men with sexual fetishes. Cool camp? Not really. Unrefrigerated tripe.

THE CONSORT by Anthony Heckstall-Smith, 181 pages, Grove, \$4.50.

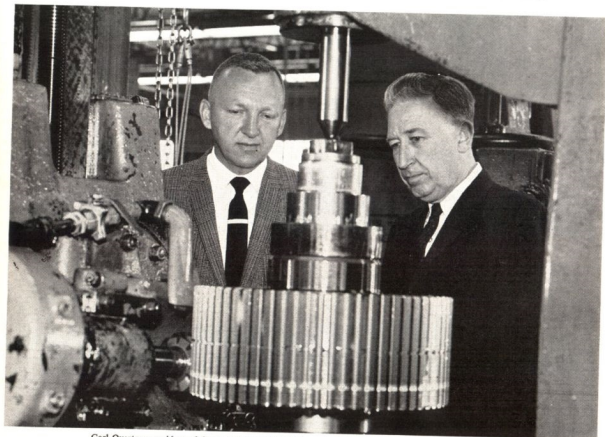
"Should they really have banned this story?" asks the book jacket. Well, nobody really did. After printing several thousand copies of this ribald and frisky little fantasy of royal family life, the British publishers accepted the anguished advice of their barristers and chickened out.

Although Author Heckstall-Smith

TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1965



# Overton Gear & Tool Company, Addison, banks at Oak Park Trust & Savings Bank, Oak Park.



Carl Overton, president of Overton Gear discusses a gear hobbing operation with W. C. Treichel, vice president of the bank.

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ing right now? Perhaps a short-term unsecured loan, a secured term loan, an equipment or accounts receivable loan would help. Why not call Mr. Treichel at EUclid 3-1000? That's the Oak Park Trust & Savings Bank, Lake, Marion and Ontario Streets, Oak Park. Banking headquarters for the western suburbs.

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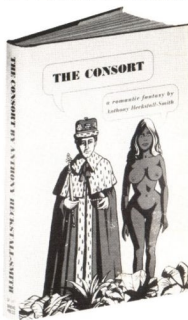
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halfheartedly twists a few facts, there is never any doubt about who his consort is meant to be. After all, how many royal consorts are there who are handsome and charming, notoriously impatient with stuffy protocol, and married to serious-minded queens who love horses and receive government documents in red dispatch boxes? If there was any doubt, the publishers archly turned out the book with two jackets, the outer showing the consort with his queen in full British-style ceremonial robes, the inner replacing the queen with a lush brown maiden.

Fantasy completely takes over when the consort, on a world tour, stops at the Backward Islands, a tropical paradise ruled by a plump old bawd of an empress who believes that her subjects should do what comes naturally. What comes most naturally is dancing, making love, and drinking; and once he gets the hang of it, the consort finds he has a natural bent for doing the same



JACKET OF "THE CONSORT"

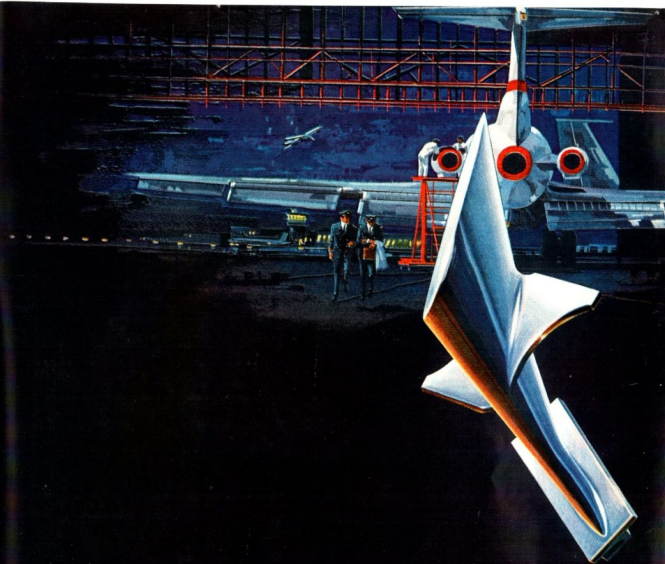
The publishers simply chickened out.

thing. He beds down with a nubile native girl named Tia and sends the royal yacht home without him. Soon three gung-ho paratroopers arrive by helicopter and forcibly take the consort home, but he is so dispirited and uncooperative that it is finally decided that the best solution is to assassinate him. How the prince consort survives this plot is the climax to a story that is well written and amusingly bawdy. Its only serious defect, in fact, is that it is in appallingly bad taste.

LOXFINGER by Sol Weinstein. 127 pages. Pocket Books, \$1.

Yet another parody; this time the hero is Hebrew Secret Agent Oy Oy Oy. His real name: Israel Bond.





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